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THE WIT & HUMOR OF AMERICA

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THE WIT AND HUMOR *of* AMERICA

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

THE WIT AND HUMOR *of* AMERICA

Edited by

KATE MILNER RABB

VOLUME III

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Marriage of Sir John Smith	Phœbe Cary	803
The Spring Beauties	Helen Avery Cone	805
Going Up and Coming Down	Mary F. Tucker	806
The Set of China	Eliza Leslie	808
Suppressed Chapters	Carolyn Wells	817
Old Grimes	Albert Gorton Greene	818
Miss Legion	Bert Leston Taylor	820
Have You Seen the Lady?	John Philip Sousa	821
The Funny Little Fellow	James Whitcomb Riley	822
Musical Review Extraordinary	John Phoenix	824
The Runaway Boy	James Whitcomb Riley	832
The Drayman	Daniel O'Connell	834
Bill's Courtship	Frank L. Stanton	836
The Woman Who Married an Owl	Anne Virginia Culbertson	838
Mr. Dooley on Expert Testimony	Finley Peter Dunne	844
Lectures on Astronomy	John Phoenix	847
The Itinerant Tinker	Charles Raymond Macauley	861
The Strike of One	Elliott Flower	870
Simon Starts in the World	J. J. Hooper	881
A Piano in Arkansas	Thomas Bangs Thorpe	895
Whar Dem Sinful Apples Grow	Anne Virginia Culbertson	903
A Night in a Rocking-Chair	Kate Field	905
Rollo Learning to Play	Robert J. Burdette	912
Mr. Hare Tries to Get a Wife	Anne Virginia Culbertson	921
The Co-operative Housekeepers	Elliott Flower	927
A Committee from Kelly's	J. V. Z. Belden	929
Quit Yo' Worryin'	Anne Virginia Culbertson	934
Her "Angel" Father	Elliott Flower	936
Especially Men	George Randolph Chester	937
A Letter from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son	George Horace Lorimer	961

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Farewell	Bert Leston Taylor	969
My Ruthers	James Whitcomb Riley	971
The Dutiful Mariner	Wallace Irwin	973
Melinda's Humorous Story	May McHenry	975
Grains of Truth	Bill Nye	985
Chad's Story of the Goose	F. Hopkinson Smith	993
Unconscious Humor	J. K. Wetherill	998
Up and Down Old Brandywine	James Whitcomb Riley	1003
Jones	Lloyd Osbourne	1007
The Bear Story	James Whitcomb Riley	1047
Colonel Carter's Story of the Postmaster	F. Hopkinson Smith	1052
Love Sonnets of an Office Boy	S. E. Kiser	1056
Mr. Dooley on the Game of Football	Finley Peter Dunne	1059
The Fairport Art Museum	Octave Thanet	1062
The Ballad of Grizzly Gulch	Wallace Irwin	1073
My Philosofy	James Whitcomb Riley	1076
The Society Upon the Stanislaus	Bret Harte	1078
Lost Chords	Eugene Field	1080
Thoughts fer the Discuraged Farmer	James Whitcomb Riley	1081
The Modern Farmer	Jack Appleton	1083
The Apostasy of William Dodge	Stanley Waterloo	1084
So Wags the World	Anne Warner	1092
The Paintermine	Kenyon Cox	1100
The Advertiser	Eugene Field	1101
The Famous Mulligan Ball	Frank L. Stanton	1103
The Genial Idiot Discusses the Music Cure	John Kendrick Bangs	1105
The Octopussycat	Kenyon Cox	1112
The Book-Canvasser	Anonymous	1113
Her Valentine	Richard Hovey	1117
The Welsh Rabbittern	Kenyon Cox	1120
Comic Miseries	John G. Saxe	1121
The Merchant and the Book-Agent	Anonymous	1124
The Coquette	John G. Saxe	1127
A Spring Feeling	Bliss Carman	1129
Wasted Opportunities	Roy Farrell Greene	1132
The Weddin'	Jennie Betts Hartswick	1134

CONTENTS

PAGE

The Thompson Street Poker Club.....Henry Guy Carleton 1140
The Bumblebeaver.....Kenyon Cox 1145
After the Funeral.....James M. Bailey 1146
Casey at the Bat.....Ernest Lawrence Thayer 1148
The Martyrdom of Mr. Stevens.....Herbert Quick 1151
The Wild Boarder.....Kenyon Cox 1163
De Gradual Commence.....Wallace Bruce Amsbary 1164
Abou Ben Butler.....John Paul 1167
Latter-Day Warnings.....Oliver Wendell Holmes 1168
It Pays to be Happy.....Tom Masson 1170
James and Reginald.....Eugene Field 1171
Banty Tim.....John Hay 1173
Evening.....Oliver Wendell Holmes 1175
The Old Settler.....Ed. Mott 1177
Verre Definite.....Wallace Bruce Amsbary 1183
The Talking Horse.....John T. McIntyre 1185
The Owl-Critic.....James T. Fields 1196
The Mosquito.....William Cullen Bryant 1199
"Tiddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-bum! bum!".....Wilbur D. Nesbit 1202
My First Cigar.....Robert J. Burdette 1204
Shonny Schwartz.....Charles Follen Adams 1206
A Bully Boat and a Brag Captain.....Sol Smith 1208
When the Allegash Drive Goes Through.....Holman F. Day 1214

THE WIT AND HUMOR *of* AMERICA

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR JOHN SMITH

BY PHŒBE CARY

Not a sigh was heard, nor a funeral tone,
As the man to his bridal we hurried;
Not a woman discharged her farewell groan,
On the spot where the fellow was married.

We married him just about eight at night,
Our faces paler turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the gas-lamp's steady burning.

No useless watch-chain covered his vest,
Nor over-dressed we found him;
But he looked like a gentleman wearing his best,
With a few of his friends around him.

Few and short were the things we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we silently gazed on the man that was wed,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we silently stood about,
With spite and anger dying,
How the merest stranger had cut us out,
With only half our trying.

Lightly we'll talk of the fellow that's gone,
And oft for the past upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if we let him live on,
In the house where his wife conveyed him.

But our hearty task at length was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the spiteful squib and pun
The girls were sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we turned to go,—
We had struggled, and we were human;
We shed not a tear, and we spoke not our woe,
But we left him alone with his woman.

THE SPRING BEAUTIES

BY HELEN AVERY CONE

The Puritan Spring Beauties stood freshly clad for church;
A thrush, white-breasted, o'er them sat singing on his perch.
"Happy be! for fair are ye!" the gentle singer told them;
But presently a buff-coat Bee came booming up to scold them.

"Vanity, oh, vanity!
Young maids, beware of vanity!"
Grumbled out the buff-coat Bee,
Half parson-like, half soldierly.

The sweet-faced maidens trembled, with pretty, pinky blushes,
Convinced that it was wicked to listen to the thrushes;
And when that shady afternoon, I chanced that way to pass,
They hung their little bonnets down and looked into the grass.

All because the buff-coat Bee
Lectured them so solemnly—
"Vanity, oh, vanity!
Young maids, beware of vanity!"

GOING UP AND COMING DOWN

BY MARY F. TUCKER

This is a simple song, 'tis true—
  My songs are never over-nice,—
And yet I'll try and scatter through
  A little pinch of good advice.
Then listen, pompous friend, and learn
  To never boast of much renown,
For fortune's wheel is on the turn,
  And some go up and some come down.

I know a vast amount of stocks,
  A vast amount of pride insures;
But Fate has picked so many locks
  I wouldn't like to warrant yours.
Remember, then, and never spurn
  The one whose hand is hard and brown,
For he is likely to go up,
  And you are likely to come down.

Another thing you will agree,
  (The truth may be as well confessed)
That "Codfish Aristocracy"
  Is but a scaly thing at best.
And Madame in her robe of lace,
  And Bridget in her faded gown,
Both represent a goodly race,
  From father Adam handed down.

Life is uncertain—full of change;
Little we have that will endure;
And 't were a doctrine new and strange
That places high are most secure;
And if the fickle goddess smile,
Yielding the scepter and the crown,
'Tis only for a little while,
Then B. goes up and A. comes down.

This world, for all of us, my friend
Hath something more than pounds and pence;
Then let me humbly recommend,
A little use of common sense.
Thus lay all pride of place aside,
And have a care on whom you frown;
For fear you'll see him going up,
When you are only coming down.

THE SET OF CHINA

BY ELIZA LESLIE

"Mr. Gummage," said Mrs. Atmore, as she entered a certain drawing-school, at that time the most fashionable in Philadelphia, "I have brought you a new pupil, my daughter, Miss Marianne Atmore. Have you a vacancy?"

"Why, I can't say that I have," replied Mr. Gummage; "I never have vacancies."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Atmore; and Miss Marianne, a tall, handsome girl of fifteen, looked disappointed.

"But perhaps I could strain a point, and find a place for her," resumed Mr. Gummage, who knew very well that he never had the smallest idea of limiting the number of his pupils, and that if twenty more were to apply, he would take them every one, however full his school might be.

"Do pray, Mr. Gummage," said Mrs. Atmore; "do try and make an exertion to admit my daughter; I shall regard it as a particular favor."

"Well, I believe she may come," replied Gummage: "I suppose I can take her. Has she any turn for drawing?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Atmore, "she has never tried."

"Well, madam," said Mr. Gummage, "what do you wish your daughter to learn? figures, flowers, or landscape?"

"Oh! all three," replied Mrs. Atmore. "We have been

furnishing our new house, and I told Mr. Atmore that he need not get any pictures for the front parlor, as I would much prefer having them all painted by Marianne. She has been four quarters with Miss Julia, and has worked Friendship and Innocence, which cost, altogether, upwards of a hundred dollars. Do you know the piece, Mr. Gummage? There is a tomb with a weeping willow, and two ladies with long hair, one dressed in pink, the other in blue, holding a wreath between them over the top of the urn. The ladies are Friendship. Then on the right hand of the piece is a cottage, and an oak, and a little girl dressed in yellow, sitting on a green bank, and putting a wreath round the neck of a lamb. Nothing can be more natural than the lamb's wool. It is done entirely in French knots. The child and the lamb are Innocence."

"Ay, ay," said Gummage, "I know the piece well enough—I've drawn them by dozens."

"Well," continued Mrs. Atmore, "this satin piece hangs over the front parlor mantel. It is much prettier and better done than the one Miss Longstitch worked of Charlotte at the tomb of Werter, though she did sew silver spangles all over Charlotte's lilac gown, and used chenille, at a fi'-penny-bit a needleful, for all the banks and the large tree. Now, as the mantel-piece is provided for, I wish a landscape for each of the recesses, and a figure-piece to hang on each side of the large looking-glass, with flower-pieces under them, all by Marianne. Can she do all these in one quarter?"

"No, that she can't," replied Gummage; "it will take her two quarters hard work, and maybe three, to get through the whole of them."

"Well, I won't stand about a quarter more or less," said Mrs. Atmore; "but what I wish Marianne to do most particularly, and, indeed, the chief reason why I

send her to drawing-school just now, is a pattern for a set of china that we are going to have made in Canton. I was told the other day by a New York lady (who was quite tired of the queer unmeaning things which are generally put on India ware), that she had sent a pattern for a tea-set, drawn by her daughter, and that every article came out with the identical device beautifully done on the china, all in the proper colors. She said it was talked of all over New York, and that people who had never been at the house before, came to look at and admire it. No doubt it was a great feather in her daughter's cap."

"Possibly, madam," said Gummage.

"And now," resumed Mrs. Atmore, "since I heard this, I have thought of nothing else than having the same thing done in my family; only I shall send for a dinner set, and a very long one, too. Mr. Atmore tells me that the *Voltaire,* one of Stephen Girard's ships, sails for Canton early next month, and he is well acquainted with the captain, who will attend to the order for the china. I suppose in the course of a fortnight Marianne will have learned drawing enough to enable her to do the pattern?"

"Oh! yes, madam—quite enough," replied Gummage, suppressing a laugh.

* * * * * *

"To cut the matter short," said Mr. Gummage, "the best thing for the china is a flower-piece—a basket, or a wreath—or something of that sort. You can have a good cipher in the center, and the colors may be as bright as you please. India ware is generally painted with one color only; but the Chinese are submissive animals, and will do just as they are bid. It may cost something more to have a variety of colors, but I suppose you will not mind that."

"Oh! no—no," exclaimed Mrs. Atmore, "I shall not care for the price; I have set my mind on having this china the wonder of all Philadelphia."

Our readers will understand, that at this period nearly all the porcelain used in America was of Chinese manufacture; very little of that elegant article having been, as yet, imported from France.

A wreath was selected from the portfolio that contained the engravings and drawings of flowers. It was decided that Marianne should first execute it the full size of the model (which was as large as nature), that she might immediately have a piece to frame; and that she was afterwards to make a smaller copy of it, as a border for all the articles of the china set; the middle to be ornamented with the letter A, in gold, surrounded by the rays of a golden star. Sprigs and tendrils of the flowers were to branch down from the border, so as nearly to reach the gilding in the middle. The large wreath that was intended to frame was to bear in its center the initials of Marianne Atmore, being the letters M. A., painted in shell gold.

"And so," said Mr. Gummage, "having a piece to frame, and a pattern for your china, you'll kill two birds with one stone."

On the following Monday, the young lady came to take her first lesson, followed by a mulatto boy, carrying a little black morocco trunk, that contained a four-row box of Reeves's colors, with an assortment of camel's-hair pencils, half a dozen white saucers, a water cup, a lead-pencil and a piece of India rubber. Mr. Gummage immediately supplied her with two bristle brushes, and sundry little shallow earthen cups, each containing a modicum of some sort of body color, massicot, flake-white, etc., prepared by himself and charged at a quarter of a dollar

apiece, and which he told her she would want when she came to do landscapes and figures.

Mr. Gummage's style was to put in the sky, water and distances with opaque paints, and the most prominent objects with transparent colors. This was probably the reason that his foregrounds seemed always to be sunk in his backgrounds. The model was scarcely considered as a guide, for he continually told his pupils that they must try to excel it; and he helped them to do so by making all his skies deep red fire at the bottom, and dark blue smoke at the top; and exactly reversing the colors on the water, by putting red at the top and the blue at the bottom. The distant mountains were lilac and white, and the near rocks buff color, shaded with purple. The castles and abbeys were usually gamboge. The trees were dabbed and dotted in with a large bristle brush, so that the foliage looked like a green frog. The foam of the cascades resembled a concourse of wigs, scuffling together and knocking the powder out of each other, the spray being always fizzed on with one of the aforesaid bristle brushes. All the dark shadows in every part of the picture were done with a mixture of Persian blue and bistre, and of these two colors there was consequently a vast consumption in Mr. Gummage's school. At the period of our story, many of the best houses in Philadelphia were decorated with these landscapes. But for the honor of my towns-people I must say that the taste for such productions is now entirely obsolete. We may look forward to the time, which we trust is not far distant, when the elements of drawing will be taught in every school, and considered as indispensable to education as a knowledge of writing. It has long been our belief that *any* child may, with proper instruction be made to draw, as easily as any child may be made to write. We are rejoiced to find that so distin-

guished an artist as Rembrandt Peale has avowed the same opinion, in giving to the world his invaluable little work on Graphics: in which he has clearly demonstrated the affinity between drawing and writing, and admirably exemplified the leading principles of both.

Marianne's first attempt at the great wreath was awkward enough. After she had spent five or six afternoons at the outline, and made it triangular rather than circular, and found it impossible to get in the sweet-pea, and the convolvulus, and lost and bewildered herself among the multitude of leaves that formed the cup of the rose, Mr. Gummage snatched the pencil from her hand, rubbed out the whole, and then drew it himself. It must be confessed that his forte lay in flowers, and he was extremely clever at them, "but," as he expressed it, "his scholars chiefly ran upon landscapes."

After he had sketched the wreath, he directed Marianne to rub the colors for her flowers, while he put in Miss Smithson's rocks.

When Marianne had covered all her saucers with colors, and wasted ten times as much as was necessary, she was eager to commence painting, as she called it; and in trying to wash the rose with lake, she daubed it on of crimson thickness. When Mr. Gummage saw it, he gave her a severe reprimand for meddling with her own piece. It was with great difficulty that the superabundant color was removed; and he charged her to let the flowers alone till he was ready to wash them for her. He worked a little at the piece every day, forbidding Marianne to touch it; and she remained idle while he was putting in skies, mountains, etc., for the other young ladies.

At length the wreath was finished—Mr. Gummage having only sketched it, and washed it, and given it the last touches. It was put into a splendid frame, and shown as

Miss Marianne Atmore's first attempt at painting: and everybody exclaimed, "What an excellent teacher Mr. Gummage must be! How fast he brings on his pupils!"

In the meantime, she undertook at home to make the small copy that was to go to China. But she was now "at a dead lock," and found it utterly impossible to advance a step without Mr. Gummage. It was then thought best that she should do it at school—meaning that Mr. Gummage should do it for her, while she looked out the window.

The whole was at last satisfactorily accomplished, even to the gilt star, with the A in the center. It was taken home and compared with the larger wreath, and found still prettier, and shone as Marianne's to the envy of all mothers whose daughters could not furnish models for china. It was finally given in charge to the captain of the *Voltaire,* with injunctions to order a dinner-set exactly according to the pattern, and to prevent the possibility of a mistake, a written direction accompanied it.

The ship sailed—and Marianne continued three quarters at Mr. Gummage's school, where she nominally affected another flower-piece, and also perpetrated Kemble in Rolla, Edwin and Angelina, the Falls of Schuylkill, and the Falls of Niagara, all of which were duly framed, and hung in their appointed places.

During the year that followed the departure of the ship *Voltaire* great impatience for her return was manifested by the ladies of the Atmore family,—anxious to see how the china would look, and frequently hoping that the colors would be bright enough, and none of the flowers omitted—that the gilding would be rich, and everything inserted in its proper place, exactly according to the pattern. Mrs. Atmore's only regret was, that she had not sent for a tea-set also; not that she was in want of one,

but then it would be so much better to have a dinner-set and a tea-set precisely alike, and Marianne's beautiful wreath on all.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Atmore, "how often have I heard you say that you would never have another *tea*-set from Canton, because the Chinese persist in making the principal articles of such old-fashioned, awkward shapes. For my part, I always disliked the tall coffee-pots, with their straight spouts, looking like light-houses with bowsprits to them; and the short, clumsy teapots, with their twisted handles, and lids that always fall off."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Atmore, "I have been looking forward to the time when we can get a French tea-set upon tolerable terms. But in the meanwhile I should be very glad to have cups and saucers with Marianne's beautiful wreath, and of course when we use them on the table we should always bring forward our silver pots."

Spring returned, and there was much watching of the vanes, and great joy when they pointed easterly, and the ship-news now became the most interesting column of the papers. A vessel that had sailed from New York to Canton on the same day the *Voltaire* departed from Philadelphia had already got in; therefore, the *Voltaire* might be hourly expected. At length she was reported below; and at this period the river Delaware suffered much, in comparison with the river Hudson, owing to the tediousness of its navigation from the capes to the city.

At last the *Voltaire* cast anchor at the foot of Market Street, and our ladies could scarcely refrain from walking down to the wharf to see the ship that held the box that held the china. But invitations were immediately sent out for a long projected dinner-party, which Mrs. Atmore

had persuaded her husband to defer till they could exhibit the beautiful new porcelain.

The box was landed, and conveyed to the house. The whole family were present at the opening, which was performed in the dining-room by Mr. Atmore himself—all the servants peeping in at the door. As soon as a part of the lid was split off, and a handful of the straw removed, a pile of plates appeared, all separately wrapped in India paper. Each of the family snatched up a plate and hastily tore off the covering. There were the flowers glowing in beautiful colors, and the gold star and the gold A, admirably executed. But under the gold star, on every plate, dish and tureen were the words, "THIS IN THE MIDDLE!"—being the direction which the literal and exact Chinese had minutely copied from a crooked line that Mr. Atmore had hastily scrawled on the pattern with a very bad pen, and of course without the slightest fear of its being inserted *verbatim* beneath the central ornament.

Mr. Atmore laughed—Mrs. Atmore cried—the servants giggled aloud—and Marianne cried first, and laughed afterwards.

SUPPRESSED CHAPTERS*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Zenobia, they tell us, was a leader born and bred;
Of any sort of enterprise she'd fitly take the head.
The biggest, burliest buccaneers bowed down to her in awe;
To Warriors, Emperors or Kings, Zenobia's word was law.

Above her troop of Amazons her helmet plume would toss,
And every one, with loud accord, proclaimed Zenobia's boss.
The reason of her power (though the part she didn't look),
Was simply that Zenobia had once lived out as cook.

Xantippe was a Grecian Dame—they say she was the wife
Of Socrates, and history shows she led him a life!
They say she was a virago, a vixen and a shrew,
Who scolded poor old Socrates until the air was blue.

She never stopped from morn till night the clacking of her tongue,
But this is thus accounted for: You see, when she was young—
(And 'tis an explanation that explains, as you must own),
Xantippe was the Central of the Grecian telephone.

* By permission of Life Publishing Company.

OLD GRIMES

BY ALBERT GORTON GREENE

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long black coat
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown:
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert:
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay:
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor made a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

MISS LEGION

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

She is hotfoot after Cultyure;
  She pursues it with a club.
She breathes a heavy atmosphere
  Of literary flub.
No literary shrine so far
  But she is there to kneel;
    And—
Her favorite bunch of reading
  Is O. Meredith's "Lucile."

Of course she's up on pictures—
  Passes for a connoisseur;
On free days at the Institute
  You'll always notice her.
She qualifies approval
  Of a Titian or Corot,
    But—
She throws a fit of rapture
  When she comes to Bouguereau.

And when you talk of music,
  Why, she's Music's devotee.
She will tell you that Beethoven
  Always makes her wish to pray,
And "dear old Bach!" his very name,
  She says, her ear enchants;
    But—
Her favorite piece is Weber's
  "Invitation to the Dance."

HAVE YOU SEEN THE LADY?

BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

"Have I told you the name of a lady?
Have I told you the name of a dear?
'Twas known long ago,
And ends with an O;
You don't hear it often round here.

Have I talked of the eyes of a lady?
Have I talked of the eyes that are bright?
Their color, you see,
Is B-L-U-E;
They're the gin in the cocktail of light.

Have I sung of the hair of a lady?
Have I sung of the hair of a dove?
What shade do you say?
B-L-A-C-K;
It's the fizz in the champagne of love.

Can you guess it—the name of the lady?
She is sweet, she is fair, she is coy.
Your guessing forego,
It's J-U-N-O;
She's the mint in the julep of joy."

THE FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

'Twas a Funny Little Fellow
  Of the very purest type,
For he had a heart as mellow
  As an apple over-ripe;
And the brightest little twinkle
  When a funny thing occurred,
And the lightest little tinkle
  Of a laugh you ever heard!

His smile was like the glitter
  Of the sun in tropic lands,
And his talk a sweeter twitter
  Than the swallow understands;
Hear him sing—and tell a story—
  Snap a joke—ignite a pun,—
'Twas a capture—rapture—glory,
  And explosion—all in one!

Though he hadn't any money—
  That condiment which tends
To make a fellow "honey"
  For the palate of his friends;
Sweet simples he compounded—
  Sovereign antidotes for sin
Or taint,—a faith unbounded
  That his friends were genuine.

He wasn't honored, may be—
  For his songs of praise were slim,—
Yet I never knew a baby
  That wouldn't crow for him;
I never knew a mother
  But urged a kindly claim
Upon him as a brother,
  At the mention of his name.

The sick have ceased their sighing,
  And have even found the grace
Of a smile when they were dying
  As they looked upon his face;
And I've seen his eyes of laughter
  Melt in tears that only ran
As though, swift dancing after,
  Came the Funny Little Man.

He laughed away the sorrow,
  And he laughed away the gloom
We are all so prone to borrow
  From the darkness of the tomb;
And he laughed across the ocean
  Of a happy life, and passed,
With a laugh of glad emotion,
  Into Paradise at last.

And I think the Angels knew him,
  And had gathered to await
His coming, and run to him
  Through the widely-opened Gate—
With their faces gleaming sunny
  For his laughter-loving sake,
And thinking, "What a funny
  Little Angel he will make!"

MUSICAL REVIEW EXTRAORDINARY

BY JOHN PHOENIX

San Diego, July 10th, 1854.

As your valuable work is not supposed to be so entirely identified with San Franciscan interests as to be careless what takes place in other portions of this great *kentry*, and as it is received and read in San Diego with great interest (I have loaned my copy to over four different literary gentlemen, most of whom have read some of it), I have thought it not improbable that a few critical notices of the musical performances and the drama of this place might be acceptable to you, and interest your readers. I have been, moreover, encouraged to this task by the perusal of your interesting musical and theatrical critiques on San Francisco performers and performances; as I feel convinced that if you devote so much space to them you will not allow any little feeling of rivalry between the two great cities to prevent your noticing ours, which, without the slightest feeling of prejudice, I must consider as infinitely superior. I propose this month to call your attention to the two great events in our theatrical and musical world—the appearance of the talented Miss Pelican, and the production of Tarbox's celebrated "Ode Symphonie" of "The Plains."

The critiques on the former are from the columns of

the Vallecetos Sentinel, to which they were originally contributed by me, appearing on the respective dates of June 1st and June 31st.

From the Vallecetos Sentinel, June 1st

Miss Pelican.—Never during our dramatic experience has a more exciting event occurred than the sudden bursting upon our theatrical firmament, full, blazing, unparalleled, of the bright, resplendent and particular star whose honored name shines refulgent at the head of this article. Coming among us unheralded, almost unknown, without claptrap, in a wagon drawn by oxen across the plains, with no agent to get up a counterfeit enthusiasm in her favor, she appeared before us for the first time at the San Diego Lyceum last evening, in the trying and difficult character of Ingomar, or the Tame Savage. We are at a loss to describe our sensations, our admiration, at her magnificent, her superhuman efforts. We do not hesitate to say that she is by far the superior to any living actress; and, as we believe that to be the perfection of acting, we cannot be wrong in the belief that no one hereafter will ever be found to approach her. Her conception of the character of Ingomar was perfection itself; her playful and ingenuous manner, her light girlish laughter, in the scene with Sir Peter, showed an appreciation of the savage character which nothing but the most arduous study, the most elaborate training could produce; while her awful change to the stern, unyielding, uncompromising father in the tragic scene of Duncan's murder, was indeed nature itself. Miss Pelican is about seventeen years of age, of miraculous beauty, and most thrilling voice. It is needless to say she dresses admirably, as in fact we have said all we can say when we called her, most truthfully, perfection. Mr. John Boots took the part of Parthenia very creditably, etc., etc.

From the Vallecetos Sentinel, June 31st

Miss Pelican.—As this lady is about to leave us to commence an engagement on the San Francisco stage, we should regret exceedingly if anything we have said about her should send with her a *prestige* which might be found undeserved on trial. The fact is, Miss Pelican is a very ordinary actress; indeed, one of the most indifferent ones we have ever happened to see. She came here from the Museum at Fort Laramie, and we praised her so injudiciously that she became completely spoiled. She has performed a round of characters during the last week, very miserably, though we are bound to confess that her performance of King Lear last evening was superior to anything of the kind we ever saw. Miss Pelican is about

forty-three years of age, singularly plain in her personal appearance, awkward and embarrassed, with a cracked and squeaking voice, and really dresses quite outrageously. *She has much to learn—poor thing!*

I take it the above notices are rather ingenious. The fact is, I'm no judge of acting, and don't know how Miss Pelican will turn out. If well, why there's my notice of June the 1st; if ill, then June 31st comes in play, and, as there is but one copy of the Sentinel printed, it's an easy matter to destroy the incorrect one; *both can't be wrong;* so I've made a sure thing of it in any event. Here follows my musical critique, which I flatter myself is of rather superior order:

The Plains. Ode Symphonie par Jabez Tarbox.—This glorious composition was produced at the San Diego Odeon on the 31st of June, ult., for the first time in this or any other country, by a very full orchestra (the performance taking place immediately after supper), and a chorus composed of the entire "Sauer Kraut-Verein," the 'Wee Gates Association," and choice selections from the "Gyascutus" and "Pike-harmonic" societies. The solos were rendered by Herr Tuden Links, the recitations by Herr Von Hyden Schnapps, both performers being assisted by Messrs. John Smith and Joseph Brown, who held their coats, fanned them, and furnished water during the more overpowering passages.

"The Plains" we consider the greatest musical achievement that has been presented to an enraptured public. Like Waterloo among battles; Napoleon among warriors; Niagara among falls, and Peck among senators, this magnificent composition stands among Oratorios, Operas, Musical Melodramas and performances of Ethiopian Serenaders, peerless and unrivaled. *Il frappe toute chose parfaitment froid.*

"It does not depend for its success" upon its plot, its theme, its school or its master, for it has very little if any of them, but upon its soul-subduing, all-absorbing, high-faluting effect upon the audience, every member of which it causes to experience the most singular and exquisite sensations. Its strains at times remind us of those of the old master of the steamer McKim, who never went to sea without being unpleasantly affected;—a straining after effect he used to term it. Blair in his lecture on beauty, and Mills in his treatise on logic, (p. 31,) have alluded to the feeling which might be produced in the human mind by something of this transcendentally sublime description, but it has remained for M. Tarbox, in the production of "The Plains," to call this feeling forth.

The symphonie opens upon the wide and boundless plains in longitude 115 degrees W., latitude 35 degrees 21 minutes 03 seconds N., and about sixty miles from the west bank of Pitt River. These data are beautifully and clearly expressed by a long (topographically) drawn note from an E flat clarionet. The sandy nature of the soil, sparsely dotted with bunches of cactus and artemisia, the extended view, flat and unbroken to the horizon, save by the rising smoke in the extreme verge, denoting the vicinity of a Pi Utah village, are represented by the bass drum. A few notes on the piccolo call attention to a solitary antelope picking up mescal beans in the foreground. The sun, having an altitude of 36 degrees 27 minutes, blazes down upon the scene in indescribable majesty. "Gradually the sounds roll forth in a song" of rejoicing to the God of Day:

"Of thy intensity
And great immensity
Now then we sing;
Beholding in gratitude
Thee in this latitude,
Curious thing."

Which swells out into "Hey Jim along, Jim along Josey," then *decrescendo, mas o menos, poco pocita,* dies away and dries up.

Suddenly we hear approaching a train from Pike County, consisting of seven families, with forty-six wagons, each drawn by thirteen oxen; each family consists of a man in butternut-colored clothing driving the oxen; a wife in butternut-colored clothing riding in the wagon, holding a butternut baby, and seventeen butternut children running promiscuously about the establishment; all are barefooted, dusty, and smell unpleasantly. (All these circumstances are expressed by pretty rapid fiddling for some minutes, winding up with a puff from the orpheclide played by an intoxicated Teuton with an atrocious breath—it is impossible to misunderstand the description.) Now rises o'er the plains, in mellifluous accents, the grand Pike County Chorus:

"Oh we'll soon be thar
In the land of gold,
Through the forest old,
O'er the mounting cold,
With spirits bold—
Oh, we come, we come,
And we'll soon be thar.
Gee up Bolly! whoo, up, whoo haw!"

The train now encamp. The unpacking of the kettles and mess-pans, the unyoking of the oxen, the gathering about the various camp-fires, the frizzling of the pork, are so clearly expressed by the music that the most untutored savage could readily comprehend it. Indeed, so vivid and lifelike was the representation, that a lady sitting near us involuntarily exclaimed aloud, at a certain passage, "*Thar, that pork's burning!*" and it was truly interesting to watch the gratified expression of her face

when, by a few notes of the guitar, the pan was removed from the fire, and the blazing pork extinguished.

This is followed by the beautiful *aria:*

"O! marm, I want a pancake!"

Followed by that touching *recitative:*

"Shet up, or I will spank you!"

To which succeeds a grand *crescendo* movement, representing the flight of the child with the pancake, the pursuit of the mother, and the final arrest and summary punishment of the former, represented by the rapid and successive strokes of the castanet.

The turning in for the night follows; and the deep and stertorous breathing of the encampment is well given by the bassoon, while the sufferings and trials of an unhappy father with an unpleasant infant are touchingly set forth by the *cornet à piston.*

Part Second.—The night attack of the Pi Utahs; the fearful cries of the demoniac Indians; the shrieks of the females and children; the rapid and effective fire of the rifles; the stampede of the oxen; their recovery and the final repulse, the Pi Utahs being routed after a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded, while the Pikes lose but one scalp (from an old fellow who wore a wig, and lost it in the scuffle), are faithfully given, and excite the most intense interest in the minds of the hearers; the emotions of fear, admiration and delight: succeeding each other, in their minds, with almost painful rapidity. Then follows the grand chorus:

"Oh! we gin them fits,
The Ingen Utahs.
With our six-shooters—
We gin 'em pertickuler fits."

After which we have the charming recitative of Herr Tuden Links, to the infant, which is really one of the most charming gems in the performance:

"Now, dern your skin, *can't* you be easy?"

Morning succeeds. The sun rises magnificently (octavo flute)—breakfast is eaten,—in a rapid movement on three sharps; the oxen are caught and yoked up—with a small drum and triangle; the watches, purses and other valuables of the conquered Pi Utahs are stored away in a camp-kettle, to a small movement on the piccolo, and the train moves on, with the grand chorus:

"We'll soon be thar,
Gee up Bolly! Whoo hup! whoo haw!"

The whole concludes with the grand hymn and chorus:

"When we die we'll go to Benton,
Whup! Whoo, haw!
The greatest man that e'er land saw,
Gee!
Who this little airth was sent on
Whup! Whoo, haw!
To tell a 'hawk from a handsaw!'
Gee!"

The immense expense attending the production of this magnificent work, the length of time required to prepare the chorus, and the incredible number of instruments destroyed at each rehearsal, have hitherto prevented M. Tarbox from placing it before the American public, and it has remained for San Diego to show herself superior to her sister cities of the Union, in musical taste and appreciation, and in high-souled liberality, by patronizing this immortal prodigy, and enabling its author to bring it forth in accordance with his wishes and its capabilities. We trust every citizen of San Diego and Vallecetos will

listen to it ere it is withdrawn; and if there yet lingers in San Francisco one spark of musical fervor, or a remnant of taste for pure harmony, we can only say that the Southerner sails from that place once a fortnight, and that the passage money is but forty-five dollars.

THE RUNAWAY BOY

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Wunst I sassed my Pa, an' he
Won't stand that, an' punished me,—
Nen when he was gone that day,
I slipped out an' runned away.

I tooked all my copper-cents,
An' clumbed over our back fence
In the jimpson-weeds 'at growed
Ever'where all down the road.

Nen I got out there, an' nen
I runned some—an' runned again
When I met a man 'at led
A big cow 'at shooked her head.

I went down a long, long lane
Where was little pigs a-play'n';
An' a grea'-big pig went "Booh!"
An' jumped up, an' skeered me too.

Nen I scampered past, an' they
Was somebody hollered "Hey!"
An' I ist looked ever'where,
An' they was nobody there.

I *want* to, but I'm 'fraid to try
To go back....An' by-an'-by
Somepin' hurts my throat inside—
An' I want my Ma—an' cried.

Nen a grea'-big girl come through
Where's a gate, an' telled me who
Am I? an' ef I tell where
My home's at she'll show me there.

But I couldn't ist but tell
What's my *name;* an' she says well,
An' she tooked me up an' says
She know where I live, she guess.

Nen she telled me hug wite close
Round her neck!—an' off she goes
Skippin' up the street! An' nen
Purty soon I'm home again.

An' my Ma, when she kissed me,
Kissed the *big girl* too, an' *she*
Kissed me—ef I p'omise *shore*
I won't run away no more!

THE DRAYMAN

BY DANIEL O'CONNELL

The captain that walks the quarter-deck
  Is the monarch of the sea;
But every day, when I'm on my dray,
  I'm as big a monarch as he.
For the car must slack when I'm on the track,
  And the gripman's face gets blue,
As he holds her back till his muscles crack,
  And he shouts, "Hey, hey! Say, you!
Get out of the way with that dray!" "I won't!"
  "Get out of the way, I say!"
But I stiffen my back, and I stay on the track,
  And I won't get out of the way.

When a gaudy carriage bowls along,
  With a coachman perched on high,
Solemn and fat, a cockade in his hat,
  Just like a big blue fly,
I swing my leaders across the road,
  And put a stop to his jaunt,
And the ladies cry, "John, John, drive on!"
  And I laugh when he says "I caun't."

Oh, life to me is a big picnic,
  From the rise to the set of sun!
The swells that ride in their fancy drags
  Don't begin to have my fun.

I'm king of the road, though I wear no crown,
As I leisurely move along,
For I own the streets, and I hold them down,
And I love to hear this song:
"Get out of the way with your dray!" "I won't!"
"Get out of the way, I say!"
But I stiffen my back, and I stay on the track,
And I don't get out of the way.

BILL'S COURTSHIP

BY FRANK L. STANTON

I

Bill looked happy as could be
One bright mornin'; an' says he:
"Folks has been a-tellin' me
Mollie's set her cap my way;
An' I'm goin' thar' to-day
With the license; so, ol' boy,
Might's well shake, an' wish me joy!
Never seen a woman yit
This here feller couldn't git!"

II

Now, it happened, that same day,
I'd been lookin' Mollie's way;—
Jest had saddled my ol' hoss
To go canterin' across
Parson Jones's pastur', an'
Ax her fer her heart an' han'!
So, when Bill had had his say
An' done set his weddin' day,
I lit out an' rid that way.

III

Mollie met me at the door:—
"Glad to see yer face once more!"
She—says she: "Come in—come in!"
("It's the best man now will win,"

Thinks I to myself.) Then she
Brung a rocker out fer me
On the cool piazza wide,
With her own chair right 'longside!

IV

In about two hours I knowed
In that race I had the road!
Talked in sich a winnin' way
Got her whar' she named the day,
With her shiny head at rest
On my speckled Sunday vest!
An', whilst in that happy state,
Bill—he rid up to the gate.

V

Well, sir-ee! . . . He sot him down—
Cheapest lookin' chap in town!
(Knowed at once I'd set my traps!)
Talked 'bout weather, an' the craps,
An' a thousan' things; an' then—
Jest the lonesomest o' men—
Said he had so fur to ride,
Reckoned it wuz time to slide!

VI

But I hollered out: "Ol' boy,
Might's well shake, an' wish me joy!
I hain't seen the woman yit
That this feller couldn't git!"

THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED AN OWL

BY ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON

When the children got home from the nutting expedition and had eaten supper, they sat around discontentedly, wishing every few minutes that their mother had returned.

"I wish mamma would come back," said Ned. "I never know what to do in the evening when she isn't home."

"I 'low 'bout de bes' you-all kin do is ter lemme putt you ter baid," said Aunt 'Phrony.

"Don't want to go to bed," "I'm not sleepy," "Want to stay up," came in chorus from three pairs of lips.

"You chillen is wusser dan night owls," said the old woman. "Ef you keeps on wid dis settin'-up-all-night bizness, I boun' some er you gwine turn inter one'r dese yer big, fussy owls wid yaller eyes styarin', jes' de way li'l Mars Kit doin' dis ve'y minnit, tryin' ter keep hisse'f awake. An' dat 'mines me uv a owl whar turnt hisse'f inter a man, an' ef a owl kin do dat, w'ats ter hinner one'r you-all turnin' inter a owl, I lak ter know? So you bes' come 'long up ter baid, an' ef you is right spry gettin' raidy, mebbe I'll whu'l in an' tell you 'bout dat owl."

The little procession moved upstairs, Coonie, the house-boy, bringing up the rear with an armful of sticks and some fat splinters of lightwood, which were soon blazing with an oily sputter. Coonie scented a story,

and his bullet pate was bent over the fire an unnecessarily long time, as he blew valiant puffs upon the flames which no longer needed his assistance, and arranged and rearranged his skilfully piled sticks.

"Quit dat foolishness, nigger," said 'Phrony at last, "an' set down on de ha'th an' 'have yo'se'f. Ef you wanter stay, whyn't you sesso, stidder blowin' yo'se'f black in de face? Now, den, ef y'all raidy, I gwine begin.

"Dish yer w'at I gwine tell happen at de time er de 'ear w'en de Injuns wuz havin' der green-cawn darnse, an' I reckon you-all 'bout ter ax me w'at dat is, so I s'pose I mought ez well tell you. 'Long in Augus' w'en de Injuns stopped wu'kkin' de cawn, w'at we call 'layin' by de crap,' den dey cu'd mos' times tell ef 'twuz gwineter be a good crap, so dey 'mence ter git raidy fer de darnse nigh a month befo'han'. Dey went ter de medincin' man an' axed him fer ter 'pint de day. Den medincin' man he sont out runners ter tell ev'b'dy, an' de runners dey kyar'd 'memb'ance-strings wid knots tied all 'long 'em, an' give 'em ter de people fer ter he'p 'em 'member. De folks dey'd cut off a knot f'um de string each day, an' w'en de las' one done cut off, den dey know de day fer de darnse wuz come. An' de medincin' man he sont out hunters, too, fer ter git game, an' mo' runners fer ter kyar' hit ter de people so's't dey mought cook hit an' bring hit in.

"W'en de time come, de people ga'rred toge'rr an' de medincin' man he tucken some er de new cawn an' some uv all de craps an' burnt hit, befo' de people wuz 'lowed ter eat any. Atter de burnin', den he tucken a year er cawn in one han' an' ax fer blessin's an' good craps wid dat han', w'ile he raise up tu'rr han' ter de storm an' de win' an' de hail an' baig 'em not ter

bring evil 'pun de people. Atter dat, dey all made der bre'kfus' offen roas'in'-years er de new cawn an' den de darnse begun an' lasted fo' days an' fo' nights; de men dress' up in der bes' an' de gals wearin' gre't rattles tied on der knees, dat shuk an' rattled wid ev'y step.

"De gal whar I gwine tell 'bout wuz on her way home on de fo'th night, an' she wuz pow'ful tired, 'kase dem rattles is monst'ous haivy, an' she bin keepin' hit up fo' nights han' runnin'. She wuz gwine thu a dark place in de woods w'en suddintly she seed a young man all wrop up in a sof' gray blankit an' leanin' 'gins' a tree. His eyes wuz big an' roun' an' bright, an' dey seemed ter bu'n lak fire. Dem eyes drord de gal an' drord de gal 'twel she warn't 'feard no mo', an' she come nearer, an' las' he putt out his arms wrop up in de gray blanket an' drord her clost 'twel she lean erg'in him, an' she look up in de big, bright eyes an' she say, 'Whar is you, whar is you?' An' he say, 'Oo-goo-coo, Oo-goo-coo.' Dat wuz de Churry*kee* name fer 'owl,' but de gal ain' pay no 'tention ter dat, for mos' er de Injun men wuz name' atter bu'ds an' beas'eses an' sech ez dat. Atter dat she useter go out ter de woods ev'y night ter see de young man, an' she alluz sing out ter him, 'Whar is you, whar is you?' an he'd arnser, 'Oo-goo-coo, Oo-goo-coo.' Dat wuz de on'ies wu'd he uver say, but de gal thought 'twuz all right, fer she done mek up her min' dat he 'longed ter nu'rr tribe er Injuns whar spoke diff'nt f'um her own people. Sidesen dat, she love' him, an' w'en gals is in love dey think ev'ything de man do is jes' 'bout right, an' dese yer co'tin'-couples is no gre't fer talkin', nohow.

"De gal's daddy wuz daid an' her an' her mammy live all 'lone, so las' she mek up her min' dat it be heap mo' handy ter have a man roun' de house, so she up

an' tell her mammy dat she done got ma'ied. Her mammy say, 'You is, is you? Well, who de man?' De gal say 'Oo-goo-coo.' 'Well, den,' sez her mammy, 'I reckon you bes' bring home dish yer Oo-goo-coo an' see ef we kain't mek him useful. A li'l good game, now an' den, 'ud suit my mouf right well. We ain' have nair' pusson ter do no huntin' fer us sence yo' daddy died.'

" 'Mammy,' sez de gal, 'I'se 'bleeged ter tell you dat my husban' kain't speak ow' langwidge.'

" 'All de better,' sez her mammy, sez she. 'Dar ain' gwine be no trouble 'bout dat, 'kase I kin do talkin' 'nuff fer two, an' I ain' want one dese yer back-talkin' son-in-laws, nohow.'

"So de nex' night de gal went off an' comed back late wid de young man. Her mammy ax him in an' gin him a seat by de fire, an' dar he sot all wrop up in his blinkit, wid his haid turnt 'way f'um de light, not sayin' nuttin' ter nob'dy. An' de fire died down an' de wind blewed mo'nful outside, an' dar he sot on an' on, an' w'en de wimmins went ter sleep, dar he wuz settin', still. But in de mawnin' w'en dey woked up he wuz gone, an' dey ain' see hya'r ner hide uv 'im all day.

"De nex' night he come erg'in and bringed a lot er game wid 'im, an' he putt dat down at de do' an' set hisse'f down by de fire an' stay dar, same ez befo', not sayin' nair' wu'd. Dat kind er aggervex de gal's mammy at las', 'kase she wuz one'r dese yer wimmins whar no sooner gits w'at dey ax fer dan dey ain' kyare 'bout hit no mo'. She want son-in-law whar kain't talk, she git him, an' den she want one whar kin arnser back. She gittin' kind er jubous 'bout him, but she 'feared ter say anything fer fear he quit an' she git no mo' game.

"Thu'd night he come onct mo' wid a passel er game, an' she mighty cur'ous 'bout him by dat time. She say

ter husse'f, 'Well! ef I ain' got de curisomest son-in-law in dese diggin's, den I miss de queschin. I wunner w'at mek him set wid his face turnt f'um de fire an' blinkin' his eyes all de time? I wunner w'y he ain' nuver onloose dat blankit, an' w'y he g'longs off 'fo' de daylight an' nuver comes back 'twel de dark.'

" 'Oh, mammy,' sez de gal, sez she, 'ain' I tol' you he kain't speak ow' langwidge, an' I 'spec' he done come f'um dat wo'm kyountry whar we year tell 'bout, 'way off yonner, an' dat huccome he hatter keep his blankit roun' him. I reckon he git so tired huntin' all day, no wunner he hatter blink his eyes ter keep 'em open.'

"But her mammy wan't sassified, 'kase hit mighty hard ter haid off one'r dese yer pryin' wimmins, so she go outside an' ga'rr up some lightwood splinters an' th'ow 'em on de fire, dis-away, all uv a suddint." Here the old woman rose and threw on a handful of lightwood, which blazed up with a great sputtering, and in the strong light she stood before the fire enacting the part of the scared Owl for the delighted yet half-startled children.

"An' w'en she th'owed hit on," Aunt 'Phrony proceeded, "de fire blaze an' spit an' sputter jes' lak dis do, an' de ooman she fotched a yell an' cried out, she did, 'Lan' er de mussiful! W'at cur'ous sort er wood is dish yer dat ac' lak dis?' De Owl he wuz startle' an' he look roun' suddint, dis-a-way, over his shoulder, an' de wimmins dey let out a turr'ble screech, 'kase dey seed 'twa'n't nuttin' but a big owl settin' dar blinkin'.

"Owl seed he wuz foun' out, an' he riz up an' give his gre't, wide wings a big flop, lak dis, an' swoop out de do' cryin' 'Oo-goo-coo! Oo-goo-coo!' ez he flewed off inter de darkness." Here Aunt 'Phrony spread her arms like wings and made a swoop half-way across the room to

the bedside of the startled children. "An'," she continued, "de wind howl mo'nful all night long, an' seem ter de gal an' her mammy lak 'twuz de voice of po' Oo-goo-coo mo'nin' fer de gal he love."

"And didn't he ever come back?" said Ned.

"Naw, suh, dat he didn'. He wuz too 'shame' ter come back, an' he bin so 'shame' er de trick uver sence dat he hide hisse'f way in de daytime an' nuver come out 'twel de dusk, an' den he go sweepin' an' swoopin' 'long on dem gre't big sof' wings, so quiet dat he ain' mek de ghos' uv a soun', jes' looks lak a big shadder flittin' roun' in de dusk. He teck dat time, too, 'kase he know dat 'bout den de li'l fiel' mouses an' sech ez dat comes out an' 'mences ter run roun', an' woe be unter 'em ef dey meets up wid Mistah Owl; deys a-goner, sho'."

"But how could they think an owl was a man?" asked Janey.

"Well, honey, de tale ain' tell dat, but I done study hit out dis-a-way, dat mo'n likely de gal bin turnin' up her nose at some young Injun man, an' outer spite he done gone an' got some witch ter putt a spell on her so's't de Owl 'ud look lak a man an' she 'ud go an' th'ow husse'f away on a ol' no-kyount bu'd. Yas, I reckon dat wuz 'bout de way. An' now y'all better shet up dem peepers er you'll be gittin' lak de owls, no good in de day time, an' wantin' ter be up an' prowlin' all night."

MR. DOOLEY ON EXPERT TESTIMONY

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"Annything new?" said Mr. Hennessy, who had been waiting patiently for Mr. Dooley to put down his newspaper.

"I've been r-readin' th' tistimony iv th' Lootgert case," said Mr. Dooley.

"What d'ye think iv it?"

"I think so," said Mr. Dooley.

"Think what?"

"How do I know?" said Mr. Dooley. "How do I know what I think? I'm no combi-nation iv chemist, doctor, osteologist, polisman, an' sausage-maker, that I can give ye an opinion right off th' bat. A man needs to be all iv thim things to detarmine annything about a murdher trile in these days. This shows how intilligent our methods is, as Hogan says. A large German man is charged with puttin' his wife away into a breakfas'-dish, an' he says he didn't do it. Th' on'y question, thin, is, Did or did not Alphonse Lootgert stick Mrs. L. into a vat, an' rayjooce her to a quick lunch? Am I right?"

"Ye ar-re," said Mr. Hennessy.

"That's simple enough. What th' coort ought to've done was to call him up, an' say: 'Lootgert, where's ye'er good woman?' If Lootgert cudden't tell, he ought to be hanged on gin'ral principles; f'r a man must keep his wife around th' house, an' whin she isn't there, it shows he's a poor provider. But, if Lootgert says, 'I don't know

where me wife is,' the coort shud say: 'Go out, an' find her. If ye can't projooce her in a week, I'll fix ye.' An' let that be th' end iv it.

"But what do they do? They get Lootgert into coort an' stand him up befure a gang iv young rayporthers an' th' likes iv thim to make pitchers iv him. Thin they summon a jury composed iv poor, tired, sleepy expressmen an' tailors an' clerks. Thin they call in a profissor from a colledge. 'Profissor,' says th' lawyer f'r the State, 'I put it to ye if a wooden vat three hundherd an' sixty feet long, twenty-eight feet deep, an' sivinty-five feet wide, an' if three hundherd pounds iv caustic soda boiled, an' if the leg iv a ginea pig, an' ye said yesterdah about bi-carbonate iv soda, an' if it washes up an' washes over, an' th' slimy, slippery stuff, an' if a false tooth or a lock iv hair or a jawbone or a goluf ball across th' cellar eleven feet nine inches—that is, two inches this way an' five gallons that?' 'I agree with ye intirely,' says th' profissor. 'I made lab'ratory experiments in an' ir'n basin, with bichloride iv gool, which I will call soup-stock, an' coal tar, which I will call ir'n filings. I mixed th' two over a hot fire, an' left in a cool place to harden. I thin packed it in ice, which I will call glue, an' rock-salt, which I will call fried eggs, an' obtained a dark, queer solution that is a cure f'r freckles, which I will call antimony or doughnuts or annything I blamed please.'

" 'But,' says th' lawyer f'r th' State, 'measurin' th' vat with gas,—an' I lave it to ye whether this is not th' on'y fair test,—an' supposin' that two feet acrost is akel to tin feet sideways, an' supposin' that a thick green an' hard substance, an' I daresay it wud; an' supposin' you may, takin' into account th' measuremints,—twelve be eight,—th' vat bein' wound with twine six inches fr'm th' handle an' a rub iv th' green, thin ar-re not human teeth often

found in counthry sausage?' 'In th' winter,' says th' profissor. 'But th' sisymoid bone is sometimes seen in th' fut, sometimes worn as a watch-charm. I took two sisymoid bones, which I will call poker dice, an' shook thim together in a cylinder, which I will call Fido, poored in a can iv milk, which I will call gum arabic, took two pounds iv rough-on-rats, which I rayfuse to call; but th' raysult is th' same.' Question be th' coort: 'Different?' Answer: 'Yis.' Th' coort: 'Th' same.' Be Misther McEwen: 'Whose bones?' Answer: 'Yis.' Be Misther Vincent: 'Will ye go to th' divvle?' Answer: 'It dissolves th' hair.'

"Now what I want to know is where th' jury gets off. What has that collection iv pure-minded pathrites to larn fr'm this here polite discussion, where no wan is so crool as to ask what anny wan else means? Thank th' Lord, whin th' case is all over, the jury'll pitch th' tistimony out iv th' window, an' consider three questions: 'Did Lootgert look as though he'd kill his wife? Did his wife look as though she ought to be kilt? Isn't it time we wint to supper?' An', howiver they answer, they'll be right, an' it'll make little diff'rence wan way or th' other. Th' German vote is too large an' ignorant, annyhow."

LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY

BY JOHN PHOENIX

Introductory

The following pages were originally prepared in the form of a course of Lectures to be delivered before the Lowell Institute, of Boston, Mass., but, owing to the unexpected circumstance of the author's receiving no invitation to lecture before that institution, they were laid aside shortly after their completion.

Receiving an invitation from the trustees of the Vallecetos Literary and Scientific Institute, during the present summer, to deliver a course of Lectures on any popular subject, the author withdrew his manuscript from the dusty shelf on which it had long lain neglected, and, having somewhat revised and enlarged it, to suit the capacity of the eminent scholars before whom it was to be displayed, repaired to Vallecetos. But, on arriving at that place, he learned with deep regret, that the only inhabitant had left a few days previous, having availed himself of the opportunity presented by a passing emigrant's horse,—and that, in consequence, the opening of the Institute was indefinitely postponed. Under these circumstances, and yielding with reluctance to the earnest solicitations of many eminent scientific friends, he has been induced to place the Lectures before the public in their present form. Should they meet with that success which his sanguine friends prognosticate, the author may be

induced subsequently to publish them in the form of a text-book, for the use of the higher schools and universities; it being his greatest ambition to render himself useful in his day and generation by widely disseminating the information he has acquired among those who, less fortunate, are yet willing to receive instruction.

JOHN PHŒNIX.

San Diego Observatory, September 1, 1854.

Lectures on Astronomy—Part I

CHAPTER I

The term Astronomy is derived from two Latin words, —*Astra,* a star, and *onomy,* a science; and literally means the science of the stars. "It is a science," to quote our friend Dick (who was no relation at all of Big Dick, though the latter occasionally caused individuals to see stars), "which has, in all ages, engaged the attention of the poet, the philosopher, and the divine, and been the subject of their study and admiration."

By the wondrous discoveries of the improved telescopes of modern times, we ascertain that upward of several hundred millions of stars exist, that are invisible to the naked eye—the nearest of which is millions of millions of miles from the Earth; and as we have every reason to suppose that every one of this inconceivable number of worlds is peopled like our own, a consideration of this fact—and that we are undoubtedly as superior to these beings as we are to the rest of mankind—is calculated to fill the mind of the American with a due sense of his own importance in the scale of animated creation.

It is supposed that each of the stars we see in the Heavens in a cloudless night is a sun shining upon its own curvilinear, with light of its own manufacture; and as it would be absurd to suppose its light and heat were made to be diffused for nothing, it is presumed farther, that each sun, like an old hen, is provided with a parcel of little chickens, in the way of planets, which, shining but feebly by its reflected light, are to us invisible. To this opinion we are led, also, by reasoning from analogy, on considering our own Solar System.

The Solar System is so called, not because we believe it to be the sole system of the kind in existence, but from its principal body, the Sun, the Latin name of which is *Sol*. (Thus we read of Sol Smith, literally meaning the *son* of Old Smith.) On a close examination of the Heavens we perceive numerous brilliant stars which shine with a steady light (differing from those which surround them, which are always twinkling like a dew-drop on a cucumber-vine), and which, moreover, do not preserve constantly the same relative distance from the stars near which they are first discovered. These are the planets of the Solar System, which have no light of their own—of which the Earth, on which we reside, is one—which shine by light reflected from the Sun—and which regularly move around that body at different intervals of time and through different ranges in space. Up to the time of a gentleman named Copernicus, who flourished about the middle of the Fifteenth Century, it was supposed by our stupid ancestors that the Earth was the center of all creation, being a large, flat body resting on a rock which rested on another rock, and so on "all the way down"; and that the Sun, planets and immovable stars all revolved about it once in twenty-four hours.

This reminds us of the simplicity of a child we once

saw in a railroad-car, who fancied itself perfectly stationary, and thought the fences, houses and fields were tearing past it at the rate of thirty miles an hour;—and poking out its head, to see where on earth they went to, had its hat—a very nice one with pink ribbons—knocked off and irrecoverably lost. But Copernicus (who was a son of Daniel Pernicus, of the firm of Pernicus & Co., wool-dealers, and who was named Co. Pernicus, out of respect to his father's partners) soon set this matter to rights, and started the idea of the present Solar System, which, greatly improved since his day, is occasionally called the Copernican system. By this system we learn that the Sun is stationed at one *focus* (not hocus, as it is rendered, without authority by the philosopher Partington) of an ellipse, where it slowly grinds on for ever about its own axis, while the planets, turning about their axes, revolve in elliptical orbits of various dimensions and different planes of inclination around it.

The demonstration of this system in all its perfection was left to Isaac Newton, an English Philosopher, who, seeing an apple tumble down from a tree, was led to think thereon with such gravity, that he finally discovered the attraction of gravitation, which proved to be the great law of Nature that keeps everything in its place. Thus we see that as an apple originally brought sin and ignorance into the world, the same fruit proved thereafter the cause of vast knowledge and enlightenment;—and indeed we may doubt whether any other fruit but an apple, and a sour one at that, would have produced these great results;—for, had the fallen fruit been a pear, an orange, or a peach, there is little doubt that Newton would have eaten it up and thought no more on the subject.

As in this world you will hardly ever find a man so

small but that he has someone else smaller than he, to look up to and revolve around him, so in the Solar System we find that the majority of the planets have one or more smaller planets revolving about them. These small bodies are termed secondaries, moons or satellites—the planets themselves being called primaries.

We know at present of eighteen primaries, viz: Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Flora, Vesta, Iris, Metis, Hebe, Astrea, Juno, Ceres, Pallas, Hygeia, Jupiter, Saturn, Herschel, Neptune, and another, yet unnamed. There are distributed among these, nineteen secondaries, all of which, except our Moon, are invisible to the naked eye.

We shall now proceed to consider, separately, the different bodies composing the Solar System, and to make known what little information, comparatively speaking, science has collected regarding them. And, first in order, as in place, we come to

THE SUN

This glorious orb may be seen almost any clear day, by looking intently in its direction, through a piece of smoked glass. Through this medium it appears about the size of a large orange, and of much the same color. It is, however, somewhat larger, being in fact 887,000 miles in diameter, and containing a volume of matter equal to fourteen hundred thousand globes of the size of the Earth, which is certainly a matter of no small importance. Through the telescope it appears like an enormous globe of fire, with many spots upon its surface, which, unlike those of the leopard, are continually changing. These spots were first discovered by a gentleman named Galileo, in the year 1611. Though the Sun is usually termed and

considered the luminary of day, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that it certainly has been seen in the night. A scientific friend of ours from New England (Mr. R. W. Emerson) while traveling through the northern part of Norway, with a cargo of tinware, on the 21st of June, 1836, distinctly saw the Sun in all its majesty, shining at midnight!—in fact, shining *all* night! Emerson is not what you would call a superstitious man, by any means—but, he left! Since that time many persons have observed its nocturnal appearance in that part of the country, at the same time of the year. This phenomenon has never been witnessed in the latitude of San Diego, however, and it is very improbable that it ever will be. Sacred history informs us that a distinguished military man, named Joshua, once caused the Sun to "stand still"; how he did it, is not mentioned. There can, of course, be no doubt of the fact, that he arrested its progress, and possibly caused it to "stand *still*";—but translators are not always perfectly accurate, and we are inclined to the opinion that it might have wiggled a very little, when Joshua was not looking directly at it. The statement, however, does not appear so very incredible, when we reflect that seafaring men are in the habit of actually *bringing the Sun down* to the horizon every day at 12 Meridian. This they effect by means of a tool made of brass, glass, and silver, called a sextant. The composition of the Sun has long been a matter of dispute.

By close and accurate observation with an excellent opera-glass we have arrived at the conclusion that its entire surface is covered with water to a very great depth; which water, being composed by a process known at present only to the Creator of the Universe and Mr. Paine, of Worcester, Massachusetts, generates carburetted hydrogen gas, which, being inflamed, surrounds

the entire body with an ocean of fire, from which we, and the other planets, receive our light and heat. The spots upon its surface are glimpses of water, obtained through the fire; and we call the attention of our old friend and former schoolmate, Mr. Agassiz, to this fact; as by closely observing one of these spots with a strong refracting telescope he may discover a new species of fish, with little fishes inside of them. It is possible that the Sun may burn out after a while, which would leave this world in a state of darkness quite uncomfortable to contemplate; but even under these circumstances it is pleasant to reflect that courting and love-making would probably increase to an indefinite extent, and that many persons would make large fortunes by the sudden rise in value of coal, wood, candles, and gas, which would go to illustrate the truth of the old proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Upon the whole, the Sun is a glorious creation; pleasing to gaze upon (through smoked glass), elevating to think upon, and exceedingly comfortable to every created being on a cold day; it is the largest, the brightest, and may be considered by far the most magnificent object in the celestial sphere; though with all these attributes it must be confessed that it is occasionally entirely eclipsed by the moon.

CHAPTER II

We shall now proceed to the consideration of the several planets.

MERCURY

This planet, with the exception of the asteroids, is the smallest of the system. It is the nearest to the Sun, and, in consequence, can not be seen (on account of the Sun's

superior light), except at its greatest eastern and western elongations, which occur in March and April, August and September, when it may be seen for a short time immediately after sunset and shortly before sunrise. It then appears like a star of the first magnitude, having a white twinkling light, and resembling somewhat the star Regulus in the constellation Leo. The day in Mercury is about ten minutes longer than ours, its year is about equal to three of our months. It receives six and a half times as much heat from the Sun as we do; from which we conclude that the climate must be very similar to that of Fort Yuma, on the Colorado River. The difficulty of communication with Mercury will probably prevent its ever being selected as a military post; though it possesses many advantages for that purpose, being extremely inaccessible, inconvenient, and, doubtless, singularly uncomfortable. It receives its name from the God, Mercury, in the Heathen Mythology, who is the patron and tutelary Divinity of San Diego County.

VENUS

This beautiful planet may be seen either a little after sunset or shortly before sunrise, according as it becomes the morning or the evening star, but never departing quite forty-eight degrees from the Sun. Its day is about twenty-five minutes shorter than ours; its year seven and a half months or thirty-two weeks. The diameter of Venus is 7,700 miles, and she receives from the Sun thrice as much light and heat as the Earth.

An old Dutchman named Schroeter spent more than ten years in observations on this planet, and finally discovered a mountain on it twenty-two miles in height, but he never could discover anything on the mountain, not

even a mouse, and finally died about as wise as when he commenced his studies.

Venus, in Mythology, was a Goddess of singular beauty, who became the wife of Vulcan, the blacksmith, and, we regret to add, behaved in the most immoral manner after her marriage. The celebrated case of Vulcan *vs.* Mars, and the consequent scandal, is probably still fresh in the minds of our readers. By a large portion of society, however, she was considered an ill-used and persecuted lady, against whose high tone of morals and strictly virtuous conduct not a shadow of suspicion could be cast; Vulcan, by the same parties, was considered a horrid brute, and they all agreed that it served him right when he lost his case and had to pay the costs of court. Venus still remains the Goddess of Beauty, and not a few of her *protégés* may be found in California.

THE EARTH

The Earth, or as the Latins called it, Tellus (from which originated the expression, "Do tell us"), is the third planet in the Solar System, and the one on which we subsist, with all our important joys and sorrows. The San Diego Herald is published weekly on this planet, for five dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. As the Earth is by no means the most important planet in the system, there is no reason to suppose that it is particularly distinguished from the others by being inhabited. It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude that all the other planets of the system are filled with living, moving and sentient beings; and as some of them are superior to the Earth in size and position, it is not improbable that their inhabitants may be superior to us in physical and mental organization.

But if this were a demonstrable fact, instead of a mere hypothesis, it would be found a very difficult matter to persuade us of its truth. To the inhabitants of Venus the Earth appears like a brilliant star—very much, in fact, as Venus appears to us; and, reasoning from analogy, we are led to believe that the election of Mr. Pierce, the European war, or the split in the great Democratic party produced but very little excitement among them.

To the inhabitants of Jupiter, our important globe appears like a small star of the fourth or fifth magnitude. We recollect, some years ago, gazing with astonishment upon the inhabitants of a drop of water, developed by the Solar Microscope, and secretly wondering whether they were or not reasoning beings, with souls to be saved. It is not altogether a pleasant reflection that a highly scientific inhabitant of Jupiter, armed with a telescope of (to us) inconceivable form, may be pursuing a similar course of inquiry, and indulging in similar speculations regarding our Earth and its inhabitants. Gazing with curious eye, his attention is suddenly attracted by the movements of a grand celebration of Fourth of July in New York, or a mighty convention in Baltimore. "God bless my soul," he exclaims, "I declare they're alive, these little creatures; do see them wriggle!" To an inhabitant of the Sun, however, he of Jupiter is probably quite as insignificant, and the Sun man is possibly a mere atom in the opinion of a dweller in Sirius. A little reflection on these subjects leads to the opinion that the death of an individual man on this Earth, though perhaps as important an event as can occur to himself, is calculated to cause no great convulsion of Nature or disturb particularly the great aggregate of created beings.

The Earth moves round the Sun from west to east in a year, and turns on its axis in a day; thus moving at the

rate of 68,000 miles an hour in its orbit, and rolling around at the tolerably rapid rate of 1,040 miles per hour. As our readers may have seen that when a man is galloping a horse violently over a smooth road, if the horse from viciousness or other cause suddenly stops, the man keeps on at the same rate over the animal's head; so we, supposing the Earth to be suddenly arrested on its axis, men, women, children, horses, cattle and sheep, donkeys, editors and members of Congress, with all our goods and chattels, would be thrown off into the air at a speed of 173 miles a minute, every mother's son of us describing the arc of a parabola, which is probably the only description we should ever be able to give of the affair.

This catastrophe, to one sufficiently collected to enjoy it, would, doubtless, be exceedingly amusing; but as there would probably be no time for laughing, we pray that it may not occur until after our demise; when, should it take place, our monument will probably accompany the movement. It is a singular fact that if a man travel round the Earth in an eastwardly direction he will find, on returning to the place of departure, he has gained one whole day; the reverse of this proposition being true also, it follows that the Yankees who are constantly traveling to the West do not live as long by a day or two as they would if they had stayed at home; and supposing each Yankee's time to be worth $1.50 per day, it may be easily shown that a considerable amount of money is annually lost by their roving dispositions.

Science is yet but in its infancy; with its growth, new discoveries of an astounding nature will doubtless be made, among which, probably, will be some method by which the course of the Earth may be altered and it be steered with the same ease and regularity through space and among the stars as a steamboat is now directed

through the water. It will be a very interesting spectacle to see the Earth "rounding to," with her head to the air, off Jupiter, while the Moon is sent off laden with mails and passengers for that planet, to bring back the return mails and a large party of rowdy Jupiterians going to attend a grand prize fight in the ring of Saturn.

Well, Christopher Columbus would have been just as much astonished at a revelation of the steamboat and the locomotive engine as we should be to witness the above performance, which our intelligent posterity during the ensuing year A. D. 2000 will possibly look upon as a very ordinary and common-place affair.

Only three days ago we asked a medium where Sir John Franklin was at that time; to which he replied, he was cruising about (officers and crew all well) on the interior of the Earth, to which he had obtained entrance through SYMMES HOLE!

With a few remarks upon the Earth's Satellite, we conclude the first Lecture on Astronomy; the remainder of the course being contained in a second Lecture, treating of the planets, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune, the Asteroids, and the fixed stars, which last, being "fixings," are, according to Mr. Charles Dickens, American property.

THE MOON

This resplendent luminary, like a youth on the Fourth of July, has its first quarter; like a ruined spendthrift its last quarter, and like an omnibus, is occasionally full and new. The evenings on which it appears between these last stages are beautifully illumined by its clear, mellow light.

The Moon revolves in an elliptical orbit about the Earth in twenty-nine days twelve hours forty-four min-

utes and three seconds, the time which elapses between one new Moon and another. It was supposed by the ancient philosophers that the Moon was made of green cheese, an opinion still entertained by the credulous and ignorant. Kepler and Tyco Brahe, however, held to the opinion that it was composed of Charlotte Russe, the dark portions of its surface being sponge cake, the light *blanc mange*. Modern advances in science and the use of Lord Rosse's famous telescope have demonstrated the absurdity of all these speculations by proving conclusively that the Moon is mainly composed of the *Ferro—sesqui—cyanuret, of the cyanide of potassium!* Up to the latest dates from the Atlantic States, no one has succeeded in reaching the Moon. Should anyone do so hereafter, it will probably be a woman, as the sex will never cease making an exertion for that purpose as long as there is a man in it.

Upon the whole, we may consider the Moon an excellent institution, among the many we enjoy under a free, republican form of government, and it is a blessed thing to reflect that the President of the United States can not *veto* it, no matter how strong an inclination he may feel, from principle or habit, to do so.

It has been ascertained beyond a doubt that the Moon has no air. Consequently, the common expressions, "the Moon was gazing down with an air of benevolence," or with "an air of complacency," or with "an air of calm superiority," are incorrect and objectionable, the fact being that the Moon has no air at all.

The existence of the celebrated "Man in the Moon" has been frequently questioned by modern philosophers. The whole subject is involved in doubt and obscurity. The only authority we have for believing that such an individual exists, and has been seen and spoken with, is a

fragment of an old poem composed by an ancient Astronomer of the name of Goose, which has been handed down to us as follows:

"The man in the Moon came down too soon
To inquire the way to Norwich;
The man in the South, he burned his mouth,
Eating cold, hot porridge."

The evidence conveyed in this distich is, however, rejected by the skeptical, among modern Astronomers, who consider the passage an allegory. "The man in the South," being supposed typical of the late John C. Calhoun, and the "cold, hot porridge," alluded to the project of nullification.

END OF LECTURE FIRST

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—Itinerant Lecturers are cautioned against making use of the above production, without obtaining the necessary authority from the proprietors of the Pioneer Magazine. To those who may obtain such authority, it may be well to state that at the close of the Lecture it was the intention of the author to exhibit and explain to the audience an orrery, accompanying and interspersing his remarks by a choice selection of popular airs on the hand-organ.

An economical orrery may be constructed by attaching eighteen wires of graduated lengths to the shaft of a candlestick, apples of different sizes being placed at their extremities to represent the Planets, and a central orange resting on the candestick, representing the Sun.

An orrery of this description is, however, liable to the objection that if handed around among the audience for examination, it is seldom returned uninjured. The author has known an instance in which a child four years of age, on an occasion of this kind, devoured in succession the planets Jupiter and Herschel, and bit a large spot out of the Sun before he could be arrested. J. P.

THE ITINERANT TINKER

BY CHARLES RAYMOND MACAULEY

Away off in front, and coming toward them along the same path, appeared a singularly misshapen figure. As they came nearer, Dickey saw that it was an old man carrying on his back, at each side and in front of him, some part or piece of almost every imaginable thing. Umbrellas, chair bottoms, panes of glass, knives, forks, pans, dusters, tubs, spoons and stove-lids, graters and grind-stones, saws and samovars,—"Almost everything one could possibly think of," said Dickey to himself.

The moment that the Fantasm caught sight of the strange figure he stopped, and Dickey noticed that his face, which was tucked securely under his left arm, turned quite pale.

"Gracious me!" he exclaimed in a thoroughly frightened way. "There's the Itinerant Tinker again! Now," he added hastily and dolefully, "I shall have to leave you and run for it."

"Why, you're surely not afraid of *him!*" Dickey exclaimed incredulously. Dickey was really surprised, for the old man, so far as he could judge from that distance, wore an extremely mild and kindly look. "Why do you have to run?" he asked.

"Why? *Why?*" the Fantasm fairly shouted. "I told you a moment ago that he was the *Itinerant Tinker!* He tries to mend every broken and unbroken thing in Fantasma Land! Every time he catches me," went on the

Fantasm, as he edged cautiously away, "he tries to glue on my head. It's very annoying—and, besides, it hurts! Good-by, Dickey!" he called, and disappeared forthwith into the bushes.

"Isn't he a droll person?" thought Dickey. "He never stops with me more than ten minutes at a time but what he either loses his head or runs away."

By that time the Itinerant Tinker had come up to where Dickey stood. He sat wearily down on a boulder by the wayside, removed some of the heavier merchandise from off his back, and proceeded to mop his face vigorously with a great red handkerchief. Dickey waited several minutes for the old man to speak; but the Itinerant Tinker only regarded him solemnly. He did not even smile.

"It's very warm work, sir," ventured Dickey, at last, "carrying all that stuff—isn't it?"

"Stuff?" returned the Itinerant Tinker, in a very mild, but unmistakably hurt tone of voice.

"Well—" Dickey hesitated timidly.

"*Don't* call them stuff, please," sighed the Itinerant Tinker; "call them necessary commodities."

"But whatever one *does* call them," Dickey persisted, "they still make you warm to carry them all about, don't they?"

The Itinerant Tinker nodded his head and sighed again.

Again Dickey waited for a considerable space of time. But the old man would have been perfectly content to sit there for ever, Dickey thought, without speaking. "I *do* wish he would talk," said he to himself. "It's awfully annoying to have him sit there and look at one without saying a word."

"What do you mend, sir?" Dickey inquired at last.

"I tried once," sighed the Itinerant Tinker, sadly, "to

mend the break of day. It took me twenty-seven hours and eleven minuutes to fix it, and it broke every twenty-four. At that rate, how long would it take to patch them all together?"

Another distressing silence.

"Have you figured *that* out?" whispered the Itinerant Tinker at length.

"I haven't tried," Dickey admitted.

"*I* tried once," the Itinerant Tinker said, "but I ran out of paper and gave it up. Then, when the night fell," he resumed dolefully, after another long interval of silence, "I tried to prop it up. But I met with the same difficulty that confronted me in patching up the day, and was forced to abandon *that,* too."

"In which direction were you going when I met you?" Dickey asked.

The Itinerant Tinker pointed ahead of him along the path and mopped his bald head.

"But where?" insisted Dickey.

"To the Crypt. I was going to the Crypt," murmured the Itinerant Tinker, "to see whether I couldn't get some umbrellas to mend."

"But they don't need umbrellas in the Crypt, do they?" Dickey asked, surprised.

"No, they don't," sighed the Itinerant Tinker; "and *that's* the reason I'm going there."

"If you don't mind," said Dickey, "I should like to go with you."

Without a word of reply the Itinerant Tinker rose slowly and painfully to his feet, rearranged on his back the merchandise he had laid aside, and started off up the hill, with Dickey following closely at his heels.

"I tried to mend the Great Dipper once," resumed the Itinerant Tinker, at length. "I only succeeded, however,

in crooking the handle; but it looks better that way, I think."

"How did you manage to reach it?" asked Dickey, a little doubtfully.

"I climbed up the Milky Way," replied the Itinerant Tinker, sadly. "In order to reach it after I got there, I was obliged to stand on the horn of the moon. It was a very perilous undertaking."

Dickey couldn't believe quite all that the Itinerant Tinker was telling him. But his mild and gentle eyes wore such a serious expression that he very much disliked to doubt the old man's word.

"Speaking of the moon," went on the Itinerant Tinker after a while, "I tried once to make her stand up—after she had set, you know. It proved a thankless task. She treated me very rudely, indeed. By the by, have you seen the Flightywight?"

"No, sir; I have not," replied Dickey.

"*He's* always jumping at conclusions, you know. I jumped at a conclusion once, fell into disgrace, and was very much cut up over it. I tried to patch *him* up and he called me an old meddler! You haven't heard of such ingratitude before, I fancy?"

"It was very mean of him, I think," said Dickey, sympathetically.

"Oh, *that's* nothing," pursued the Itinerant Tinker, in a melancholy tone. "That's *nothing!* I once attempted to solder a new tip on the Wizard's wand. He turned me into a rabbit, *he* did."

"Whatever did you do then?" asked Dickey.

"I protested, of course. He merely said that he was only making game of me. But if there's any one thing that I can do better than another," went on the Itinerant Tinker, after another embarrassing pause, "it's piecing

together a split infinitive. Would you like me to show you how it's done?"

"Indeed, I should," Dickey eagerly answered; "very much, indeed."

"Very well, then. Just give me time to set down these necessary commodities, and I'll show you exactly the manner in which it's done and undone."

After he had rid himself of his awkward burden, the Itinerant Tinker carefully selected a saw from his kit of tools.

"Is that a log over there?" he asked, pointing toward a mound of earth. "I'm a trifle near-sighted, you know."

"No," Dickey replied. "But there's one off there, just to the other side. A big one, too."

"The identical thing," said the Itinerant Tinker. Whereupon he walked over to it and immediately began sawing a thin slab from off its smooth end.

"Now," said he, after he had finished the rather difficult task, oiled his saw and returned it to his kit, "I proceed to write the word LOVE in the infinitive mood."

"Is that a sad mood?" asked Dickey. "It sounds very much like it, I think."

Without heeding the question in the least the Itinerant Tinker turned the slab for Dickey's inspection, and he read on it the two words, TO LOVE. Taking up a wedge the Itinerant Tinker printed the word DEARLY on the flat side of it, and then skilfully drove it between the words TO and LOVE. When he again held it up for Dickey to see, it read: TO DEARLY LOVE.

"There!" exclaimed the Itinerant Tinker, holding the slab proudly at arm's length and turning his head slowly from side to side, "that's what *I* call a fine bit of ingenuity!"

"So that's a split infinitive, is it?" Dickey asked.

"Why, you *stupid* boy!" the Itinerant Tinker exclaimed; "didn't you just this minute see me split it?"

"Yes, sir; I did," Dickey murmured rather shamefacedly.

"Then, if I *split* it, what else *could* it be but a split infinitive, I'd like to know?"

"Well," said Dickey, a bit timidly, "I never heard a block of wood called an *infinitive* before."

"Oh, my!" sighed the Itinerant Tinker, as he sank down on his pile of merchandise. "How you *do* weary me!"

He sat looking at the slab of wood for such a long time, turning it admiringly now that way, now this, that poor Dickey began to grow quite nervous.

"Please," he ventured at last, "won't you show me now how you mend it?" Dickey didn't care in the least to see it done, but he imagined that by asking the question he would regain the good will of the old man.

"There you go again! There you go!" exclaimed the Itinerant Tinker. He actually shed a tear. "I knew you'd do it—I knew it!"

"Now what have I done?" asked Dickey, innocently.

"You've broken the silence," said the Itinerant Tinker, sadly. "It'll take me hours and hours to glue *that* together. But first," he went on, after another long pause, "I'll show you how neatly this split infinitive can be mended."

Thereupon he withdrew the wedge, dipped a brush into a pot of glue, and, after distributing the sticky fluid over the split sides, brought them carefully and neatly together.

"There!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, *"that's* the proper way to bring together a split infinitive. Beware, my boy, of splitting your infinitives; but if you do, call

on the Itinerant Tinker and *he'll* straighten 'em out for you."

"Before we move along," he resumed, after he had loaded himself with his merchandise, "perhaps you'd like to listen to a story?"

"I should, if it wasn't about split infinitives," replied Dickey, doubtfully. "They really make me quite dizzy."

"Well, it's not," said the Itinerant Tinker, smiling vaguely. "It's the story of the

PEDANTIC PEDAGOGUE

"I saw him sitting—sitting there,
  Outside the school-house door.
It was a dismal afternoon;
  The hour was half-past four.

"I asked him, 'Sir, what is your name?'
  His voice came through the fog:
'I have forgotten it, kind sir,
  But I'm a Pedagogue.

"'And I'm so absent-minded, sir,
  I put my clothes to bed
And hang myself upon a chair;
  Is not that odd?' he said.

"'And every morning of my life
  I climb into my tub;
Then wonder why I'm sitting there.
  Ah, me, man! *that's* the rub!

"He wiped his spectacles and said:
  'Kind sir, observe this frog.
I took him in this net when he
  Was but a pollywog.

"'Now it's my wish, good sir, to seek
  The seismocosmic state;
And why this strange amphibian
  Should slowly gravitate

"'From a mere firmisternial thing
To—' 'Say!' I cried, 'please wait!
I can not understand a word
Of that which you relate.'

"'Now, please tell me,' he said again,
'The sum of the equation
Between the harp and hippogriff;
Define their true relation.'

"'I can not answer you,' I said,
'Because I'm but a tinker.
But I can mend your old umbrel';
'Twill be a dime, I think, sir.'

"Just then the frog dived off his hand
And swam out to the fence,
Which was an easy thing to do—
The vapor was so dense.

"And there he perched upon a post;
It was a sight to see
The way he made grimaces at
The Pedagogue and me.

"It vexed us very much to see
A frog so impolite.
I flung a gnarly stick at him—
Flung it with all my might.

"It floated softly on the fog,
As softly as a feather;
The frog jumped on and sailed away,
Leaving us there together

"A-shaking both our fists at him
Till they were sore and numb.
The bull-frog merely blinked at us,
And sang: '*You'll drown!* BOTTLE-O'-RUM!'

"With that I left the Pedagogue
A-sitting in the wet.
He was so absent-minded, I
Dare say he's sitting yet—

"Upon the little school-house steps,
Revolving in his mind
The definite relation 'twixt
The cosmos and mankind."

When the Itinerant Tinker had finished his story he rose wearily to his feet.

"If we don't hurry along," he said, "I doubt whether we shall reach the Crypt in time to take our tea. I never—"

He was interrupted at this point by a shrill voice, coming, it seemed, from the direction of the forest.

"Jingle-junk! jingle-junk! jingle-junk!" shouted the penetrating voice.

The Itinerant Tinker stopped instantly. An angry frown gathered on his brow.

"I know who *that* is," he muttered. "It's Wamba, son of Witless, the Jester of Ivanhoe. I've been trying to catch *him* for seventy-two years, and if I do, I'll—"

Dickey never heard the end of the sentence for the Itinerant Tinker made for the wood at a surprisingly swift gait. The incident had its really amusing side, too; for he left behind him a trail of pots, pans, boilers, stove-lids, potato-mashers—in fact, Dickey thought, he must have dropped almost all of his "necessary commodities" by the time he had vanished into the wood.

THE STRIKE OF ONE

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Danny Burke was discharged.

A certain distinguished ex-President of the United States probably would have said that he was discharged for "pernicious activity"; but the head of the branch messenger-office merely said that he was "an infernal nuisance."

Danny was a good union man. As a matter of fact, he was a boy, and a small boy at that; but he would have scorned any description that did not put him down as "a good union man." Danny's environment had been one of uncompromising unionism, and that was what ailed him. He wanted to advance the union idea. To this end, he undertook to organize the other messengers in the branch office, advancing all the arguments that he had heard his mother and his father use in their discussions. The boys thought favorably of the scheme, but most of them were inclined to let some one else do the experimenting. It might result disastrously. Just to encourage them, Danny became insolent, as he had already become inattentive; he told the manager what he would do and what he would not do, and positively declined to deliver a message that would carry his work a few minutes beyond quitting-time.

Then Danny was discharged—and he laughed. Discharge *him!* Well, he'd show them a thing or two.

"We'll arbitrate," he announced.

"Get out!" ordered the manager.

"You got to arbitrate," insisted Danny. "You got to confer with your men or you're goin' to have a strike!" Danny had heard so much about conferences that he felt he was on safe ground now. "We can't stand fer no autycrats!" he added. "You got to meet your men fair an' talk it over. A committee—"

"Get out!" repeated the manager, rising from his desk, near which the waiting boys were seated.

"Men," yelled Danny, "I calls a strike an' a boycott!"

Two of the boys rose as if to follow him, but the manager was too quick. He had Danny by the collar before Danny knew what had happened, and the struggling boy was marched to the door and pushed out. The boys who had risen promptly subsided.

Danny was too astonished for words. In all his extended hearsay knowledge of strikes he never had heard of anything like this. There was nothing heroic in it at all. He had expected a conference, and, instead, he was ignominously handled and thrust into the street.

Danny sat down on a pile of paving-stones to think it over. Without reasoning the matter out, he now regarded himself as a union. The other members had deserted him, but he was on a strike; and somehow he had absorbed the idea that the men who were striking were always the union men. So, this being a strike of one, he was an entire union. It did not take him long to decide that the first thing to do was to "picket the plant." That was a familiar phrase, and he knew the meaning of it. Everything was nicely arranged for him, too. The street was being paved, and he was sitting on some paving-stones, with a pile of gravel beside him. He selected fifteen or twenty of the largest stones from the gravel-pile.

A woman was the first victim. As she was about to

enter the messenger-office she was startled by a yell of warning from Danny.

"Hey, you!" he shouted. "Keep out!"

She backed away hastily, and looked up to see if anything were about to fall on her.

"Why should I keep out?" she asked at last.

"'Cause you'll git hit with a rock if you don't," was the prompt reply.

"But, little boy—" she began.

"I ain't a little boy," asserted Danny. "I'm a union."

The woman looked puzzled, but she finally decided that this was some boyish joke.

"You'd better run home," she said, and turned to enter the messenger-office. She could not refrain from looking over her shoulder, however, and she saw that he was poised for a throw.

"Don't do that!" she cried hastily. "You might hurt me."

"Sure I'll hurt you," was the reply. "I'll smash your block in if you don't git a move on."

The woman decided to look for another messenger-office, and Danny, triumphant, resumed his seat on the paving-stones.

Then came another messenger, returning from a trip.

"What's the matter, Danny?" he asked.

"Got the plant picketed," asserted Danny. "Nobody can't go in or come out."

"I'm goin' in," said the other boy.

"You!" exclaimed Danny scornfully, as he suddenly caught the boy and swung him over on to the stones.

"No, I ain't, Danny," the boy hastened to say, for Danny gave every evidence of an intent to batter in his face.

"Sure?" asked Danny.

"Honest."

"This here's a strike," explained Danny.

"Oh, I didn't know that," apologized the boy. "I ain't a strike-breaker."

Danny let him up, but made him sit on another pile of stones a short distance away. He would be all right as long as he kept still, Danny explained, but no longer.

While Danny was continuing strike operations with rapidly growing enthusiasm, the woman he had first stopped was taking an unexpected part in the little comedy. She had gone to another of the branch offices with the message she wished delivered, and had told of the trouble she had experienced. Thereupon the manager of this office called up the manager of the other on the telephone.

"What's the matter over there?" he asked.

"Nothing," was the surprised reply. "Who said there was?"

"Why, a woman has just reported that she was driven away by a boy with a pile of stones."

The manager hastened to the window, and realized at once that something was decidedly wrong. On a pile of paving-stones directly in front of the door sat the proud and happy Danny. At his feet there was a pile of smaller stones, and he held a few in his hands. On his right was a boy who had started on a trip a short time before, and on his left was one who should have reported back. A man was gesticulating excitedly, a number of others and some boys were laughing, and Danny seemed to be intimating that any one who tried to enter would be hurt.

"Jim," said the manager to the largest messenger, "go out there and see what's the matter with Danny Burke. Tell him I'll have him arrested if he doesn't get out."

Danny was a wise general. He wanted no prisoners

that he could not handle easily, and this big boy would be dangerous to have within his lines. The big boy was a sort of star messenger, who did not fraternize with Danny anyhow. Consequently Danny fired a volley the moment he saw who it was, and the big boy hastily retreated, bearing with him one bump on the forehead.

"That's Jim," Danny explained to the increasing crowd. "He's the biggest, next to the boss. Watch me nail the boss."

"You're the stuff!" exclaimed some of the delighted loiterers, thus proving that the loiterers are just as anxious to see trouble in a small strike as in a large one.

Danny picked out a stone considerably larger than the others, for he expected the manager to appear next, and the manager had incurred his personal enmity. In the case of his victims thus far, he had acted merely on principle—to win his point.

The managed appeared. For his own prestige (necessary to maintain discipline), the manager had to do something, but he felt reasonably sure that the dignity of his official position would make Danny less hasty and strenuous than he had been with others. The manager planned to extend the olive branch and at the same time raise the siege by beckoning Danny in, so that he might reason with him and show him how surely he would land in a police station if he would not consent to be a good boy. This would be quicker and better than summoning an officer. But the manager got the big stone in the pit of his stomach just as he had raised his hand to beckon, and he and his dignity collapsed together, with a most plebeian grunt. As he had not closed the door, he quickly rolled inside, where he lay on the floor with his hands on his stomach and listened to the joyous yelps of the crowd outside. This was too much for the manager.

"Call up police headquarters," he said, still holding his stomach as if fearful that it might become detached, "and tell them there's a riot here."

The boy addressed obeyed literally.

Meanwhile Danny had decided that, as victory perched on his banners, it was time to state the terms on which he would permit the enemy to surrender, but he was too wise to put himself in the enemy's power before these terms were settled.

"Go in, Tim," was the order he gave to one of his prisoners, "an' tell the guy with the stomick-ache that when he recognizes the union an' gives me fifty cents more a week an' makes a work-day end when the clock strikes, I'm willin' to call it off."

"Make him come down handsome," advised one of the loiterers.

"I guess I got 'em on the run," said Danny exultingly.

But Tim went in and failed to come out. This was not Tim's fault, however, for the manager released his hold on his stomach long enough to get a grip on Tim's collar. The striker's defiance seemed to displease him, and, because he could not shake Danny, he shook Tim, and he said things to Tim that he would have preferred to say to Danny. Then his excited harangue was interrupted by the sound of a gong, which convinced him that he might again venture to the door.

Danny was in the grasp of the strong arm of the law. A half dozen policemen had valiantly rushed through the crowd and captured the entire besieging party, which was Danny.

"What you doin'?" demanded Danny angrily.

"What are *you* doing?" retorted the police sergeant in charge.

"This here's a strike," asserted Danny. "I got the plant picketed."

"Run him in!" ordered the manager from the doorway.

"What's the row?" asked the sergeant.

"That's the row," said the manager, pointing to Danny.

"That!" exclaimed the sergeant scornfully. "You said it was a riot. You don't call that kid a riot, do you?"

"Well, it's assault and battery, anyhow," insisted the manager. "He hit me with a rock."

"Where?" asked the sergeant.

"Where he carries his brains," said Danny, which made the crowd yelp with joy again.

"Lock him up!" cried the manager angrily. "I'll prefer the charge and appear against him."

The sergeant looked at Danny and then at the manager.

"Say!" he said at last, "you ain't got the nerve to charge this kid with assaulting you, have you?"

"I'm going to do it," said the manager.

"Oh, all right," returned the sergeant disgustedly.

The crowd was disposed to protest, but the police were in sufficient force to make resistance unsafe, and Danny was lifted into the patrol-wagon.

At the station the captain happened to be present when Danny was brought in, escorted by a wagon-load of policemen.

"What's the charge?" asked the captain.

"Assault and battery on a grown man!" was the scornful reply of the sergeant.

"What did he do?" persisted the surprised captain.

"Hurt his digestion with a rock," explained the sergeant.

"I was on strike," said Danny. "I'm a good union man. You got no business to touch me."

"I understand," said the sergeant, "that he was discharged, and he stationed himself outside with a pile of rocks."

"You've no right to do that," the captain told Danny.

"They all do it," asserted Danny.

This was so near the truth that the captain thought it wise to dodge the subject.

"Of course, if no one else will take a man's place," he explained, "the employer will have to take him back or—"

"There wasn't nobody tryin' to take my place—not while I was there!" asserted Danny belligerently.

"That's no lie, either," laughed the sergeant. "He had the office tied up tight."

Danny swelled with pride at this testimonial to his prowess. Then it suddenly occurred to him that the sergeant did not act as he talked.

"What'd you butt in for, then?" he demanded.

"It was his duty," said the captain.

"Ho!" exclaimed Danny. "It's your business to protect the public, ain't it?"

"Of course," admitted the captain.

"Well, ain't we the public?"

The captain laughed uneasily. His experience as a policeman had left him very much in doubt as to who were the public. Both sides to a controversy always claimed that distinction, and the law-breaker was usually the louder in his claims. Danny's inability to see anything but his own side of the case was far from unusual.

The captain took Danny into his private office and talked to him. The captain did not wish to lock up the boy, so he sent for Danny's father and also for the manager of the branch messenger-office. Meanwhile he tried to explain the matter to Danny, but Danny was obtuse. Why should not he do as his father and his father's friends did? When they had a disagreement with the boss, they picketed the plant, and ensuing incidents sent many people to the hospitals. Why was it worse for one

boy to do this than it was for some hundreds or thousands of men? Danny was confident that he was within his rights.

"Dad knows," he said in conclusion. "Dad'll say I'm right. You got no business mixin' in."

"Dad's coming," the captain told him.

The manager came first. "The boy ought to be punished," said he. "He hit me with a rock."

"I wish you'd seen him," said the beaming Danny to the captain, for the recollection of that victory made all else seem trivial. "Say! he doubled up like a clown droppin' into a barrel."

"If he isn't punished," asserted the glowering manager, "he'll get worse and worse and end by going to the devil."

"Perhaps," replied the captain. "But just stand beside him a moment, please. Don't dodge, Danny. He'll go behind the bars if he touches you. Stand side by side."

They did so.

"Now," said the captain to the manager, "how do you think you'll look, standing beside him in the police court and accusing him of assault and battery?"

"Like a fool," replied the manager promptly, forced to laugh in spite of himself.

"And what kind of a story—illustrated story—will it be for the papers?" persisted the captain.

"Let him go," said the manager; "but he ought to be whaled."

It was at this point that Dan arrived, accompanied by his wife.

"F'r why sh'u'd he be whaled?" demanded the latter aggressively.

The matter was explained to her.

"It that thrue, Danny?" she asked.

"Sure," replied the boy.

"Well, I'd like to see anny wan outside the fam'ly whale ye," she said, with a defiant look at the manager, "but I'll do it mesilf."

Danny was astounded. In this quarter at least he had expected support. He glanced at his father.

"I'll take a lick or two at ye mesilf," said Dan. "The idee of breakin' the law an' makin' all this throuble."

"You've done it yourself," argued Danny.

"Shut up!" commanded Dan. "Ye don't know what ye're talkin' about. A sthrike's wan thing an' disordherly conduct's another."

"This was a strike," insisted Danny.

"Where's the union?" demanded Dan.

"I'm it," replied Danny. "I was organizin' it."

"If ye'll let him go, Captain," said Dan, ignoring his son's reply, "I'll larrup him good."

"For what?" wailed Danny. "I was only doin' what you said was right, an' what mom said was right, an' what you've all been talkin' for years. You've been a picket yourself, an' I've heard you laughin' over the way men who wouldn't strike was done up. We got to organize. Wasn't I organizin'? We got to enforce our rights. Wasn't I enforcin' them? We got to discourage traitors to the cause of labor. Wasn't I discouragin' them? Didn't the union tie up a plant once when you was discharged? What's eatin' you, dad?"

Danny's own presentation of the case was so strong that it gave him courage. But the last question made Dan jump, although he was not accustomed to any extraordinary show of respect from his son.

"The lad has no sinse," he announced, "but I'll larrup him plenty. Ye get an exthry wan f'r that, Danny. I'll tache ye that ye're not runnin' things."

"Makin' throuble f'r father an' mother an' th' good

man that's payin' ye wages we need at home," added Mrs. Burke.

"Now, what do you think of that?" whimpered Danny, as he was led away. "I'm to be licked fer doin' what he does. Why don't he teach himself the same, an' stop others from doin' what he talks?"

"Danny," said the commiserating captain, "you're to be licked for learning your lesson too well, and that's the truth."

But that did not make the situation any the less painful for Danny.

SIMON STARTS IN THE WORLD

BY J. J. HOOPER

Until Simon entered his seventeenth year he lived with his father, an old "hard-shell" Baptist preacher, who, though very pious and remarkably austere, was very avaricious. The old man reared his boys—or endeavored to do so—according to the strictest requisitions of the moral law. But he lived, at the time to which we refer, in Middle Georgia, which was then newly settled; and Simon, whose wits were always too sharp for his father's, contrived to contract all the coarse vices incident to such a region. He stole his mother's roosters to fight them at Bob Smith's grocery, and his father's plow-horses to enter them in "quarter" matches at the same place. He pitched dollars with Bob Smith himself, and could "beat him into doll rags" whenever it came to a measurement. To crown his accomplishments, Simon was tip-top at the game of "old sledge," which was the fashionable game of that era, and was early initiated in the mysteries of "stocking the papers." The vicious habits of Simon were, of course, a sore trouble to his father, Elder Jedediah. He reasoned, he counseled, he remonstrated, and he lashed; but Simon was an incorrigible, irreclaimable devil. One day the simple-minded old man returned rather unexpectedly to the field, where he had left Simon and Ben and a negro boy named Bill at work. Ben was still following his plow, but Simon and Bill were in a fence corner, very earnestly engaged at "seven up." Of course the game was instantly suspended as soon as they

spied the old man, sixty or seventy yards off, striding towards them.

It was evidently a "gone case" with Simon and Bill; but our hero determined to make the best of it. Putting the cards into one pocket, he coolly picked up the small coins which constituted the stake, and fobbed them in the other, remarking, "Well, Bill, this game's blocked; we'd as well quit."

"But, Mass Simon," remarked the boy, "half dat money's mine. Ain't you gwine to lemme hab 'em?"

"Oh, never mind the money, Bill; the old man's going to take the bark off both of us; and besides, with the hand I helt when we quit, I should 'a' beat you and won it all, any way."

"Well, but Mass Simon, we nebber finish de game, and de rule—"

"Go to the devil with your rule!" said the impatient Simon. "Don't you see daddy's right down upon us, with an armful of hickories? I tell you, I helt nothin' but trumps, and could 'a' beat the horns off of a billy-goat. Don't that satisfy you? Somehow or another, you're d—d hard to please!" About this time a thought struck Simon, and in a low tone—for by this time the Reverend Jedediah was close at hand—he continued, "But may be daddy don't know, *right down sure,* what we've been doin'. Let's try him with a lie—'twon't hurt, noway: let's tell him we've been playin' mumble-peg."

Bill was perforce compelled to submit to this inequitable adjustment of his claim to a share of the stakes; and of course agreed to swear to the game of mumble-peg. All this was settled, and a peg driven into the ground, slyly and hurriedly, between Simon's legs as he sat on the ground, just as the old man reached the spot. He carried under his left arm several neatly-trimmed sprouts of

formidable length, while in his left hand he held one which he was intently engaged in divesting of its superfluous twigs.

"Soho, youngsters!—*you* in the fence corner, and the *crap* in the grass. What saith the Scriptur', Simon? 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard,' and so forth and so on. What in the round creation of the yearth have you and that nigger been a-doin'?"

Bill shook with fear, but Simon was cool as a cucumber, and answered his father to the effect that they had been wasting a little time in the game of mumble-peg.

"Mumble-peg! mumble-peg!" repeated old Mr. Suggs. "What's that?"

Simon explained the process of *rooting* for the peg: how the operator got upon his knees, keeping his arms stiff by his sides, leaned forward, and extracted the peg with his teeth.

"So you git *upon your knees,* do you, to pull up that nasty little stick! You'd better git upon 'em to ask mercy for your sinful souls and for a dyin' world. But let's see one o' you git the peg up now."

The first impulse of our hero was to volunteer to gratify the curiosity of his worthy sire, but a glance at the old man's countenance changed his "notion," and he remarked that "Bill was a long ways the best hand." Bill, who did not deem Simon's modesty an omen very favorable to himself, was inclined to reciprocate compliments with his young master; but a gesture of impatience from the old man set him instantly upon his knees, and, bending forward, he essayed to lay hold with his teeth of the peg, which Simon, just at that moment, very wickedly pushed a half inch further down. Just as the breeches and hide of the boy were stretched to the uttermost, old Mr. Suggs brought down his longest hickory, with both

hands, upon the precise spot where the tension was greatest. With a loud yell, Bill plunged forward, upsetting Simon, and rolled in the grass, rubbing the castigated part with fearful energy. Simon, though overthrown, was unhurt; and he was mentally complimenting himself upon the sagacity which had prevented his illustrating the game of mumble-peg for the paternal amusement, when his attention was arrested by the old man's stooping to pick up something—what is it?—a card upon which Simon had been sitting, and which, therefore, had not gone with the rest of the pack into his pocket. The simple Mr. Suggs had only a vague idea of the pasteboard abomination called *cards;* and though he decidedly inclined to the opinion that this was one, he was by no means certain of the fact. Had Simon known this he would certainly have escaped; but he did not. His father, assuming the look of extreme sapiency, which is always worn by the interrogator who does not desire or expect to increase his knowledge by his questions, asked:

"What's this, Simon?"

"The Jack-a-dimunts," promptly responded Simon, who gave up all as lost after this *faux pas.*

"What was it doin' down thar, Simon, my sonny?" continued Mr. Suggs, in an ironically affectionate tone of voice.

"I had it under my leg, thar, to make it on Bill, the first time it come trumps," was the ready reply.

"What's trumps?" asked Mr. Suggs, with a view of arriving at the import of the word.

"Nothin' ain't trumps now," said Simon, who misapprehended his father's meaning, "but *clubs* was, when you come along and busted up the game."

A part of this answer was Greek to the Reverend Mr. Suggs, but a portion of it was full of meaning. They

had, then, most unquestionably, been "throwing" cards, the scoundrels! the "oudacious" little hellions!

"To the 'mulberry' with both on ye, in a hurry," said the old man sternly. But the lads were not disposed to be in a "hurry," for the "mulberry" was the scene of all formal punishment administered during work hours in the field. Simon followed his father, however, but made, as he went along, all manner of "faces" at the old man's back; gesticulated as if he were going to strike him between the shoulders with his fists, and kicking at him so as almost to touch his coat tail with his shoe. In this style they walked on to the mulberry-tree, in whose shade Simon's brother Ben was resting.

It must not be supposed that, during the walk to the place of punishment, Simon's mind was either inactive, or engaged in suggesting the grimaces and contortions wherewith he was pantomimically expressing his irreverent sentiments toward his father. Far from it. The movements of his limbs and features were the mere workings of habit—the self-grinding of the corporeal machine—for which his reasoning half was only remotely responsible. For while Simon's person was thus, on its own account "making game" of old Jed'diah, his wits, in view of the anticipated flogging, were dashing, springing, bounding, darting about, in hot chase of some expedient suitable to the necessities of the case; much after the manner in which puss—when Betty, armed with the broom, and hotly seeking vengeance for pantry robbed or bed defiled, has closed upon her the garret doors and windows—attempts all sorts of impossible exits, to come down at last in the corner, with panting side and glaring eye, exhausted and defenseless. Our unfortunate hero could devise nothing by which he could reasonably expect to escape the heavy blows of his father. Having arrived at this con-

clusion and the "mulberry" about the same time, he stood with a dogged look, awaiting the issue.

The old man Suggs made no remark to any one while he was sizing up Bill,—a process which, though by no means novel to Simon, seemed to excite in him a sort of painful interest. He watched it closely, as if endeavoring to learn the precise fashion of his father's knot; and when at last Bill was swung up a-tiptoe to a limb, and the whipping commenced, Simon's eye followed every movement of his father's arm; and as each blow descended upon the bare shoulders of his sable friend, his own body writhed and "wriggled" in involuntary sympathy.

"It's the devil, it is," said Simon to himself, "to take such a wallopin' as that. Why, the old man looks like he wants to git to the holler, if he could,—rot his old picter! It's wuth, at the least, fifty cents—je-e-miny, how that hurt!—yes, it's wuth three-quarters of a dollar to take that 'ere lickin'! Wonder if I'm 'predestinated,' as old Jed'diah says, to git the feller to it? Lord, how daddy blows! I do wish to God he'd bust wide open, the durned old deer-face! If 'twa'n't for Ben helpin' him, I b'lieve I'd give the old dog a tussel when it comes to my turn. It couldn't make the thing no wuss, if it didn't make it no better. 'Drot it! what do boys have daddies for, anyhow? 'Tain't for nuthin' but jist to beat 'em and work 'em. There's some use in mammies. I kin poke my finger right in the old 'oman's eye, and keep it thar; and if I say it ain't thar, she'll say so, too. I wish she was here to hold daddy off. If 'twa'n't so fur I'd holler for her, anyhow. How she would cling to the old fellow's coat tail!"

Mr. Jedediah Suggs let down Bill and untied him. Approaching Simon, whose coat was off, "Come, Simon, son," said he, "cross them hands; I'm gwine to correct you."

"It ain't no use, daddy," said Simon.

"Why so, Simon?"

"Jist bekase it ain't. I'm gwine to play cards as long as I live. When I go off to myself, I'm gwine to make my livin' by it. So what's the use of beatin' me about it?"

Old Mr. Suggs groaned, as he was wont to do in the pulpit, at this display of Simon's viciousness.

"Simon," said he, "you're a poor ignunt creetur. You don't know nothin', and you've never been nowhars. If I was to turn you off, you'd starve in a week."

"I wish you'd try me," said Simon, "and jist see. I'd win more money in a week than you can make in a year. There ain't nobody round here kin make seed corn off o' me at cards. I'm rale smart," he added with great emphasis.

"Simon! Simon! you poor unlettered fool. Don't you know that all card-players and chicken-fighters and horse-racers go to hell? You crack-brained creetur, you! And don't you know that them that plays cards always loses their money, and—"

"Who wins it all, then, daddy?" asked Simon.

"Shet your mouth, you imperdent, slack-jawed dog! Your daddy's a-tryin' to give you some good advice, and you a-pickin' up his words that way. I knowed a young man once, when I lived in Ogletharp, as went down to Augusty and sold a hundred dollars' worth of cotton for his daddy, and some o' them gambollers got him to drinkin', and the *very first* night he was with 'em they got every cent of his money."

"They couldn't get my money in a *week*," said Simon. "Anybody can git these here green feller's money; them's the sort I'm a-gwine to watch for myself. Here's what kin fix the papers jist about as nice as anybody."

"Well, it's no use to argify about the matter," said old

Jed'diah. What saith the Scriptur'? 'He that begetteth a fool, doeth it to his sorrow.' Hence, Simon, you're a poor, misubble fool,— so cross your hands!"

"You'd jist as well not, daddy; I tell you I'm gwine to follow playin' cards for a livin', and what's the use o' bangin' a feller about it? I'm as smart as any of 'em, and Bob Smith says them Augusty fellers can't make rent off o' me."

The Reverend Mr. Suggs had once in his life gone to Augusta; an extent of travel which in those days was a little unusual. His consideration among his neighbors was considerably increased by the circumstance, as he had all the benefit of the popular inference that no man could visit the city of Augusta without acquiring a vast superiority over all his untraveled neighbors, in every department of human knowledge. Mr. Suggs, then, very naturally, felt ineffably indignant that an individual who had never seen any collection of human habitations larger than a log-house village—an individual, in short, no other or better than Bob Smith—should venture to express an opinion concerning the manners, customs, or anything else appertaining to, or in any wise connected with, the *Ultima Thule* of backwoods Georgians. There were two propositions which witnessed their own truth to the mind of Mr. Suggs: the one was that a man who had never been at Augusta could not know anything about that city, or any place, or anything else; the other, that one who *had* been there must, of necessity, be not only well informed as to all things connected with the city itself, but perfectly *au fait* upon all subjects whatsoever. It was therefore in a tone of mingled indignation and contempt that he replied to the last remark of Simon.

"*Bob Smith* says, does he? And who's *Bob Smith?*

Much does *Bob Smith* know about Augusty! He's *been thar,* I reckon! Slipped off yerly some mornin', when nobody warn't noticin', and got back afore night! It's *only* a hundred and fifty mile. Oh, yes, *Bob Smith* knows *all* about it! *I* don't know nothin' about it! *I* ain't never been to Augusty—*I* couldn't find the road thar, I reckon —ha, ha! *Bob—Sm-ith!* If he was only to see one of them fine gentlemen in Augusty, with his fine broadcloth, and bell-crown hat, and shoe-boots a-shinin' like silver, he'd take to the woods and kill himself a-runnin'. Bob Smith! that's whar all your devilment comes from, Simon."

"Bob Smith's as good as anybody else, I judge; and a heap smarter than some. He showed me how to cut Jack," continued Simon, "and that's more nor some people can do, if they *have* been to Augusty."

"If Bob Smith kin do it," said the old man, "I kin, too. I don't know it by that name; but if it's book knowledge or plain sense, and Bob kin do it, it's reasonable to s'pose that old Jed'diah Suggs won't be bothered *bad.* Is it any ways similyar to the rule of three, Simon?"

"Pretty similyar, daddy, but not adzactly," said Simon, drawing a pack from his pocket to explain. "Now, daddy," he proceeded, "you see these here four cards is what we call the Jacks. Well, now, the idee is, if you'll take the pack and mix 'em all up together, I'll take off a passel from the top, and the bottom one of them I take off will be one of the Jacks."

"Me to mix 'em fust?" said old Jed'diah.

"Yes."

"And you not to see but the back of the top one, when you go to 'cut,' as you call it?"

"Jist so, daddy."

"And the backs all jist as like as kin be?" said the senior Suggs, examining the cards.

"More alike nor cow-peas," said Simon.

"It can't be done, Simon," observed the old man, with great solemnity.

"Bob Smith kin do it, and so kin I."

"It's agin nater, Simon; thar ain't a man in Augusty, nor on top of the yearth, that kin do it!"

"Daddy," said our hero, "ef you'll bet me—"

"What!" thundered old Mr. Suggs. "*Bet,* did you say?" and he came down with a *scorer* across Simon's shoulders. "Me, Jed'diah Suggs, that's been in the Lord's sarvice these twenty years,—*me* bet, you nasty, sassy, triflin', ugly—"

"I didn't go to say *that,* daddy; that warn't what I meant adzactly. I went to say that ef you'd let me off from this her maulin' you owe me, and *give me* 'Bunch,' if I cut Jack, I'd *give you* all this here silver, ef I didn't,—that's all. To be sure, I allers knowed *you* wouldn't *bet.*"

Old Mr. Suggs ascertained the exact amount of the silver which his son handed him, in an old leathern pouch, for inspection. He also, mentally, compared that sum with an imaginary one, the supposed value of a certain Indian pony, called "Bunch," which he had bought for his "old woman's" Sunday riding, and which had sent the old lady into a fence corner the first and only time she ever mounted him. As he weighed the pouch of silver in his hand, Mr. Suggs also endeavored to analyze the character of the transaction proposed by Simon. "It sartinly *can't* be nothin' but *givin',* no way it kin be twisted," he murmured to himself. "I *know* he can't do it, so there's no resk. What makes bettin'? The resk. It's a one-sided business, and I'll jist let him give me all his money, and that'll put all his wild sportin' notions out of his head."

"Will you stand it, daddy?" asked Simon, by way of waking the old man up. "You mought as well, for the

whippin' won't do you no good; and as for Bunch, nobody about the plantation won't ride him but me."

"Simon," replied the old man, "I agree to it. Your old daddy is in a close place about payin' for his land; and this here money—it's jist eleven dollars, lacking of twenty-five cents—will help out mightily. But mind, Simon, ef anything's said about this hereafter, remember, you *give* me the money."

"Very well, daddy; and ef the thing works up instid o' down, I s'pose we'll say you give *me* Bunch, eh?"

"You won't never be troubled to tell how you come by Bunch; the thing's agin nater, and can't be done. What old Jed'diah Suggs knows, he knows as good as anybody. Give me them fixments, Simon."

Our hero handed the cards to his father, who, dropping the plow-line with which he had intended to tie Simon's hands, turned his back to that individual, in order to prevent his witnessing the operation of *mixing*. He then sat down, and very leisurely commenced shuffling the cards, making, however, an exceedingly awkward job of it. Restive *kings* and *queens* jumped from his hands, or obstinately refused to slide into the company of the rest of the pack. Occasionally a sprightly *knave* would insist on *facing* his neighbor; or, pressing his edge against another's, half double himself up, and then skip away. But Elder Jed'diah perseveringly continued his attempts to subdue the refractory, while heavy drops burst from his forehead, and ran down his cheeks. All of a sudden an idea, quick and penetrating as a rifle-ball, seemed to have entered the cranium of the old man. He chuckled audibly. The devil had suggested to Mr. Suggs an *impromptu* "stock," which would place the chances of Simon, already sufficiently slim in the old man's opinion, without the range of possibility. Mr. Suggs forthwith proceeded to

cut all the *picter ones,* so as to be certain to include the *Jacks,* and place them at the bottom, with the evident intention of keeping Simon's fingers above these when he should cut. Our hero, who was quietly looking over his father's shoulders all the time, did not seem alarmed by this disposition of the cards; on the contrary, he smiled, as if he felt perfectly confident of success, in spite of it.

"Now, daddy," said Simon, when his father had announced himself ready, "narry one of us ain't got to look at the cards, while I'm a-cuttin'; if we do, it'll spile the conjuration."

"Very well."

"And another thing: you've got to look me right dead in the eye, daddy; will you?"

"To be sure,—to be sure," said Mr. Suggs; "fire away."

Simon walked up close to his father, and placed his hand on the pack. Old Mr. Suggs looked in Simon's eye, and Simon returned the look for about three seconds, during which a close observer might have detected a suspicious working of the wrist of the hand on the cards, but the elder Suggs did not remark it.

"Wake snakes! day's a-breakin'! Rise Jack!" said Simon, cutting half a dozen cards from the top of the pack, and presenting the face of the bottom one for the inspection of his father.

It was the Jack of hearts!

Old Mr. Suggs staggered back several steps, with uplifted eyes and hands!

"Marciful master!" he exclaimed, "ef the boy hain't! Well, how in the round creation of the—! Ben, did you ever? To be sure and sartain, Satan has power on this yearth!" and Mr. Suggs groaned in very bitterness.

"You never seed nothin' like that in *Augusty,* did ye, daddy?" asked Simon, with a malicious wink at Ben.

"Simon, how *did* you do it?" queried the old man, without noticing his son's question.

"Do it, daddy? Do it? 'Tain't nothin'. I done it jist as easy as—shootin'."

Whether this explanation was entirely, or in any degree, satisfactory to the perplexed mind of Elder Jed'diah Suggs can not, after the lapse of the time which has intervened, be sufficiently ascertained. It is certain, however, that he pressed the investigation no farther, but merely requested his son Benjamin to witness the fact that, in consideration of his love and affection for his son Simon, and in order to furnish the donee with the means of leaving that portion of the State of Georgia, he bestowed upon him the impracticable pony, Bunch.

"Jist so, daddy; jist so; I'll witness that. But it 'minds me mightily of the way mammy *give* old Trailler the side of bacon last week. She a-sweepin' up the h'a'th; the meat on the table; old Trailler jumps up, gethers the bacon, and darts! Mammy arter him with the broom-stick as fur as the door, but seein' the dog has got the start, she shakes the stick at him, and hollers, 'You sassy, aig-sukkin', roguish, gnatty, flop-eared varmint! take it along! take it along! I only wish 'twas full of a'snic, and ox-vomit, and blue vitrul, so as 'twould cut your interls into chitlins!' That's about the way you give Bunch to Simon."

"Oh, shuh, Ben," remarked Simon, "I wouldn't run on that way. Daddy couldn't help it; it was *predestinated:* 'Whom he hath, he will,' you know," and the rascal pulled down the under lid of his left eye at his brother. Then addressing his father, he asked, "War'n't it, daddy?"

"To be sure—to be sure—all fixed aforehand," was old Mr. Suggs' reply."

"Didn't I tell you so, Ben?" said Simon. "*I* knowed it was all fixed aforehand," and he laughed until he was purple in the face.

"What's in ye? What are ye laughin' about?" asked the old man wrothily.

"Oh, it's so funny that it could all 'a' been *fixed aforehand!*" said Simon, and laughed louder than before. The obtusity of the Reverend Mr. Suggs, however, prevented his making any discoveries. He fell into a brown study, and no further allusion was made to the matter.

It was evident to our hero that his father intended he should remain but one more night beneath the paternal roof. What mattered it to Simon?

He went home at night; curried and fed Bunch; whispered confidentially in his ear that he was the "fastest piece of hossflesh, accordin' to size, that ever shaded the yearth;" and then busied himself in preparing for an early start on the morrow.

Old Mr. Suggs' big red rooster had hardly ceased crowing in announcement of the coming dawn, when Simon mounted the intractable Bunch. Both were in high spirits: our hero at the idea of unrestrained license in future; and Bunch from a mesmerical transmission to himself of a portion of his master's deviltry. Simon raised himself in the stirrups, yelled a tolerably fair imitation of the Creek war-whoop, and shouted:

"I'm off, old stud! Remember the Jack-a-hearts!"

Bunch shook his little head, tucked down his tail, ran sideways, as if going to fall, and then suddenly reared, squealed, and struck off at a brisk gallop.

A PIANO IN ARKANSAS

BY THOMAS BANGS THORPE

We shall never forget the excitement which seized upon the inhabitants of the little village of Hardscrabble as the report spread through the community that a real piano had actually arrived within its precincts.

Speculation was afloat as to its appearance and its use. The name was familiar to everybody; but what it precisely meant, no one could tell. That it had legs was certain; for a stray volume of some literary traveler was one of the most conspicuous works in the floating library of Hardscrabble, and said traveler stated that he had seen a piano somewhere in New England with pantalets on; also, an old foreign paper was brought forward, in which there was an advertisement headed "Soirée," which informed the "citizens, generally," that Mr. Bobolink would preside at the piano.

This was presumed by several wiseacres, who had been to a menagerie, to mean that Mr. Bobolink stirred the piano with a long pole, in the same way that the showman did the lions and rhi-no-ce-rus.

So, public opinion was in favor of its being an animal, though a harmless one; for there had been a land-speculator through the village a few weeks previously, who distributed circulars of a "Female Academy" for the accomplishment of young ladies. These circulars distinctly stated "the use of the piano to be one dollar per month."

One knowing old chap said, if they would tell him what

so-i-ree meant, he would tell them what a piano was, and no mistake.

The owner of this strange instrument was no less than a very quiet and very respectable late merchant of a little town somewhere "north," who, having failed at home, had emigrated into the new and hospitable country of Arkansas, for the purpose of bettering his fortune and escaping the heartless sympathy of his more lucky neighbors, who seemed to consider him a very bad and degraded man because he had become honestly poor.

The new-comers were strangers, of course. The house in which they were setting up their furniture was too little arranged "to admit of calls;" and, as the family seemed very little disposed to court society, all prospects of immediately solving the mystery that hung about the piano seemed hopeless. In the meantime, public opinion was "rife."

The depository of this strange thing was looked upon by the passers-by with indefinable awe; and, as noises unfamiliar sometimes reached the street, it was presumed that the piano made them, and the excitement rose higher than ever. In the midst of it, one or two old ladies, presuming upon their age and respectability, called upon the strangers and inquired after their health, and offered their services and friendship; meantime, everything in the house was eyed with great intensity, but, seeing nothing strange, a hint was given about the piano. One of the new family observed, carelessly, "that it had been much injured by bringing out, that the damp had affected its tones, and that one of its legs was so injured that it would not stand up, and for the present it would not ornament the parlor."

Here was an explanation indeed: injured in bringing out; damp affecting its tones; leg broken. "Poor thing!"

ejaculated the old ladies, with real sympathy, as they proceeded homeward; "traveling has evidently fatigued it; the Mass-is-sip fogs has given it a cold, poor thing!" and they wished to see it with increased curiosity.

The "village" agreed that if Moses Mercer, familiarly called "Mo Mercer," was in town, they would have a description of the piano, and the uses to which it was put; and, fortunately, in the midst of the excitement "Mo" arrived, he having been temporarily absent on a hunting-expedition.

Moses Mercer was the only son of "old Mercer," who was, and had been, in the State Senate ever since Arkansas was admitted into the "Union." Mo from this fact received great glory, of course; his father's greatness alone would have stamped him with superiority; but his having been twice in the "Capitol" when the legislature was in session stamped his claims to pre-eminence over all competitors.

Mo Mercer was the oracle of the renowned village of Hardscrabble.

"Mo" knew everything; he had all the consequence and complacency of a man who had never seen his equal, and never expected to. "Mo" bragged extensively upon his having been to the "Capitol" twice,—of his there having been in the most "fashionable society,"—of having seen the world. His return to town was therefore received with a shout. The arrival of the piano was announced to him, and he alone of all the community was not astonished at the news.

His insensibility was considered wonderful. He treated the piano as a thing that he was used to, and went on, among other things, to say that he had seen more pianos in the "Capitol," than he had ever seen woodchucks, and that it was not an animal, but a musical instrument played

upon by the ladies; and he wound up his description by saying that the way "the dear creatures could pull music out of it was a caution to hoarse owls."

The new turn given to the piano-excitement in Hardscrabble by Mo Mercer was like pouring oil on fire to extinguish it, for it blazed out with more vigor than ever. That it was a musical instrument made it a rarer thing in that wild country than if it had been an animal, and people of all sizes, colors, and degrees were dying to see and hear it.

Jim Cash was Mo Mercer's right-hand man: in the language of refined society, he was "Mo's toady;" in the language of Hardscrabble, he was "Mo's wheel-horse." Cash believed in Mo Mercer with an abandonment that was perfectly ridiculous. Mr. Cash was dying to see the piano, and the first opportunity he had alone with his Quixote he expressed the desire that was consuming his vitals.

"We'll go at once and see it," said Mercer.

"Strangers!" echoed the frightened Cash.

"Humbug! Do you think I have visited the 'Capitol' twice, and don't know how to treat fashionable society? Come along at once, Cash," said Mercer.

Off the pair started, Mercer all confidence, and Cash all fears as to the propriety of the visit. These fears Cash frankly expressed; but Mercer repeated for the thousandth time his experience in the fashionable society of the "Capitol, and pianos," which he said "was synonymous;" and he finally told Cash, to comfort him, that, however abashed and ashamed he might be in the presence of the ladies, "he needn't fear of sticking, for he would pull him through."

A few minutes' walk brought the parties on the broad galleries of the house that contained the object of so much

curiosity. The doors and windows were closed, and a suspicious look was on everything.

"Do they always keep a house closed up this way that has a piano in it?" asked Cash mysteriously.

"Certainly," replied Mercer: "the damp would destroy its tones."

Repeated knocks at the doors, and finally at the windows, satisfied both Cash and Mercer that nobody was at home. In the midst of their disappointment, Cash discovered a singular machine at the end of the gallery, crossed by bars and rollers and surmounted with an enormous crank. Cash approached it on tiptoe; he had a presentiment that he beheld the object of his curiosity, and, as its intricate character unfolded itself, he gazed with distended eyes, and asked Mercer, with breathless anxiety, what that strange and incomprehensible box was.

Mercer turned to the thing as coolly as a north wind to an icicle, and said, that was *it*.

"That *it!*" exclaimed Cash, opening his eyes still wider; and then, recovering himself, he asked to see "the tone."

Mercer pointed to the cross-bars and rollers. With trembling hands, with a resolution that would enable a man to be scalped without winking, Cash reached out his hand and seized the handle of the crank (Cash, at heart, was a brave and fearless man). He gave it a turn: the machinery grated harshly, and seemed to clamor for something to be put in its maw.

"What delicious sounds!" said Cash.

"Beautiful!" observed the complacent Mercer, at the same time seizing Cash's arm and asking him to desist, for fear of breaking the instrument or getting it out of tune.

The simple caution was sufficient; and Cash, in the joy of the moment at what he had done and seen, looked as conceited as Mo Mercer himself.

Busy indeed was Cash, from this time forward, in explaining to gaping crowds the exact appearance of the piano, how he had actually taken hold of it, and, as his friend Mo Mercer observed, "pulled music out of it."

The curiosity of the village was thus allayed, and consequently died comparatively away,—Cash, however, having risen to almost as much importance as Mo Mercer, for having seen and handled the thing.

Our "Northern family" knew little or nothing of all this excitement; they received meanwhile the visits and congratulations of the hospitable villagers, and resolved to give a grand party to return some of the kindness they had received, and the piano was, for the first time, moved into the parlor. No invitation on this occasion was neglected; early at the post was every visitor, for it was rumored that Miss Patience Doolittle would, in the course of the evening, "perform on the piano."

The excitement was immense. The supper was passed over with a contempt rivaling that which is cast upon an excellent farce played preparatory to a dull tragedy in which the star is to appear. The furniture was all critically examined, but nothing could be discovered answering Cash's description. An enormously thick-leafed table with a "spread" upon it attracted little attention, timber being so very cheap in a new country, and so everybody expected soon to see the piano "brought in."

Mercer, of course, was the hero of the evening: he talked much and loudly. Cash, as well as several young ladies, went into hysterics at his wit. Mercer, as the evening wore away, grew exceedingly conceited, even for him; and he graciously asserted that the company present reminded him of his two visits to the "Capitol," and other associations equally exclusive and peculiar.

The evening wore on apace, and still no piano. That

hope deferred which maketh the heart sick was felt by some elderly ladies and by a few younger ones; and Mercer was solicited to ask Miss Patience Doolittle to favor the company with the presence of the piano.

"Certainly," said Mercer, and with the grace of a city dandy he called upon the lady to gratify all present with a little music, prefacing his request with the remark that if she was fatigued "his friend Cash would give the machine a turn."

Miss Patience smiled, and looked at Cash.

Cash's knees trembled.

All eyes in the room turned upon him.

Cash trembled all over.

Miss Patience said she was gratified to hear that Mr. Cash was a musician; she admired people who had a musical taste. Whereupon Cash fell into a chair, as he afterward observed, "chawed up."

Oh that Beau Brummel or any of his admirers could have seen Mo Mercer all this while! Calm as a summer morning, complacent as a newly-painted sign, he smiled and patronized, and was the only unexcited person in the room.

Miss Patience rose. A sigh escaped from all present: the piano was evidently to be brought in. She approached the thick-leafed table and removed the covering, throwing it carelessly and gracefully aside, opened the instrument, and presented the beautiful arrangement of dark and white keys.

Mo Mercer at this, for the first time in his life, looked confused: he was Cash's authority in his descriptions of the appearance of the piano; while Cash himself began to recover the moment that he ceased to be an object of attention. Many a whisper now ran through the room as

to the "tones," and more particularly the "crank"; none could see them.

Miss Patience took her seat, ran her fingers over a few octaves, and if "Moses in Egypt" was not perfectly *executed,* Moses in Hardscrabble *was.* The dulcet sound ceased. "Miss," said Cash, the moment that he could express himself, so entranced was he by the music,—"Miss Doolittle, what was the instrument Mo Mercer showed me in your gallery once, it went by a crank and had rollers in it?"

It was now the time for Miss Patience to blush: so away went the blood from confusion to her cheeks. She hesitated, stammered, and said, if Mr. Cash must know, it was a-a-a-*Yankee washing-machine.*

The name grated on Mo Mercer's ears as if rusty nails had been thrust into them; the heretofore invulnerable Mercer's knees trembled, the sweat started to his brow, as he heard the taunting whispers of "visiting the Capitol twice" and seeing pianos as plenty as woodchucks.

The fashionable vices of envy and maliciousness were that moment sown in the village of Hardscrabble; and Mo Mercer, the great, the confident, the happy and self-possessed, surprising as it may seem, was the first victim sacrificed to their influence.

Time wore on, and pianos became common, and Mo Mercer less popular; and he finally disappeared altogether, on the evening of the day on which a Yankee peddler of notions sold to the highest bidder, "six patent, warranted, and improved Mo Mercer pianos."

WHAR DEM SINFUL APPLES GROW

BY ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON

Ol' Adam he live in de Gyardin uv Eden,
('Way down yonner)
He didn' know writin' an' he didn' know readin',
('Way down yonner)
He stay dar erlone jes' eatin' an' a-sleepin',
He say, "Dis mighty po' comp'ny I'se a-keepin',"
'Way down yonner whar dem sinful apples grow.

So dey tuck ol' Adam an' dey putt him a-nappin',
('Way down yonner)
An' de fus' thing you know dish yer w'at happen,
('Way down yonner)
Dey tucken his rib an' dey made a 'ooman,
She mighty peart an' she spry an' she bloomin',
'Way down yonner whar dem sinful apples grow.

Dey 'spute sometimes an' he say, ol' Adam,
('Way down yonner)
"You nuttin' but spar'-rib, nohow, madam,"
('Way down yonner)
She say, "Dat de trufe an' hit ain' a-hu't'n',
Fer de spar'-rib's made f'um a hawg, dat's sut'n,"
'Way down yonner whar dem sinful apples grow.

De Sarpint he slip in de Gyardin uv Eden,
('Way down yonner)
He seed Mis' Eve an' he 'gun his pleadin',
('Way down yonner)

'Twel she tucken de apple an' den he quit 'er,
Hissin', "Ho! ho! dat fruit mighty bitter."
'Way down yonner whar dem sinful apples grow.

Ol' Adam he say, "W'at dat you eatin'?"
('Way down yonner)
"Please gimme a bite er dat summer-sweetin',"
('Way down yonner)
She gin de big haff wid de core an' de seed in,
An' dar whar she show her manners an' her breedin',
'Way down yonner whar dem sinful apples grow.

Den Adam he ac' right sneakin' sho'ly,
('Way down yonner)
An' mek his 'scuse ter de Lawd right po'ly,
('Way down yonner)
Blamin' Eve 'kase she do w'at he tell 'er,
An' settin' dat 'zample fer many a feller,
'Way down yonner whar dem sinful apples grow.

Den de Lawd He say in de Gyardin uv Eden,
('Way down yonner)
"No sech a man shell do my weedin',"
('Way down yonner)
So fo'th f'um de Gyardin de Lawd He bid him,
An' o' co'se Mis' Eve she up an' went wid him,
'Way down yonner whar dem sinful apples grow.

Oh, sinner, is you in de Gyardin uv Eden?
('Way down yonner)
Is you on dem sinful apples feedin'?
('Way down yonner)
Come out, oh, sinner, befo' youse driven,
De debil gwine git you ef you goes on livin'
'Way down yonner whar dem sinful apples grow!

A NIGHT IN A ROCKING-CHAIR

BY KATE FIELD

It may be true that America is going to perdition; that all Americans are rascals; that there are no American gentlemen; that culture, refinement, and social manners can only be found in the Old World: but if it be true, what an extraordinary anomaly it is that women, old and young, ugly and handsome, can travel alone from one end of this great country to the other, receiving only such attention as is acceptable. Having journeyed up and down the land to the extent of twenty thousand miles, I am persuaded that a woman can go anywhere and do anything, provided she conducts herself properly. Of course it would be absurd to deny that it is not infinitely more agreeable to be accompanied by the "tyrant" called "man"; but when there is no tyrant to come to lovely woman's rescue, it is astonishing how well lovely woman can rescue herself, if she exerts the brain and muscle, given her thousands of years ago, and not entirely annihilated by long disuse. I have been nowhere that I have not been treated with greater consideration than if I had belonged to the other sex. There is not a country in Europe of which this can be said; and if a nation's civilization is gauged—as the wise declare—by its treatment of women, then America, rough as it may be, badly dressed as it is, tobacco-chewing as it often is, stands head, shoulders, and heart above all the rest of the world. The Frenchwoman was right in declaring America to be *le*

paradis des dames, and those women who exalt European gallantry above American honesty are as blind to their own interests as an owl at high noon.

There is no royal railroad to lecturing. At best it is hard work, but lecture committees "do their possible," as the Italians say, to lessen the weight, and that "possible" is heartily appreciated by such of us as inwardly long for a natural bridge between stations and hotels. A woman is never so forlorn as when getting out of a car or entering a strange hotel.

However, there never was a rule without its exception, and though courtesy has marked the majority of lecture committees for its own, a lecturer may occasionally find himself stranded upon a desert of indifference, and languish for the comforts of a home not twenty miles distant. Thus it happened that once upon arriving at my destination when the shades of evening were falling fast, and glancing about for the customary smiling gentlemen who smooth out the rough places by carrying bags, superintending the transportation of luggage, and driving you to your abiding-place in the best carriage of the period, I found no gentlemen, smiling or otherwise, to deliver me from my own ignorance.

"Carriage, ma'am?" screamed a Jehu in top-boots ornamented with a grotesque tracery of mud.

Well, yes, I would take a carriage; so up I clambered and sat down upon what in the darkness I supposed was a seat, but what gave such palpable evidences of animation in howls and attempts at assault and battery, as to prove its right to be called a boy. "An' sure the lady didn't mane to hurt ye, Jimmy," expostulated something that turned out to be the boy's mother, whereupon a baby and a small sister of the small boy sent forth their voices in unison with that of their extinguished brother.

"Driver, let me get out," I said pathetically.

"Certainly, ma'am, but where will you go to? There ain't no other carriage left."

True; and I remained, and when I was asked where I wanted to stop, I really did not know. Was there a hotel? Yes. Was there more than one hotel? No. I breathed more freely, and said I would go to the hotel.

The driver evidently entertained a poor opinion of my mental capacity, for he mumbled to himself that "people who didn't know where they was agoin' had nuff sight better stay at home," and deposited me at the hotel with a caution against pickpockets. This was sufficiently humiliating, yet were there lower depths. Entering the parlor, I found it monopolized by a young lady in green silk and red ribbons, and a pink young man with his hair parted in the middle and his shirt-bosom resplendent with brilliants of the last water. They were at the piano, singing "Days of Absence" in a manner calculated to depress the most buoyant spirits. I rang the bell, and the green young lady and pink young man began on the second verse. No answer. Again I rang the bell, and the songsters began on the third verse. No answer. Once more I rang the bell, and the green young lady and pink young man piped upon the touching lay of "No one to love." Little cared those "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," for the third heart and soul, victim of misplaced confidence. Ring! I rang that bell until I ached to be a man for one brief moment. Does a man ever endure such torture? No. He puts on his hat, walks into the hotel office, gives somebody a piece of his mind, and demands the satisfaction of a gentleman. But a woman can go to no office. She must remain up stairs and cultivate patience on hunger and thirst and a general mortification of the senses. "Victory, or destruction to

the bell!" I said at last, and pulled the rope with the desperation of a maniac.

"Did you ring?" asked a mild clerk, entering on the tips of his toes as if there were not enough of him to warrant so extravagant an expenditure as the use of his whole sole. Did I ring? I who had been doing nothing else for half an hour! I who had but forty-five minutes in which to eat my supper and dress for the lecture!

Presenting my card, I desired the mild clerk to show me to my room. The mild clerk was exceedingly sorry, but the committee had left no order, and there was not a vacant room in the house!

"What am I to do?" I asked in agony of spirit. "I *must* have a room."

Must is an overpowering word. Only say *must* with all the emphasis of which it is capable, and longings are likely to be realized.

Well, the mild clerk didn't know but as how he might turn out and let me have *his* room.

Blessed man! Had I been pope, he should have been canonized on the spot. Following him up several steep flights of stairs, lighted by a kerosene lamp that perfumed the air as only kerosene can, I was at last ushered into a room where sat a young girl knitting. She seemed to be no more astonished at my appearance than were the chairs and table, merely remarking, when we were left alone, "That's my father. I suppose you won't have any objections to my staying here as long as I please." How could I, an interloper, say "no" to the rightful proprietor of that room? I smiled feebly, and the damsel pursued her knitting with her fingers and me with her eyes, until everything in the room seemed to turn into eyes. The frightful thought came o'er me that perhaps my companion was "our own correspondent" for the "Daily

Slasher!"—a thought that sent my supper down the wrong way, deprived me of appetite, and made me thankful that my back hair did not come off! The damsel sat and sat, knitted and knitted, until she had superintended every preparation, and then, like an Arab, silently stole away.

What next? Why, the committee called for me at the appointed hour, seemed blandly ignorant of the fact that they had not done their whole duty to woman, and maintained that walking was much better than driving. The wind blew, dust sought shelter within the recesses of eyes and ears and nose, but patient Griselda could not have behaved better than I. In fact, a woman who lectures must endure quietly what a singer or actress would stoutly protest against, for the reason that lecturing brings down upon her the taunt of being "strong-minded," and any assertion of rights or exhibition of temper is sure to be misconstrued into violent hatred of men and an insane desire to be President of the United States. This can hardly be called logic, but it *is* truth. Logic is an unknown quantity in the ordinary public estimation of women lecturers.

Inwardly cross and outwardly cold, I delivered my lecture, and went back to that much-populated room, thinking that at least I should obtain a few hours' sleep before starting off at "five o'clock in the morning,"—a nice hour to sing about, but a horrible one at which to get up. I approached the bed. Shade of that virtue which is next to godliness! the linen was—was—yes, it was—second-hand! and calmly reposing on a pillow of doubtful color, my startled vision beheld an

> ". . . . ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
> Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner."

That I should come to this! I sought for a bell. Alas,

there was none! Should I scream? No, that might bring out the fire-engines. Should I go in search of the housekeeper? How to find her at that hour of the night? No; rather than wander about a strange house in a strange place, I would sit up. Of course there was a rocking-chair; in that I took refuge, and there I sat with a quaint old-fashioned clock for company, with such stout lungs as to render sleep an impossibility. No fairy godmother came in at the keyhole to transform my chair into a couch and that talkative clock into a handmaiden. No ghosts beguiled the weary hours. Eleven, twelve, one, two, three, four! As the clock struck this last hour, a porter pounded on the door, and, not long after, I was being driven through the cold, dark morning to a railroad station. My Jehu was he of the previous day, and a very nice fellow he turned out to be. "I didn't know it was you yesterday, you see, miss, or I wouldn't have said nothing about pick-pockets. You don't look like a lecturer, you see, and that's what's the matter."

"Indeed, and how ought a lecturer to look?"

"Well, I don't exactly know, but I always supposed they didn't look like you. Reckon you don't enjoy staying around here in the dark, so I'll just wait here till the train comes," and there that good creature remained until the belated train snatched me up and whisked off to the city. When the express agent passed through the car to take the baggage-checks, it was as good as a play to see the different ways in which people woke up. Some turned over and wouldn't wake up at all; others sat bolt upright and blinked; some were very cross, and wondered why they could not be let alone; others, again, rubbed their eyes, scratched their heads, said "All right," and would have gone to sleep again had not the agent shaken them into consciousness.

"Where do you go?" asked the agent of a quiet old gentleman sitting before me, who had previously given up his checks.

"Yes, exactly; that's my name," replied the old gentleman.

"Where do you go?" again asked the agent in a somewhat louder tone.

"Exactly, I told you so." And the old gentleman put a pocket handkerchief over his face as a preliminary to sleep.

"Well, I never," exclaimed the agent, who returned to the charge. "I asked you where you wanted to go?"

"Precisely; that's my name."

"Confound your name!" muttered the agent. "You're either deaf or insane, and I guess you're deaf." So putting his mouth to the old gentleman's ear, he shouted, "Where—do—you—want—to—go?"

"O, really, the —— House," was the mild answer to a question that so startled everybody else as to cause one man to jump up and cry, "Fire!" very much to the gratification of his fellow-passengers. There is nothing more pleasing to human beings than to see somebody else make himself ridiculous, and the amusement extracted from the contemplation of that car-load of men and women almost compensated me for the previous experience.

I have since traveled in the far West, but have never looked upon the counterpart of that New England hotel.

ROLLO LEARNING TO PLAY

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Early in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Holliday came home bearing a large package in his arms. Not only seldom, but rarely, did anything come into the Holliday homestead that did not afford the head of the family a text for sermonic instruction, if not, indeed, rational discourse. Depositing the package upon a hall table, he called to his son in a mandatory manner:

"Rollo, come to me."

Rollo approached, but started with reluctant steps. He became reminiscently aware as he hastily reviewed the events of the day, that in carrying out one or two measures for the good of the house, he had laid himself open to an investigation by a strictly partisan committee, and the possibility of such an inquiry, with its subsequent report, grieved him. However, he hoped for the worst, so that in any event he would not be disagreeably disappointed, and came running to his father, calling "Yes, sir!" in his cheeriest tones.

This is the correct form in which to meet any possible adversity which is not yet in sight. Because, if it should not meet you, you are happy anyhow, and if it should meet you, you have been happy before the collision. See?

"Now, Rollo," said his father, "you are too large and strong to be spending your leisure time playing baby games with your little brother Thanny. It is time for you to begin to be athletic."

"What is athletic?" asked Rollo.

"Well," replied his father, who was an alumnus (pronounced ahloomnoose) himself, "in a general way it means to wear a pair of pantaloons either eighteen inches too short or six inches too long for you, and stand around and yell while other men do your playing for you. The reputation for being an athlete may also be acquired by wearing a golf suit to church, or carrying a tennis racket to your meals. However, as I was about to say, I do not wish you to work all the time, like a woman, or even a small part of the time, like a hired man. I wish you to adopt for your recreation games of sport and pastime."

Rollo interrupted his father to say that indeed he preferred games of that description to games of toil and labor, but as he concluded, little Thanny, who was sitting on the porch step with his book, suddenly read aloud, in a staccato measure.

"I-be-lieve-you-my-boy,-re-plied-the-man-heart-i-ly."

"Read to yourself, Thanny," said his father kindly, "and do not speak your syllables in that jerky manner."

Thanny subsided into silence, after making two or three strange gurgling noises in his throat, which Rollo, after several efforts, succeeded in imitating quite well. Being older than Thanny, Rollo, of course, could not invent so many new noises every day as his little brother. But he could take Thanny's noises, they being unprotected by copyright, and not only reproduce them, but even improve upon them.

This shows the advantage of the higher education. "A little learning is a dangerous thing." It is well for every boy to learn that dynamite is an explosive of great power, after which it is still better for him to learn of how great power. Then he will not hit a cartridge with a hammer in order to find out, and when he dines in good society

he can still lift his pie gracefully in his hand, and will not be compelled to harpoon it with an iron hook at the end of his fore-arm.

Rollo's father looked at the two boys attentively as they swallowed their noises, and then said:

"Now, Rollo, there is no sense in learning to play a man's game with a toy outfit. Here are the implements of a game which is called base-ball, and which I am going to teach you to play."

So saying he opened the package and handed Rollo a bat, a wagon tongue terror that would knock the leather off a planet, and Rollo's eyes danced as he balanced it and pronounced it a "la-la."

"It is a bat," his father said sternly, "a base-ball bat."

"Is that a base-ball bat?" exclaimed Rollo, innocently.

"Yes, my son," replied his father, "and here is a protector for the hand."

Rollo took the large leather pillow and said:

"That's an infielder."

"It is a mitt," his father said, "and here is the ball."

As Rollo took the ball in his hands he danced with glee.

"That's a peach," he cried.

"It is a base-ball," his father said, "that is what you play base-ball with."

"Is it?" exclaimed Rollo, inquiringly.

"Now," said Mr. Holliday, as they went into the back yard, followed by Thanny, "I will go to bat first, and I will let you pitch, so that I may teach you how. I will stand here at the end of the barn, then when you miss my bat with the ball, as you may sometimes do, for you do not yet know how to pitch accurately, the barn will prevent the ball from going too far."

"That's the back-stop," said Rollo.

"Do not try to be funny, my son," replied his father, "in this great republic only a President of the United States is permitted to coin phrases which nobody can understand. Now, observe me; when you are at bat you stand in this manner."

And Mr. Holliday assumed the attitude of a timid man who has just stepped on the tail of a strange and irascible dog, and is holding his legs so that the animal, if he can pull his tail out, can escape without biting either of them. He then held the bat up before his face as though he was carrying a banner.

"Now, Rollo, you must pitch the ball directly toward the end of my bat. Do not pitch too hard at first, or you will tire yourself out before we begin."

Rollo held the ball in his hands and gazed at it thoughtfully for a moment; he turned and looked at the kitchen windows as though he had half a mind to break one of them; then wheeling suddenly he sent the ball whizzing through the air like a bullet. It passed so close to Mr. Holliday's face that he dropped the bat and his grammar in his nervousness and shouted:

"Whata you throw nat? That's no way to pitch a ball! Pitch it as though you were playing a gentleman's game; not as though you were trying to kill a cat! Now, pitch it right here; right at this place on my bat. And pitch more gently; the first thing you know you'll sprain your wrist and have to go to bed. Now, try again."

This time Rollo kneaded the ball gently, as though he suspected it had been pulled before it was ripe. He made an offer as though he would throw it to Thanny. Thanny made a rush back to an imaginary "first," and Rollo, turning quickly, fired the ball in the general direction of Mr. Holliday. It passed about ten feet to his right, but none the less he made what Thanny called "a

swipe" at it that turned him around three times before he could steady himself. It then hit the end of the barn with a resounding crash that made Cotton Mather, the horse, snort with terror in his lonely stall. Thanny called out in nasal, sing-song tone:

"Strike—one!"

"Thanny," said his father, severely, "do not let me hear a repetition of such language from you. If you wish to join our game, you may do so, if you will play in a gentlemanly manner. But I will not permit the use of slang about this house. Now, Rollo, that was better; much better. But you must aim more accurately and pitch less violently. You will never learn anything until you acquire it, unless you pay attention while giving your mind to it. Now, play ball, as we say."

This time Rollo stooped and rubbed the ball in the dirt until his father sharply reprimanded him, saying, "You untidy boy; that ball will not be fit to play with!" Then Rollo looked about him over the surrounding country as though admiring the pleasant view, and with the same startling abruptness as before, faced his father and shot the ball in so swiftly that Thanny said he could see it smoke. It passed about six feet to the left of the batsman, but Mr. Holliday, judging that it was coming "dead for him," dodged, and the ball struck his high silk hat with a boom like a drum, carrying it on to the "backstop" in its wild career.

"Take your base!" shouted Thanny, but suddenly checked himself, remembering the new rules on the subject of his umpiring.

"Rollo!" exclaimed his father, "why do you not follow my instructions more carefully? That was a little better, but still the ball was badly aimed. You must not stare around all over creation when you are playing ball. How

can you throw straight when you look at everything in the world except at the bat you are trying to hit? You must aim right at the bat—try to hit it—that's what the pitcher does. And Thanny, let me say to you, and for the last time, that I will not permit the slang of the slums to be used about this house. Now, Rollo, try again, and be more careful and more deliberate."

"Father," said Rollo, "did you ever play base-ball when you were a young man?"

"Did I play base-ball?" repeated his father, "did I play ball? Well, say, I belonged to the Sacred Nine out in old Peoria, and I was a holy terror on third, now I tell you. One day—"

But just at this point in the history it occurred to Rollo to send the ball over the plate. Mr. Holliday saw it coming; he shut both eyes and dodged for his life, but the ball hit his bat and went spinning straight up in the air. Thanny shouted "Foul!" ran under it, reached up, took it out of the atmosphere, and cried:

"Out!"

"Thanny," said his father sternly, "another word and you shall go straight to bed! If you do not improve in your habit of language I will send you to the reform school. Now Rollo," he continued, kindly, "that was a great deal better; very much better. I hit that ball with almost no difficulty. You are learning. But you will learn more rapidly if you do not expend so much unnecessary strength in throwing the ball. Once more, now, and gently; I do not wish you to injure your arm."

Rollo leaned forward and tossed the ball toward his father very gently indeed, much as his sister Mary would have done, only, of course, in a more direct line. Mr. Holliday's eyes lit up with their old fire as he saw the on-coming sphere. He swept his bat around his head in

a fierce semicircle, caught the ball fair on the end of it, and sent it over Rollo's head, crashing into the kitchen window amid a jingle of glass and a crash of crockery, wild shrieks from the invisible maid servant and delighted howls from Rollo and Thanny of "Good boy!" "You own the town!" "All the way round!"

Mr. Holliday was a man whose nervous organism was so sensitive that he could not endure the lightest shock of excitement. The confusion and general uproar distracted him.

"Thanny!" he shouted, "go into the house! Go into the house and go right to bed!"

"Thanny," said Rollo, in a low tone, "you're suspended; that's what you get for jollying the umpire."

"Rollo," said his father, "I will not have you quarreling with Thanny. I can correct him without your interference. And, besides, you have wrought enough mischief for one day. Just see what you have done with your careless throwing. You have broken the window, and I do not know how many things on the kitchen table. You careless, inattentive boy. I would do right if I should make you pay for all this damage out of your own pocket-money. And I would, if you had any. I may do so, nevertheless. And there is Jane, bathing her eye at the pump. You have probably put it out by your wild pitching. If she dies, I will make you wash the dishes until she returns. I thought all boys could throw straight naturally without any training. You discourage me. Now come here and take this bat, and I will show you how to pitch a ball without breaking all the glass in the township. And see if you can learn to bat any better than you can pitch."

Rollo took the bat, poised himself lightly, and kept up a gentle oscillation of the stick while he waited.

"Hold it still!" yelled his father, whose nerves were sorely shaken. "How can I pitch a ball to you when you keep flourishing that club like an anarchist in procession. Hold it still, I tell you!"

Rollo dropped the bat to an easy slant over his shoulder and looked attentively at his father. The ball came in. Rollo caught it right on the nose of the bat and sent it whizzing directly at the pitcher. Mr. Holliday held his hands straight out before him and spread his fingers.

"I've got her!" he shouted.

And then the ball hit his hands, scattered them, and passed on against his chest with a jolt that shook his system to its foundations. A melancholy howl rent the air as he doubled up and tried to rub his chest and knead all his fingers on both hands at the same time.

"Rollo," he gasped, "you go to bed, too! Go to bed and stay there six weeks. And when you get up, put on one of your sister's dresses and play golf. You'll never learn to play ball if you practice a thousand years. I never saw such a boy. You have probably broken my lung. And I do not suppose I shall ever use my hands again. You can't play tiddle-de-winks. Oh, dear; oh, dear!"

Rollo sadly laid away the bat and the ball and went to bed, where he and Thanny sparred with pillows until tea time, when they were bailed out of prison by their mother. Mr. Holliday had recovered his good humor. His fingers were multifariously bandaged and he smelled of arnica like a drug store. But he was reminiscent and animated. He talked of the old times and the old days, and of Peoria and Hinman's, as was his wont oft as he felt boyish.

"And town ball," he said, "good old town ball! There was no limit to the number on a side. The ring was

anywhere from three hundred feet to a mile in circumference, according to whether we played on a vacant Pingree lot or out on the open prairie. We tossed up a bat —wet or dry—for first choice, and then chose the whole school on the sides. The bat was a board, about the general shape of a Roman galley oar and not quite so wide as a barn door. The ball was of solid India rubber; a little fellow could hit it a hundred yards, and a big boy, with a hickory club, could send it clear over the bluffs or across the lake. We broke all the windows in the schoolhouse the first day, and finished up every pane of glass in the neighborhood before the season closed. The side that got its innings first kept them until school was out or the last boy died. Fun? Good game? Oh, boy of these golden days, paying fifty cents an hour for the privilege of watching a lot of hired men do your playing for you—it beat two-old-cat."

SPELL AND DEFINE:

Instruction	Miscalculation	Paralysis
Instantaneity	Pastime	Hasty
Liniment	Contusion	Supererogation

Can a boy learn anything without a teacher?—Does the pupil ever know more than the instructor?—And why not?—How long does it require one to learn to speak and write the Spanish language correctly in six easy lessons, at home, without a master?—And in how many lessons can one be taught to walk Spanish?—What is meant by a "rooter"?—What is the difference between a "rooter" and a "fan"?—Parse "hoodoo."—What is the philology of "crank"?—Describe a closely contested game of "one-old-cat," with diagrams.—What is meant by "a rank decision"?—Translate into colloquial English the phrase, "Good eye Bill!"—Put into bleaching board Latin, "Rotten umpire."—Why is he so called?

MR. HARE TRIES TO GET A WIFE

BY ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON

One day the children's mother told them that she was going to spend a few days at a plantation some miles away, taking with her Aunt Nancy, who was anxious to pay a little visit to a daughter living in that neighborhood. Aunt 'Phrony, she told them, had promised to come and look after them during her absence.

"Oh please, mamma," they begged, "let Aunt 'Phrony take us nutting? She told us one day that she knew where there were just lots and lots of walnuts." So it was arranged that they should take a luncheon with them and make a day of it, Aunt 'Phrony being perfectly willing, for her Indian blood showed itself not only in her appearance, but in her love for a free out-of-door life, and her fondness for tramping. She would readily give up a day's work at any time to discharge some wholly insignificant errand which involved a walk of many miles.

The day was a bright and beautiful one in October, warm, yet with a faint nip of last night's frost lingering in the air. They made a fine little procession through the woods, Aunt 'Phrony leading, followed by children, a darky with baskets, her grandson "Wi'yum," and lastly the dogs, frisking and frolicking and darting away every now and then in pursuit of small game. A very weary and hungry little party gathered about the baskets at one o'clock, and three little pairs of white hands were stained almost as brown as those of Aunt 'Phrony and

William. But everybody was happy, and there was a nice pile of walnuts to go back in the large bag which William had brought for the purpose. The dogs sat around and looked longingly on, a squirrel frisked hastily across a log near-by, the birds chattered in the trees high above and looked curiously down on the intruders, and presently a foolish hare went scurrying across the path, so near the dogs that they sat still, amazed at his presumption, and forbore to chase him.

"Hi! there goes 'ol' Hyar' '!" shouted Ned; "I'm going to see if I can't catch him." But he soon gave up the hopeless chase.

"Was that your 'ol' Hyar',' Aunt 'Phrony; your ol' Hyar' you tell us all about?" asked little Kit.

"Bless de chil'!" said she. "Naw, 'twuz de ol', ol' Hyar' I done tol' you 'bout, de gre't-gre't-gre't-sump'n-ru'rr grandaddy er dis one, I reckon."

"Aunt 'Phrony," said Janey, "couldn't you tell us some more about the old hare while we sit here and get rested?"

"Now de laws-a-mussy," said 'Phrony, "ef we gwine 'mence on de ol' tales I reckon I mought ez well mek up my min' ter spen' de res' er de day right yer on dis spot," and she leaned back against a pine tree and closed her eyes resignedly. Presently she opened them to ask, "Is I uver tol' you 'bout de time Mistah Hyar' try ter git him a wife? I isn'? Well, den, dat de one I gwine gin you dis trip. Hit happen dis-a-way: Hyar' he bin flyin' all 'roun' de kyountry fer right long time, frolickin' an' cuttin' up, jes' a no-kyount bachelder, an' last' he git kind er tired uv hit, an' he see all tu'rr creeturs gittin' ma'ied an' he tucken hit inter his haid dat 'twuz time he sottle down an' git him a wife; so he primp hisse'f up an' slick his hya'r down wid b'argrease an' stick a raid hank'cher in

his ves'-pockit an' pick him a button-hole f'um a lady's gyarden, an' den he go co'tin' dis gal an' dat gal an' tu'rr gal. He 'mence wid de good-lookin' ones an' wind up wid de ugly ones, but 'twan't nair' one dat 'ud lissen to 'im, 'kase he done done so many mean tricks an' wuz sech a hyarum-skyarum dat dey wuz all 'feared ter tek up wid 'im, an' so dey shet de do' in his face w'en he git ter talkin' sparky, dough dar wan't no pusson cu'd do dat sort er talkin' mo' slicker 'n w'at he cu'd. But he done gin de creeturs jes' li'l too much 'havishness, so 'twan't no use.

"He think de marter all over an' he say ter hisse'f: 'Dem fool gals dunno w'at dey missin', but ef dey s'pose I gwine gin up an' stay single, dey done fool derse'fs dis time. I ain' gwine squatulate wid 'em ner argyfy ner beg no mo', but I gwine whu'l right in an' do sump'n.'

"Atter he study a w'ile he slap one han' on his knee, an' he 'low, he do: 'Dat's de ticket! dat's de ticket! I reckon dey'll fin' ol' man Hyar' ain' sech a fool ez he looks ter be, atter all.'

"He go lopin' all roun', leavin' wu'd at ev'y house in de kyountry dat a big meetin' bin hilt an' a law passed dat ev'yb'dy gotter git ma'ied, young an' ol', rich an' po', high an' low. He say ter hisse'f, *'ev'yb'dy,* dat mean me, too, so dish yer whar I boun' ter git me a wife.'

"De creeturs place der 'pennance on him, dough he done tucken 'em in so often, an' on de 'pinted day dey met toge'rr; de gals all dress' up in der Sunday clo'es an' de mens fixed up mighty sprucy, an' sech a pickin' an' choosin' you nuver see in all yo' bawn days. De gals dey all stan' up in line an' de men go struttin' mighty biggitty up an' down befo' 'em, showin' off an' makin' manners an' sayin', 'Howdy, ladiz, howdy, howdy!' An' de gals dey'd giggle an' twis' an' putt a finger in de

cornders er der moufs, an' w'en a man step up ter one uv 'em ter choose her out, she'd fetch 'im a li'l tap an' say, 'Hysh! g'way f'um yer, man! better lemme 'lone!' an' den she'd giggle an' snicker some mo', but I let you know she wuz sho' ter go wid him in de een'.

"All dis time Hyar' wuz gwine up an' down de line, bowin' an' scrapin' an' tryin' ter mek hisse'f 'greeable ter ev'yb'dy, even de daddies an' de mammies er de gals, whar wuz lookin' on f'um tu'rr side. Dar wuz whar he miss hit, 'kase w'ile he wuz talkin' ter de mammy uv a mighty likely li'l gal whar he think 'bout choosin', lo an'. beholst, de choosin' wuz all over, an' w'en Mistah Hyar' turnt roun' dar wan't nair' a gal lef', an' ev'y man have a wife asseptin' him.

"Den dey hilt a big darnsin' an' feastin', an' ev'yb'dy wuz happy an' in a monst'ous good humor, de gals 'kase dey done wot ma'ied, an' de paws an' de maws 'kase dey done got redd er de gals,—ev'yb'dy 'scusin' Hyar'. Dey mek lots er game uv 'im, an w'en dey darnse pas', dey sings out: 'Heyo! Mistah Hyar', huccome you ain' darnse?' 'Bring yo' wife, ol' man, an' jine in de fun!' 'Hi! yi! Mistah Hyar', you done ma'y off ev'yb'dy else an' stay single yo'se'f? Well, dat de meanes' trick you done played us yit! 'tain' fair!' An' dey snicker an' run on 'twel Hyar' wish he ain' nuver year de wu'd ma'y.

"Atter w'ile dey got tired er darnsin' an' tucken der new wifes an' went off home leavin' Hyar' all by hisse'f, an' I tell you he feel right lonesome. He git a bad spell er de low-downs an' go squanderin' roun' thu de woods wid his years drapt an' his paws hangin' limp, studyin' how he kin git revengemint. Las' he pull hisse'f toge'rr an' he say: 'Come, Hyar', dis ain't gwine do. Is you done fool ev'yb'dy all dese 'ears an' den let yo'se'f git fooled by a passel er gals? Naw, suh! I knows w'at I

gwine do dis ve'y minnit. Ef I kain't git me a gal, I kin git me a widdy, an' some folks laks dem de bes', anyhows. Ef you ma'y a widdy, she got some er de foolishness knock' outen her befo' you hatter tek her in han'.'

"Wid dat he step out ez gaily ez you please. He go an' knock at de do' uv ev'y house, an' w'en de folks come ter de do' dey say, 'W'y, howdy, Mistah Hyar', whar you bin keepin' yo'se'f all dis time?' He say, he do: 'Oh, I bin tendin' ter de 'fairs er de kyountry, an' I is sont unter you ez a messenger. I is saw'y ter tell you dey done hilt nu'rr big meetin' an' mek up der min's de worl' gittin' too many creeturs in hit, so dey pass de law dat dar mus' be a big battle, an' you is all ter meet toge'rr at de 'pinted time, an' each man mus' fall 'pun de man nex' him an' try fer ter kill 'im.'

"De creeturs assept dis wid submissitty, dey ain' 'spicion Hyar' 't all. On de 'pinted day dey met toge'rr, an' each wuz raidy ter defen' hisse'f. Hyar' wuz dar lak all de res', an' ef you'd 'a seed all de spears an' bows an' arrers he kyarry, an' all de knifes stickin' in his belt, you'd 'a thought he wuz de bigges' fighter dar. But sho! W'en de fightin' begin, hit wuz far'-you-well, gentermans! 'Twan't no Hyar' dar; he jes' putt out tight 'z he kin go. W'en dey see him goin' dey sing out: 'Hi, dar! Whar you gwine? Whyn't you stay wid we-all?'

"Hyar' ain' stop ter talk, he jes' look roun' over his shoulder w'iles he 'z runnin' an' he say, sezee: 'De man I wanster kill, he done runned 'way an' I'se atter him. Kain't stop to talk; git outen my way, ev'yb'dy,

'Cle'r de track, fer yer me comin',
I'se ol' Buster whar keep things hummin'.'

"W'en de battle wuz over, de creeturs miss Hyar', an' dey say he mus' be 'mongs' de kilt, so dey go roun' look-

in' at de daid, but 'twan't no Hyar' dar. Dey hunt ev'y-whar fer him an' las' dey foun' him squattin' in de bresh, tremlin' ez ef he have de ager an' nigh mos' skeert ter de'f. Dey drug him outen dat an' dey ses: 'So dish yer's Buster whar keep things hummin'! Well, we gwine mek you hum dis time, sho' 'nuff. You putts we-all ter fightin' an' gits heap er good men kilt off, an' yer *you* settin' tuck 'way safe in de bresh.'

"Den ol' Hyar' he up an' 'fess he done de hull bizness so's't de kyountry mought be full er widdies an' he git him his pick fer a wife, fer he 'lowed widdies wan't gwine be so p'tickler ez de gals. De creeturs jes' natchully hilt up der han's at him, dey wuz plumb outdone. 'De owdacious vilyun!' dey ses, 'we boun' ter exescoot him on de spot an' git shed uv 'im onct fer all.' But he baig mighty hard an' some uv 'em think he be wuss punish ef dey jes' gins 'im a good hidin' an' lets 'im live on alone, a mis'able ol' bachelder, widout no pusson ter tek notuss uv 'im, 'kase none er de widdies wuz gwine ma'y a cowerd."

"Why, Aunt 'Phrony," said Ned, "he must have found a wife at last, for how about Mis' Molly Hyar'?"

"Shucks!" said she, "is *I* uver tol' you 'bout Mis' Molly Hyar'? Naw, suh, she b'longs in dem ol' nigger tales whar Nancy tells you. De Injun tales ain' say nuttin' 'bout no wife er his'n. He wuz too gre't a fighter an' too full er 'havishness uver ter sottle down wid a wife; an' now lemme finish de tale.

"Dey gin him a turr'ble trouncin' an' den turnt him aloose, an' stidder gittin' him a wife he got him a hide dat smart f'um haid ter heels; but w'en my daddy tell dat tale he useter een' her up dis-a-way, 'An' mebby Hyar' git de bes' uv 'em, atter all, 'kase w'en you git a hidin', de smart's soon over, but w'en you git a wife, de mis'ry done come ter stay.'"

THE CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPERS*

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Ten thoughtful women, ever wise,
A wondrous scheme did once devise
For ease, and to economize.

"Coöperation!" was their cry,
And not a husband dared deny
'Twould life and labor simplify.

One gardener, the ten decreed,
Was all the neighborhood would need
To plant and trim and rake and weed.

The money saved they could invest
As vagrant fancy might suggest,
And each could then be better dressed.

So well this worked that, on the whole,
It seemed to them extremely droll
To pay so much for handling coal.

One man all work then undertook,
And former methods they forsook,
Deciding even on one cook.

One dining-room was next in line,
Where, free from care, they all could dine
At less expense, as you'll divine.

* Lippincott's Magazine.

"Two maids," they said, "could quickly flit
From home to home, so why permit
Expense that brings no benefit?"

Economy of cash and care
Became a hobby of the fair,
Until their husbands sought a share.

"Although," the latter said, "all goes
For luxuries and costly clothes,
The method still advantage shows.

"While we've not gained, we apprehend
Good Fortune will on us attend,
If we continue to the end.

"If you've succeeded, why should we
From constant toil be never free?
One income should sufficient be;

"And, taking turns in earning that,
We'll have the leisure to wax fat
And spend much time in idle chat.

"So let us see the matter through,
And, in this line, it must be true
One house for all will surely do.

"And if one house means less of strife,
To gain the comforts of this life,
Why, further progress means one wife."

. . . . . .

Ten women now, their acts attest,
Prefer ten homes, and deem it best
To let coöperation rest.

A COMMITTEE FROM KELLY'S

BY J. V. Z. BELDEN

"Katherine—give it up, dear—" The man looked down into the earnest eyes of the girl as she sat in the shadow of a palm in the conservatory at the Morrison's. Strains of music from the ball-room fell on unheeding ears and she sighed as she looked up at him.

"I can not turn back now, Everett," she said. "Ever since that day I spent down on the east side I have looked at life from a different standpoint. A message came to me then and I must listen. For a year I have been preparing myself to take my part in this work. To-morrow I take possession of what is called a model flat, and I hope to teach those poor little children something besides the *three R's*. To tell them how to take a little sunshine into their dismal homes." She looked like some fair saint with her face illumined with love of humanity.

"Might I venture to suggest that there is plenty of room for sunshine in an old house up the Avenue," said the man wistfully.

The girl looked up quickly—"Don't, Everett, give me six months to see what I can do—then I will answer the question you asked me last night."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he said, "you do not know how I hate to have you go down there. My sympathy with the great unwashed is not deep enough for me to be willing to have you mingle with them. Then, to be quite honest, I have found them rather a happy lot."

"Listen, Everett," said the girl. "Come down to me a month from to-night and I will show you that I am right and you are wrong."

"A *whole* month!" the man protested.

"Yes, a whole month—"

The sun was shining into the front windows of a room on the first floor of a high tenement down on the east side. A snow-white bed stood far enough from the wall to allow it to be made up with perfect ease. In front of it stood a screen covered with pretty chintz; white muslin curtains hung at the windows; everything was spotless from the kalsomined ceiling to the oiled floors, where a few bright-colored rugs made walking possible. As Katherine Anderson explained to some scoffing friends who came down to take luncheon with her.

"Everything is clean and in its proper place and the object-lesson is invaluable to these poor children. If you go into their homes you will find that the bed is a bundle of rags in some dark closet, while the front room is kept for company. Here I show them how easily this sunny room is made into a sitting-room by putting that screen in front of the bed and then there is a healthful place to sleep. You may think that I am over-enthusiastic, but I enjoy my classes and I assure you they are *all day long,* for besides the usual schoolroom work we have cooking classes, physical culture, nature classes and little talks about all sorts of things. I have one girl who I know is going to be a great novelist, she has such an imagination," said Katherine. "Her big sister always has a duplicate of anything of mine the child happens to admire, and the other day she came rushing in with the tale that 'burglars' had broken into their house the night before and stolen twenty bottles of ketchup and 'some *preserts.*'"

"Had they?" asked the guest. "What peculiar taste in burglary!"

"No," laughed Katherine; "she has no big sister and their house is one back room four flights up."

Four weeks had passed since the Morrison dinner, and Katherine was tired. Then, too, she was not altogether sure that her mission was a success. Was she wishing for the fleshpots of upper Fifth Avenue, or was it just physical weariness that would pass with the night? She had sent off a note in the morning:

"My Dear Everett—The work of the model flat is still in existence, and it is almost a month—a whole month. On Saturday afternoon I am expecting some of the mothers to come and tell me what they think of the work we are doing for their children. They will probably be gone by five o'clock, and if you care to come down at that time I might be induced to go out to dinner with you. Don't bother about a chaperon. As I feel now, I could chaperon a chorus girl myself.

"Cordially,

"Katherine."

Whether the meeting at Mrs. Kelly's had been called together by engraved cards, by postals, or simply by shrieking from one window to another, I do not know, but there was evidently some excitement, some deep feeling which needed expression among the little crowd of women in the fourth floor, back.

"I tell ye," shouted Mrs. Kelly, to make herself heard above the din of many voices, "I tell ye, we must organize, an' Tim Kelly himself says it. Only last Satady night, an' him swearin' wid hunger, an' me faintin' wid the big wash I had up the Avenoo, what did we come

home to but hull wheat bred an' ags olla Beckymell. There stood my Katy, wid her han's on her hips, a-sayin' as 'teacher said' them things was nourishiner than b'iled cabbage. Well, Tim was that mad he broke every plate on the table an' then went and drank hisself stiff in Casey's saloon."

"And what do ye think," cried Mrs. McGinniss, as Mrs. Kelly stopped for breath, "the other night, when me an' some frinds was comin' in for a quiet avenin', we found my Ellen Addy had hauled the bed into the front room, an' she an' the young ones was all asleep, an' up to the winders was my best petticut cut in two. When I waked her up she whined, 'Teacher says it ain't healthy to sleep in back.' Did ye ever hear the like of that? an' every blessed one of them kids born there!"

"Now, wha' d'ye think o' that?" murmured the crowd.

Mrs. Kelly caught her breath and began again. "I've axed ye to come here because teacher sent word that she'd like the mothers to come of a Satady and tell her how they liked what she was doin' for the young ones. Tim says as they sends a committee from men's meetings, and I think if Mrs. McGinniss, Mrs. McGraw and me was to riprisint this gatherin' we could tell her how we all feels."

It was Saturday afternoon, and the model flat was in perfect order, while the little servant, called "friend" by Miss Anderson, waited in her spotless apron to answer the bell. Another object-lesson for the mothers who were expected. The bell rang and three women walked soberly into the little hall.

"I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Kelly, and you, Mrs. McGinniss." She hesitated at the third name.

" 'Tis Mrs. McGraw," said Mrs. Kelly.

"Bring the tea, Louisa," said Miss Anderson, "and then I want to show you how pleasant my home is here."

Mrs. Kelly gave a sniff. "Hum, yessum, it's sunny, but I've seen your home up town, and it's beyond the likes of me to see why you're down here at all, at all."

"Yes," said Mrs. McGinniss, "an' I've come to say that you'd better stay up there an' stop teachin' my childer about their insides. I'm tired of hearin' 'I can't eat this an' I can't eat that, cause teacher says there ain't no food walue.' An' there's Mrs. Polinski, down the street, says she'll have no more foolishness."

Mrs. Kelly had caught her breath again. "Her Rebecca come home only yestidy an' cut all the stitches in Ikey's clo'es, an' him sewed up for the winter."

Just then a woman with a shawl over her head came in without knocking. With a nod to the three women, she faced the teacher. "Now, I'd like to know one thing," she said; "you sent my Josie home this morning to wash the patchouly offen her hair; now, I want to know just one thing—does she come here to be smelt or to be learnt?"

"There's another thing, too," said Mrs. Kelly; "I want that physical torture business stopped. The young ones are tearin' all their clo'es off, an' it's *got to be stopped!*"

Katherine looked a little dazed and her voice trembled a bit as she said: "Wouldn't you like to look at the flat?"

"No, Miss, we wouldn't," said Mrs. Kelly. "You're a nice young woman, and you don't mean no harm, but it's the sinse av the committee that you're buttin' in. Good day to ye." And they filed slowly out.

Katherine, with cheeks aflame, turned toward the door. There was a twinkle in Landon's eyes as he said:

"Are you quite ready for dinner, dear?"

There was a little break in her voice, and she gave him both her hands.

"Quite ready for—for anything, Everett."

QUIT YO' WORRYIN'

BY ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON

Nigger nuver worry,—
Too much sense fer dat,
Let de white folks scurry
Roun' an' lose dey fat,
Nigger gwine be happy, nuver-min'-you whar he at.

Nigger jes' kain't worry,—
Set him down an' try,
No use, honey, fer he
Sho' ter close he eye,
Git so pow'ful sleepy dat he pass he troubles by.

Cur'ous, now, dis trouble
Older dat hit grown,
'Stid er gittin' double,
Dwinnle ter de bone;
Nigger know dat, so dat why he lef' he troubles 'lone.

Nigger nuver hurry,
Dem w'at wants ter may;
Hurry hit mek worry!
Now you year me say
Ain' gwine hurry down de road ter meet ol' Def half-way!

Den quit yo' hurryin',
Quit yo' worryin'!
W'at de use uv all dis scurryin'?
  Mek ol' Time go sof' an' slow,
  Tell him you doan' want no mo'
Dish yer uverlastin' flurryin',—
Jes' a trick er his fer hurryin'
Folks de faster to'des dey burryin'!

HER "ANGEL" FATHER*

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

"My Papa is an angel now,"
The little maiden said.
We noted her untroubled brow,
Her gayly nodding head,
And then, of course, we wondered how
She could have been misled.

We felt that she was wrong, and yet
We spoke in accents low,
For life with perils is beset,
And friends oft quickly go.
But she was right; he'd gone in debt
To "back" a burlesque show.

* Lippincott's Magazine.

ESPECIALLY MEN

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

The tantalizing stream on the other side of the hedge seemed, to the hot and tired young man, to lead the way straight into the heart of Paradise itself. Six weary miles of white highway, wavering with heat and misty with hovering dust clouds, still lay between himself and the railroad that would whisk him away to the city. Behind him, conquered at fatiguing cost, were six more miles, stretching back to the village where not even a team could be hired on Sunday. Rather than spend the day in that dismal abode of Puritanism he had fled on foot, his business done, and this little creek, mocking, alluring, irresistible, was the only cheerful thing on which his eyes had rested in that whole stifling journey.

Even this had a drawback. He glanced up again, with a puzzled frown, at the queer sign glaring down at him from the hedge. It was the third one of the sort in the past quarter of a mile:

TRESPASSERS

Are warned from these premises
under penalty of the law

ESPECIALLY MEN

He turned away impatiently. Dust, dust, dust! He could feel it pasty on his tongue, gritty on his lips, grimy

on his face. It had stiffened his hair, clogged his nostrils, sifted through his clothing, settled into his shoes. It was everywhere and all-pervading.

The forbidden creek, in the very refinement of derision, suddenly bubbled into a bar of clinking song—a perfect ecstasy of crystal notes—then as suddenly died down, babbling and gurgling, and flowed smoothly on, whispering and murmuring to itself of the delights to come in the heart of the cool woods. Just here, with a swift sweep between mossy, curved banks, the stream turned its back to him and hurried away among the trees with a coy invitation that was well-nigh maddening. He remembered just such a creek as that where, as a boy, he had used to go with his companions after school.

How delightful those boyish swims had been! In fancy he could still feel the chill shock as he had plunged in, the sharp catching of his breath, the resounding splash, the shower of icy drops, the soft yielding of the water—then the delicious buoyancy that had pervaded his limbs. He wondered, with a whimsical smile, how long he could "stay under," and if he could hold his eyes open while he dived, and if he could still swim "dog fashion" and backhanded on his back, and if he could float and tread water and "turtle."

How cool and shady and restful it looked in there! Just before the creek turned behind a clump of dogwood, a patch of sunlight lay on it, shooting down through the misty twilight of broad oak trees, and the surface of the water dimpled and glinted and laughed and flirted at him, before it slipped away into leaf-dimmed sylvan solitudes, in a way that was not to be longer resisted. He gave one more glance of distaste at the white hot road and gave up the struggle.

"Here goes the 'especial man,' " he said, looking up at

the sign in smiling defiance, and forced his way through the hedge.

What a coquettish little stream that was! It leaped merrily down tiny, boulder-strewn inclines, to show him how light-hearted and care-free it could be; it flowed sedately between narrow banks of turf to display its perfect propriety; it coyly hid behind walls of graceful, slender willows; it danced impudently into the open and dashed across clear spaces in frantic haste to escape him; it spread out, clear and limpid, upon little bars of golden sand, pretending frankly to reveal its pure, inmost depths; then raced on again, ever beckoning, ever enticing, ever cajoling, until at last it plunged straight at a wall of dense, tangled underbrush, and, with a vixenish gurgle of delight at its own blandishing duplicity, vanished underneath the low sweeping mass of leaves without even so much as a good-by!

The pursuer was not to be daunted. Doggedly he fought his way around and through the swampy underbrush and presently stood blinking his delighted eyes in a little natural clearing that was a glorious climax to all the tantalizing coquetry of the creek. Encircled by drooping, long-leaved willows that were themselves enringed by stately trees, lay a broad, deep pool, clear as crystal, one side carpeted with velvety turf and screened with leafy draperies, and the whole canopied by the smiling blue sky. With a cry of pleasure the young man hastily threw off his clothing, and, as he undressed, a school-boy taunt whimsically recurred to him.

"Last one in's a nigger!" he shouted to the squirrel that he caught peering at him from the far side of a limb, and plunged into the pool.

One by one he gleefully tried all the old boyish tricks until at last, tiring of them, he lay floating peacefully on

his back, looking up at the sky and covering the entire visible surface of it with air castles, as young men will. There was no dusty road, no broiling hot sun, no six miles of weary distance yet to cover.

There was a rustle and a patter among the trees. Two dogs came bounding to the edge of the water and barked at the bather in friendly fashion. They were bouncing big St. Bernards, but scarcely more than puppies, and they capered and danced in awkward delight when he splashed water at them. As a further evidence of their friendly feeling they suddenly pounced upon his clothing.

"Hey there!" cried the bather, and scrambled out to rescue his apparel. It was kind of him, the dogs thought, to take so much interest in the game, and, not to be outdone in heartiness, they scampered off through the woods, taking the clothes with them. All they left behind was his hat, his shoes and one sock, his collar and cuffs and tie. He threw sticks and stones after them and had started to chase them when a new and dreadful sound smote on his ear. It was the voices of women!

There was but one safe hiding-place—the pool. With rare presence of mind he concealed the pathetic remnant of his belongings and plunged just in time, diving under a clump of low-hanging willows where a friendly root gave support to his arms and breast.

Two elderly ladies of severe and forbidding aspect came slowly within his range of vision. One was tall and thin and the other was short and thin, while both wore plain, skimp, black gowns and had their hair parted in the center and smoothed down flatly over their ears. They were silent with some vexed and weighty problem as they drew near, but, as they came just opposite to him, the taller of the two suddenly burst out with:

"Men, men, men! Nothing but men, morning, noon

and night. Please explain, Sister Ann! Where did Adnah, during my brief absence, get her sudden curiosity about the despicable sex?"

"It was the recent visit of Doctor Laura Phelps, Sister Sarah," meekly replied the smaller woman. "She lost a magazine while here and Adnah found it. The publication contained several love stories, so-called, an illustrated article on 'Young Captains of Industry' and another on 'Handsome Young Men of the Stage.' I burned the pernicious thing as soon as it came into my hands, but, alas, the damage had been done!"

"Damage, indeed, Sister Ann!" snapped the other. "Since the age of five, poor Sister Jane's orphan has never been permitted to see a man. Big country girls have even been hired to do our farm work. And this, *this* is the end of fourteen years of self-sacrificing care!"

The young man in the pool cautiously ducked his head under the water. A mosquito had settled back of his ear and was driving him mad.

"Dreadful!" moaned Sister Ann. "Adnah goes about sighing all the day, and looks over-long in the mirror, and takes unseemly pains with her dressing, and does up her hair with flowers, and has feverishly pink cheeks, and likes to sit in a corner and brood, and takes long walks by herself, and especially, *especially,* seems fond of moonlight!"

A snake slid down off the bushes into the water near the young man and he "wanted out," but he stayed.

"Moonlight!" sniffed Sarah. "Moonlight!" There is no language to express the disdain with which she spoke this word of philandering and frivolity.

"Moonlight is very pretty," ventured the other. "I rather like it myself."

"At *your* time of life!" retorted Sister Sarah. "You are too sentimental, Sister Ann, as well as too careless."

Thank Heaven they were going! The young man waited until their voices died in the distance, then crept cautiously to the bank. He had to find those dogs, and in a hurry. He had just seated himself to put on his shoes for the search, when he again heard the voices of women and once more plunged into the pool, like a monster yellow frog, as he reflected he must seem to the squirrel in the tree.

"But, Aunt Matilda, how do you know?" he heard as he came up under the willows. This new voice, sweet and limpid, belonged to a girl of such striking appearance that the young man was on the point of forgetting his dilemma—until that infernal mosquito settled down back of his ear again!

"My dear Adnah," said a jerky little voice in answer, "your aunts, remember, were all young once, and considered great beauties in their day." There was a world of gentle pride in Aunt Matilda's voice as she said this, and it sounded so well that she said it over again. "Great beauties in their day! In consequence they all had their experiences with men, and know that there is not one to be trusted. Not one, my child, not one! Believe your aunts."

"It seems impossible, aunty," declared the soft voice of Adnah. "Why, in that magazine were the pictures of some of the most noble-looking creatures—"

"Tut, tut, child, those are the very worst kind," hastily interrupted Aunt Matilda. "The more handsome they are, the more dangerous. Since you remain so incredulous, however, I suppose I shall have to tell you what we know about them."

The young man in the pool felt his circulation stopping. The two women were calmly sitting down on the bank to talk confidences, and from what he knew of the

sex they were as likely as not to sit there until doomsday, compelling him to appear before the angel Gabriel without even a shroud. He was conscious of the beginning of a cramp in his left leg and his shoulders were becoming icy. He had to be motionless, too, and that was another hardship. The least movement might betray him, for the women sat quite near, and Adnah was facing him. Thanks to the thickness of his leafy hiding-place she could not see him, but he could see her quite plainly, and she was well worth looking at. She, too, wore a plain, skimp, black dress, and her brown hair was parted in the center and smoothed down over her ears, but there the resemblance to Aunt Matilda and the others ended, for her hair was wavy in spite of the severely straight brushing, and it glinted gold where little flecks of sunlight filtered through the branches of the tall trees to caress it. In the hair, too, was a single red rose, caught into place with a natural grace that it seemed a pity to waste on three spinster aunts and two dogs, and the same note of color was repeated in another rebellious blossom at the throat. The young face was plump and oval, the cheeks were pink, the brown eyes were wide and sparkling and—Oh, well, the young man in the pool stopped cataloguing her attractions and simply summed her up as a stunningly pretty girl. Then he tried once more to get rid of that maddening mosquito and wished to high Heaven that they would go!

"When our dear mother died we four girls were all quite young," began Aunt Matilda, pausing primly to smooth down her skirts, and the young man in the watery prison gave up in despair. She was starting out like the old-fashioned story books, which never arrived any place, and never knew how to get back if they did. "Your Aunt Sarah was eighteen years old, your Aunt Ann and my-

self sixteen, and your poor, deluded mother fourteen. Our father, child, married again within the year, and so you see our acquaintance with the duplicity of men began at a very early age. Of course, we refused to live with a stepmother or to allow her to occupy our own dear mother's house. Left, then, upon our own responsibilities at so tender a period of our lives, it behooved us to conduct ourselves with the strictest of propriety, and I am most happy to say that we came triumphantly through the ordeal. Naturally, we being great beauties in those days, my child, great beauties, many gay young men fluttered about us, and some of them really made quite favorable impressions upon us. There was one in particular—"

Aunt Matilda paused for a sigh and fixed her eyes in sad reminiscence upon a little clump of ferns that, full of conceit, were waving incessant salutes at their dainty reflections in the water.

"Hang the story of her life!" muttered the miserable youth in the pool. His teeth were beginning to chatter.

"Do go on, aunty!" cried the eager Adnah.

"Well, child, they were all alike. Having insinuated their way into our confidences by agreeable manners and by their really indisputable attractiveness, having aroused the beginnings of tender emotions, what did these young men do, one and all? Why, instead of waiting until the acquaintance had ripened into mutual undying affection and then falling gracefully to their knees with honorable proposals of marriage, they one and all chose what seemed to be favorable moments and strove, by cajolery or stealth or even force, to kiss us. To *kiss* us!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Adnah.

There was a moment's silence. The young man in the pool could feel the goose-flesh pimpling between his shoulder blades.

"After all, though, it might not have been so very dreadful," finally commented Adnah, after a thoughtful sigh.

"Adnah!" cried the horrified Aunt Matilda. "I am astounded!"

"I can't help it, aunty," said Adnah. "I can't make it seem so terrible, no matter how hard I try. In fact it—it seems to me that it would have been—well—rather nice."

"Adnah!"

"But, aunty, didn't it ever seem that way to you, sometimes?"

Aunt Matilda was shocked and silent for a moment, then over her pale cheeks crept a pink flush.

"I'll not deny," she presently confessed in a hesitant voice, "that if we had not had each other to rely upon for firmness we might perhaps have been deluded by some of these young scapegraces. They were truly quite appealing at times. There was one in particular—"

Again Aunt Matilda became lost in meditation. The young man in the pool swore softly, even though he perceived the tear that trembled upon the lady's eyelash. It was impossible to be sympathetic while a leech was fastened to his ankle.

"My mother must have thought the way I do, I am sure," persisted Adnah. The remark brought Aunt Matilda out of the past with a jerk.

"Your poor mother had the most pitiful experience of all, child," she replied. "She married. Shortly after you were born, she died, fortunately spared all knowledge of your father's faithless fickleness. Adnah, he, too, married again! You, Adnah, was too young to protect yourself from a stepmother, but we came to your rescue. Your great uncle, Peter, had just died and left us this fine es-

tate, and here we are, trying to shield you from the wiles of the destroyer, man!"

"Some men must be nice, or so many, many girls would not want them," commented Adnah, still unconvinced.

"I'll not deny, dear, that some of them *seem* quite nice," admitted the other with a sigh. "There was one in particular—"

The dogs interrupted at this moment with a racing struggle for some red and brown object.

"*Now* what has Castor got?" cried Adnah, jumping up to give chase in a healthy and delightful burst of speed.

The youth in the pool dismally realized that Castor had his missing sock, a brown lisle affair with a quaint red pattern in it, at a dollar a pair. His teeth were pounding together like castanets, now, so loudly that he feared Aunt Matilda must surely hear them. Adnah presently returned, flushed rosy red by the exercise and more charming than ever.

"I couldn't catch them," she panted. "Gracious, but I am warm! There is plenty of time for a plunge before dinner. Just wait, Aunt Mattie, until I run for the bathing suits," and she flashed away again.

Great Cæsar's ghost! The hidden youth grew so warm with apprehension that the goose-flesh disappeared and the chattering of his teeth stopped. His dilemma was unspeakable and unsolvable, seemingly, but suddenly it was solved for him. The dogs came back!

The sock had been shredded and they sought fresh diversion. After a cordially barked invitation for the young man to come out and play, they went in after him. There was a tremendous splashing struggle. Suddenly the willows were pulled down by a muscular bare arm, and the face of a young man appeared above it to the astounded gaze of Aunt Matilda.

"Excuse me, madam," he began, lunging viciously at Castor and Pollux with his feet. "Please call off your dogs."

Aunt Matilda, pale but determined, whipped an antiquated monster of a pistol from her pocket, though she held it far off from her and to one side, with no intention, past, present or future, of ever firing it. It got its effectiveness from size alone, and was built for pure moral suasion if ever a pistol was.

"Hold perfectly still or I shall shoot," she quaveringly warned him. "You are a male trespasser, sir!"

"I sincerely regret it, madam," replied the culprit, slapping viciously at the mosquito behind his ear. He got it that time.

"You probably will," freezingly retorted Aunt Matilda. "I shall telephone for the sheriff immediately, and if you are still here when he arrives you shall receive the full penalty of the law."

The young man did some quick thinking. It was necessary.

"Madam, your dogs have stolen my clothing and my money, and I can not leave until I get them back," he presently declared with lucky inspiration. "If you have me arrested for trespass I shall bring suit for the recovery of property."

Aunt Matilda was sufficiently perplexed to lower her pistol and allow him to explain, while she coaxed the dogs out of the water. He was a splendid talker, and had fine, honest-looking blue eyes.

There was a rush of swift footsteps among the trees.

"Hide!" she commanded in sudden panic.

He promptly hid, and when Adnah arrived with the bathing suits, that young lady found her aunt calmly seated on the ground, holding Castor and Pollux each by a dripping collar.

"Leave my suit and return to the house at once with these dogs," directed Aunt Matilda without turning her head.

"Why, Aunt Mattie, what's the matter?"

"Nothing!" snapped Aunt Matilda in desperation. "Go back to the house and stay until I come. Ask no questions."

Adnah searched the scene in mystification for a moment.

"Yes, aunty," she suddenly said, and walked away in a flutter of excitement. She had caught the gleam of a bright eye peering at her from among the willows!

She burst into a spontaneous rhapsody of song as she went, trilling and warbling in sweet, untaught cadences, unconsciously like a bird singing to its mate in the springtime. She had a wonderful voice. The young man was sorry when she was out of hearing, but glad, too, for the water was beginning to pucker his cuticle in hard ridges like a wash-board.

"Now, young man," said Aunt Matilda, "I shall leave this bathing suit here for your use. I shall expect you to put it on and retire from the premises as quickly as possible."

"I must remain until nightfall," was the firm reply. "I must find my money and clothes. I should feel ridiculous to be seen in such clothing as that. You, yourself, would scarcely care to have me seen emerging from your premises, on Sunday especially, in such outlandish garments."

That last argument told. Aunt Matilda visibly weakened.

"Very well, then," she grudgingly agreed, "but at dusk —Mercy, young man, how your teeth do chatter! Are you getting a chill? I'll bring you a bowl of boneset tea and some dinner right away!" and she hurried off in much concern.

The young man lost no time in getting into that bathing suit, for the chill of the water was upon him. The suit consisted merely of a pair of blue bloomers that came just below his knees, and a blue blouse that split down the back and at the armpits the moment he buttoned it in front; still he was very grateful for it—grateful for the warm glow that began to pervade him the moment he had donned it. He put on his one sock and his shoes, his hat, collar, tie and cuffs to keep the dogs from getting them, and was quite comfortable when Aunt Matilda came bustling back with a bowl of steaming tea and a tray loaded with good things to eat.

She sat by admiring his appetite until he had finished, then she made him drink the boneset tea to the last drop. He talked admirably all through the "dinner," and it was with a sigh of almost regret that she started away with the empty dishes. She came back presently.

"You will find our summer cottage up in that direction," she pointed out. "We shall expect you to—to keep out of range during the day, but to report at the kitchen door at dusk, when you will be escorted to the road."

"I shall follow your instructions to the letter," he assured her, and she again slowly walked away. To save her, the man-hater could not think of another reasonable excuse for prolonging the interview. He was a most gentlemanly young man, and he had splendid eyes!

The male trespasser spent the next hour in hunting clothes and anathematizing dogs. His finds were confined strictly to rags and pairless arms and sleeves, and finally he gave up, with everything accounted for but worthless. Discovering a high, grassy plot near the creek, screened from the woods by a thick copse of hazel bushes, he lay down to think matters over and promptly fell asleep.

Perhaps half an hour later he slowly opened his eyes with the feeling that he was being compelled to awaken, and found Adnah seated quietly beside him, keeping the mosquitoes away from him with a gracefully waved hazel branch.

"Just sleep right on," she gently urged. "I often sleep for hours on hot afternoons in this very place."

"How did you come here?" he demanded, sitting up, startled.

"I hunted you," she confessed with a delighted little laugh. "I'm so glad you're awake at last and don't want to sleep any more. I felt just sure that your eyes were blue. And they are!"

Her delight at this fact was so obvious that he felt uneasy.

"You see, I listened outside the window while Aunt Mattie told Aunts Ann and Sarah all about you," she confidingly went on. "Aunt Sarah and Aunt Ann were for telephoning for the sheriff anyhow, but Aunt Mattie wouldn't let them. She likes you. So do I."

"Oh!" said the astonished young man. For the first time in his life conversation had failed him.

"Of course," said the girl simply. "Well, I waited until they all lay down for their after-dinner naps, and climbed out of my window so as not to disturb them. They do enjoy their naps so much, you know. I didn't find you at the pool but I just hunted until I did find you. I've been sitting here a long time watching you. You look so nice when you are asleep."

Now what should he say? With any ordinary girl he could have found the answer, but this one had him floored.

"But you look ever so much nicer when you are awake," she further informed him, with a clear-eyed straightforwardness that was worse than disconcerting. In despera-

tion he answered, with her own frankness, that she was nice looking herself. He meant it, too.

"I'm so glad you think so," she contentedly sighed. "I just knew we should like each other as soon as I saw you lying there asleep."

It was he who blushed, not the girl.

She partly raised up to recapture her hazel branch, and when she sat down again her shoulder remained lightly touching his arm. An electric thrill ran through him and tingled out at his finger-tips, but he never moved a muscle. She looked up at him in peaceful happiness and he somehow felt very mean and unworthy. Her eyes made him uncomfortable. The whole trouble was that she was so honest—had never been taught to conceal her thoughts by the thousand and one spoken and unspoken lies of ordinary social intercourse. She was neither timid nor bold, but merely natural, with never a suspicion that conventionality demanded a man and a maid to leave a mutual liking unconfessed. It was rather rough on the young man. He was not used to having the truth fly around in such reckless fashion in his conversations with girls, and it bothered him.

"I'm not a bit afraid of you," she presently told him. "I knew all the time that Aunt Mattie was wrong. She told me that all men were dreadful, and that the first thing they did was to—to kiss a girl they liked."

"She knows nothing about it," he replied rather crossly. For some unaccountable reason he was angry with himself and with her.

"Indeed, she doesn't," she agreed, eying him thoughtfully. Presently she added: "I do not believe, though, that I should have minded it so much if she had been right."

Shade of Plato! He looked down at the tempting curve

of her red lips. They were round and full and soft as the petals of a half-blown rosebud, warm and tender and sweet, with just the least trace of puckering to indicate how they could meet the pressure of other lips. He felt his heart come pounding up into the region of his Adam's apple, and he trembled as he had not done since his first attack of puppy love at the age of fourteen. His breath came and went with a painful flutter but he made no movement. If it had been any sort of girl under the sun, especially if so attractive as this one, she would have been kissed until she gasped for breath; but he just couldn't do it. However, if she went so far as to *ask* him to kiss her, *by George!* he didn't see how he was to get out of it!

"I should really like to kiss you," he admitted with a martyr-like sigh and a further echo of her own frankness, "but I shan't. Under the circumstances it would not be right."

He reflected, grinning, that mother would be proud if she could see him now, then he thought, grinning harder, of the boys at the club. If *they* only knew!

"There, didn't I say so!" she triumphantly exclaimed. "I told Aunt Matilda that there certainly must be *some* good men in the world!"

Good! He winced as certain memories of his careless youth began to do cake-walks up and down his conscience. Then he changed the subject.

She snuggled up closely to him, by and by, confidingly and unsuspicious, and just talked and talked and talked. It was very pleasant to have her there at his side, babbling innocently away in that sweet, musical voice. How pretty she was, how artless and trusting, how honest and how heart-whole! It came to him that his family and friends had for a long time been telling him that he ought to get married, and he began to see that they were right.

How delightful it would be to stay on forever in this enchanted grove with her. He presently found himself fervently saying it, though he had not intended such words to pass his lips. She took the wish as a matter of course. She had confidently expected him to feel that way about it, and, if he felt that way, to say so.

"Adnah Eggleson!"

They jumped like juvenile jam-thieves caught red-handed.

Aunt Sarah and Aunt Ann and Aunt Matilda rigidly confronted them, having stolen upon them unseen, unheard, unthought of, and they stood now in grim horror, merciless and implacable. They advanced in a swooping body, after one moment of agonizing suspense, and snatched Adnah into their midst, glaring three kinds of loathing scorn upon the interloping serpent.

"Has this person *kissed* you, or attempted to do so?" hissed Aunt Sarah.

"Not yet," meekly answered poor Adnah.

"I assure you ladies—," began the serpent, but Aunt Sarah cut him short.

"Silence, sir!" she commanded. "We wish no explanations from you, whatsoever."

Thus crushing him, the little company wheeled and marched away, bearing Adnah an unwilling and impenitent captive, two of them ingeniously keeping behind her so that she should have no opportunity of even exchanging a backward glance with the serpent.

Left to himself the serpent moodily kicked holes in the turf. He had an intense desire to do something violent—to smash something, no matter what. He was furious with the trio of aunts. It was a shame, he told himself, to bury alive a beautiful and noble young woman like that, through a warped and mistaken notion of the world.

What right had they to condemn a sweet and affectionate creature such as she to a starved and morbid spinsterhood? It was his duty to rescue her from the colorless fate that hung over her, and he would do his duty. He was unconsciously flexing his biceps as he said it.

Would he? How? Should he get out a search warrant or a writ of replevin? This whimsical view of the case only exasperated him the more as it presented the utter hopelessness of approaching her—of ever seeing her again—and, when the dogs came chasing an utterly inconsequential and useless butterfly in his direction, he pelted them with stones until they yelped. Hang the dogs, anyhow. It was all their fault!

Next he blamed himself. If he had only resisted that creek like a man he wouldn't have been a hundred miles from home without clothes or money, and silly about a girl he had never seen until that day.

Then he blamed the girl. Why, *why* was she such a confiding and altogether artless and bewitching little fool? She wasn't! He remembered her eyes and abjectly apologized to the memory of her. She was everything that was sweet and pure and womanly—everything that was desirable in every sense—well-bred, well-schooled, unspoiled of the world, without guile or subterfuge, beautiful, healthy, honest. That had been the only startling thing about her—just honesty. It spoke ill for himself and the world in which he lived that this should have seemed startling! What a wonderful creature she was! By the Eternal, she belonged to him and he meant to have her! She loved him, too!

He sat down on the bank to think over this phase of the question. He had known her several years in the minute and a half since noon, and it was time this foolishness came to an end.

Time flies when youth listens to the fancied strains of Mendelssohn's Spring Song. He was surprised, presently, to note a strange hush settling down over the woods. A chill vapor seemed to arise from the water. There was a melancholy note in the tweet of the low-flitting birds. The rustling trees softened their murmur to a continuous whisper, soothing and caressing. The tinkle of the creek became more metallic and pronounced. Near by, down the stream, a sudden chorus of frogs burst into croaking, their isolated notes blended by the chirping undertone of the crickets and tree toads. There were other sounds, mysterious, untraceable, but all musical in greater or lesser degree.

He understood at last. These sounds, the rustling leaves, the flitting birds, the tinkling creek, the frogs, tree toads and crickets and those other intangible cadences, these were the instruments of nature's vast orchestra, playing their lullaby, languorous and sweet, for the drowsy day. It was dusk, and he was desperately in love with Adnah, and he had on a fool bloomer bath suit and no money, and he had to go back into civilization just as he was. Woe, woe, woe and anathema!

At the house he found a table set under a big oak tree back of the kitchen. Supper for one was illumined by the rays of a solitary lantern. Aunt Sarah and Aunt Ann, each with a pistol in her lap, sat grimly to one side. Adnah nor Aunt Matilda were anywhere to be seen, and he divined with a thrill that Aunt Matilda was acting as jailor to the young woman until he should be safely off the premises. Evidently she had been hard to manage. Bless the little girl!

He took off his hat as he approached and bowed respectfully.

"I should like you to know who I am," he began.

"You will please to eat your supper without conversation," Aunt Sarah sternly interrupted.

"I wish to pay my addresses to your niece," he protested, but the two ladies, finding rudeness necessary, clasped their hands to their ears.

"Kindly eat," said Aunt Sarah, without removing her hands.

He sat down and glared at the food in despair. He thought he heard Adnah's voice and the sounds of a scuffle in the house, and it gave him inspiration. He arose, and, leaning his hands on the edge of the table, shouted as loudly as he could:

"I am John Melton, of Philadelphia. I will give you as many references as you like. I wish your permission to write to your niece and, later on, to call upon her. May I do so?"

"Are you going to eat your supper?" inquired Aunt Sarah.

He gave up. He could not, as a gentleman, take Aunt Sarah's hands from her ears and make her listen to what he had to say. He turned sadly away from the table. The armed escort also arose.

"Please lead the way," requested Aunt Sarah. "The path leads directly from the front of the cottage to the road."

He had stalked, in dismal silence, almost half way down the winding avenue of trees, moodily watching the gigantic shadows of his limbs leaping jerkily among the shrubbery, when it occurred to him that the women could scarcely carry the lantern and pistols and still hold their ears.

"I am John Melton, of Philadelphia," he shouted, and looked back to address them more directly. Alas, the pistols reposed in the pockets of the two prim aprons, the

lantern smoked askew at Aunt Sarah's waist, and both women were holding their hands to their ears!

He could not know that they had been whispering about him, however, and really, for man-haters, their remarks had been very complimentary. Not even that ridiculous costume could hide his athletic figure, his good carriage and pleasant address.

They were nearing the road when they heard a woman's voice shrieking for them to wait, and presently Aunt Matilda came running after them, breathless and excited.

"You must come back to the house at once, all of you," she panted. "Adnah is wildly hysterical. She insists that she must have this young man, monster or no monster—that she will die without him. I truly believe that she would!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah. "Come on, then!"

It was Aunt Sarah who swiftly and anxiously led the way. At the door of the parlor she paused and confronted the young man.

"Remember," she warned, "that however impulsive our poor, misguided niece may appear, you *must* not kiss her!"

Without waiting for reply she opened the door for him. Adnah, smiling happily through the last of her tears, sprang to meet him, and, seizing his hand, drew him down on the couch beside her.

"I'm going to keep you here always, now," she declared with pretty authority, as she locked her arm in his and interlaced their fingers.

He looked around at the aunts and suddenly longed for his own clothes. They had drawn their chairs in a close semi-circle about the couch and were helplessly staring. He felt the hot blood burning in his cheeks, on his temples, down the back of his neck.

"You *will* stay, won't you?" Adnah anxiously asked him.

"I think I shall take you with me, instead," he replied, smiling down at her in an attempt to conquer his embarrassment.

Adnah rapturously sighed. The spectators suddenly arose, retiring to the far corner of the room, where they held an excited, whispered consultation. Presently they came back and sat down in the same solemn half-circle. Aunt Sarah ceremoniously cleared her throat.

"You will please to unclasp your hands and sit farther apart," she directed. This obeyed, she proceeded: "Now, Mr. Nelson—"

"Melton, if you please," corrected the young man, producing a business card that he had rescued.

"Oh!" exclaimed the aunts, exchanging wondering glances.

"We understood that it was Nelson," murmured Aunt Matilda. It seemed that the hands had not been so tightly clasped over the ears as he had thought.

Aunt Sarah gravely adjusted her glasses.

" 'John Melton, Jr.,' " she read. " 'Representing Melton and Melton, Administrators and Real Estate Dealers. General John A. Melton. John Melton, Jr.' "

There was a suppressed flutter of excitement and again the three aunts exchanged surprised glances.

"I think I may safely say, may I not, Sisters Ann and Matilda, that this quite alters the case?" was Aunt Sarah's strange query.

"Quite so, indeed," agreed Aunt Matilda, complacently smoothing her apron.

"Very much so," added Aunt Ann.

"Decidedly," resumed Aunt Sarah. "Your father, young man, handled the estate of our deceased Uncle

Peter in a most upright and satisfactory fashion—for a man. So far, much is in your favor, since our unfortunate niece will not be contented without some sort of a husband. Your personal qualifications have yet to be proved, however. We presume that you can offer documentary evidence as to your own worth, sir?"

"Not for a day or so, unfortunately," confessed the young man. "The dogs destroyed all my papers. The only thing I could find was a portion of a brief note from my mother."

The three aunts, as by one electric impulse, bent forward with shining eyes.

"From your mother!" hungrily repeated Aunt Sarah. "Let us see it, if you will, please."

He produced it reluctantly. It was not exactly the sort of letter a young man cares to parade.

" 'My beloved son,' " Aunt Sarah read aloud, pausing to bestow a softened glance upon him. " 'I can not wait for your return to say how proud I am of you. Your noble and generous action in regard to the aged widow Crane's property has just come to my ears, through a laughing complaint of your father about your unbusiness-like methods in dealing with those who have been unfortunate. In spite of his whimsically expressed disapproval, he feels that you are an honor to him. Your sister Nellie cried in her pride and love of you when she heard—"

The rest of the letter had been lost, but this was enough.

Adnah had gradually hitched closer to him, and now her hand, unreproved, stole affectionately to his shoulder. Aunt Matilda was wiping her eyes. Aunt Ann openly sniffled. Aunt Sarah cleared her throat most violently.

"Your references are all that we could wish, young man," she presently admitted in a business-like tone. "We shall waive, in your favor, our objections to men in gen-

eral. If we must have one in the family we are to be congratulated upon having one whose mother is proud of him."

Coming from Aunt Sarah this was a marvelous concession. The young man bowed his head in pleased acknowledgment and, by and by, crossed his legs in comfort as a home-like feeling began to settle down upon him. Suddenly observing their bloomered exposure, however, he tried to poke his legs under the couch, and twiddled his thumbs instead.

"And when do our young people expect to be married?" meek Sister Ann presently ventured to inquire.

"As quickly as possible," promptly answered the young man, smiling triumphantly down at the girl by his side. He was astonished, and rather pleased, too, to find her suddenly embarrassed and blushing prettily.

"I believe, then," announced Aunt Sarah, after due deliberation, "that you may now kiss our niece; may he not, Sisters Ann and Matilda?"

"He may!" eagerly assented the others.

"Very well, then, proceed," commanded Aunt Sarah, folding her arms.

The young man hastily braced himself to meet this new shock, then gazed down at the girl again. She was still blushing in her newly-found self-conscious femininity, but she trustingly held up her pretty lips to him, looking full into his eyes with the steady flame of her love burning unveiled—and he kissed her.

"Ah-h-h-h!" sighed the three man-hating spinsters in ecstatic unison.

A LETTER FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON

BY GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

[From John Graham, at the London House of Graham & Co., to his son, Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago. Mr. Pierrepont is worried over rumors that the old man is a bear on lard, and that the longs are about to make him climb a tree.]

LONDON, October 27, 189—

Dear Pierrepont: Yours of the twenty-first inst. to hand and I note the inclosed clippings. You needn't pay any special attention to this newspaper talk about the Comstock crowd having caught me short a big line of November lard. I never sell goods without knowing where I can find them when I want them, and if these fellows try to put their forefeet in the trough, or start any shoving and crowding, they're going to find me forgetting my table manners, too. For when it comes to funny business I'm something of a humorist myself. And while I'm too old to run, I'm young enough to stand and fight.

First and last, a good many men have gone gunning for me, but they've always planned the obsequies before they caught the deceased. I reckon there hasn't been a time in twenty years when there wasn't a nice "Gates Ajar" piece all made up and ready for me in some office near the Board of Trade. But the first essential of a quiet funeral is a willing corpse. And I'm still sitting up and taking nourishment.

There are two things you never want to pay any attention to—abuse and flattery. The first can't harm you and the second can't help you. Some men are like yellow dogs—when you're coming toward them they'll jump up and try to lick your hands; and when you're walking away from them they'll sneak up behind and snap at your heels. Last year, when I was bulling the market, the longs all said that I was a kind-hearted old philanthropist, who was laying awake nights scheming to get the farmers a top price for their hogs; and the shorts allowed that I was an infamous old robber, who was stealing the pork out of the workingman's pot. As long as you can't please both sides in this world, there's nothing like pleasing your own side.

There are mighty few people who can see any side to a thing except their own side. I remember once I had a vacant lot out on the Avenue, and a lady came in to my office and in a soothing-sirupy way asked if I would lend it to her, as she wanted to build a *crèche* on it. I hesitated a little, because I had never heard of a *crèche* before, and someways it sounded sort of foreign and frisky, though the woman looked like a good, safe, reliable old heifer. But she explained that a *crèche* was a baby farm, where old maids went to wash and feed and stick pins in other people's children while their mothers were off at work. Of course, there was nothing in that to get our pastor or the police after me, so I told her to go ahead.

She went off happy, but about a week later she dropped in again, looking sort of dissatisfied, to find out if I wouldn't build the *crèche* itself. It seemed like a worthy object, so I sent some carpenters over to knock together a long frame pavilion. She was mighty grateful, you bet, and I didn't see her again for a fortnight. Then she called by to say that so long as I was in the business and they

didn't cost me anything special, would I mind giving her a few cows. She had a surprised and grieved expression on her face as she talked, and the way she put it made me feel that I ought to be ashamed of myself for not having thought of the live stock myself. So I threw in a half dozen cows to provide the refreshments.

I thought that was pretty good measure, but the carpenters hadn't more than finished with the pavilion before the woman telephoned a sharp message to ask why I hadn't had it painted.

I was too busy that morning to quarrel, so I sent word that I would fix it up; and when I was driving by there next day the painters were hard at work on it. There was a sixty-foot frontage of that shed on the Avenue, and I saw right off that it was just a natural signboard. So I called over the boss painter and between us we cooked up a nice little ad that ran something like this:

Graham's Extract:
It Makes the Weak Strong.

Well, sir, when she saw the ad next morning that old hen just scratched gravel. Went all around town saying that I had given a five-hundred-dollar shed to charity and painted a thousand-dollar ad on it. Allowed I ought to send my check for that amount to the *crèche* fund. Kept at it till I began to think there might be something in it, after all, and sent her the money. Then I found a fellow who wanted to build in that neighborhood, sold him the lot cheap, and got out of the *crèche* industry.

I've put a good deal more than work into my business, and I've drawn a good deal more than money out of it; but the only thing I've ever put into it which didn't draw dividends in fun or dollars was worry. That is a branch of the trade which you want to leave to our competitors.

I've always found worrying a blamed sight more uncertain than horse-racing—it's harder to pick a winner at it. You go home worrying because you're afraid that your fool new clerk forgot to lock the safe after you, and during the night the lard refinery burns down; you spend a year fretting because you think Bill Jones is going to cut you out with your best girl, and then you spend ten worrying because he didn't; you worry over Charlie at college because he's a little wild, and he writes you that he's been elected president of the Y. M. C. A.; and you worry over William because he's so pious that you're afraid he's going to throw up everything and go to China as a missionary, and he draws on you for a hundred; you worry because you're afraid your business is going to smash, and your health busts up instead. Worrying is the one game in which, if you guess right, you don't get any satisfaction out of your smartness. A busy man has no time to bother with it. He can always find plenty of old women in skirts or trousers to spend their days worrying over their own troubles and to sit up nights waking his.

Speaking of handing over your worries to others naturally calls to mind the Widow Williams and her son Bud, who was a playmate of mine when I was a boy. Bud was the youngest of the Widow's troubles, and she was a woman whose troubles seldom came singly. Had fourteen altogether, and four pair of 'em were twins. Used to turn 'em loose in the morning, when she let out her cows and pigs to browse along the street, and then she'd shed all worry over them for the rest of the day. Allowed that if they got hurt the neighbors would bring them home; and that if they got hungry they'd come home. And someways, the whole drove always showed up safe and dirty about meal time.

I've no doubt she thought a lot of Bud, but when a woman has fourteen it sort of unsettles her mind so that she can't focus her affections or play any favorites. And so when Bud's clothes were found at the swimming hole one day, and no Bud inside them, she didn't take on up to the expectations of the neighbors who had brought the news, and who were standing around waiting for her to go off into something special in the way of high-strikes.

She allowed that they were Bud's clothes, all right, but she wanted to know where the remains were. Hinted that there'd be no funeral, or such like expensive goings-on, until some one produced the deceased. Take her by and large, she was a pretty cool, calm cucumber.

But if she showed a little too much Christian resignation, the rest of the town was mightily stirred up over Bud's death, and every one just quit work to tell each other what a noble little fellow he was; and how his mother hadn't deserved to have such a bright little sunbeam in her home; and to drag the river between talks. But they couldn't get a rise.

Through all the worry and excitement the Widow was the only one who didn't show any special interest, except to ask for results. But finally, at the end of a week, when they'd strained the whole river through their drags and hadn't anything to show for it but a collection of tin cans and dead catfish, she threw a shawl over her head and went down the street to the cabin of Louisiana Clytemnestra, an old yellow woman, who would go into a trance for four bits and find a fortune for you for a dollar. I reckon she'd have called herself a clairvoyant nowadays, but then she was just a voodoo woman.

Well, the Widow said she reckoned that boys ought to be let out as well as in for half price, and so she laid down two bits, allowing that she wanted a few minutes'

private conversation with her Bud. Clytie said she'd do her best, but that spirits were mighty snifty and high-toned, even when they'd only been poor white trash on earth, and it might make them mad to be called away from their high jinks if they were taking a little recreation, or from their high-priced New York customers if they were working, to tend to cut-rate business. Still, she'd have a try, and she did. But after having convulsions for half an hour, she gave it up. Reckoned that Bud was up to some cussedness off somewhere, and that he wouldn't answer for any two-bits.

The Widow was badly disappointed, but she allowed that that was just like Bud. He'd always been a boy that never could be found when any one wanted him. So she went off, saying that she'd had her money's worth in seeing Clytie throw those fancy fits. But next day she came again and paid down four bits, and Clytie reckoned that that ought to fetch Bud sure. Someways though, she didn't have any luck, and finally the Widow suggested that she call up Bud's father—Buck Williams had been dead a matter of ten years—and the old man responded promptly.

"Where's Bud?" asked the Widow.

Hadn't laid eyes on him. Didn't know he'd come across. Had he joined the church before he started?

"No."

Then he'd have to look downstairs for him.

Clytie told the Widow to call again and they'd get him sure. So she came back next day and laid down a dollar. That fetched old Buck Williams' ghost on the jump, you bet, but he said he hadn't laid eyes on Bud yet. They hauled the Sweet By and By with a drag net, but they couldn't get a rap from him. Clytie trotted out George Washington, and Napoleon, and Billy Patterson, and Ben

Franklin, and Captain Kidd, just to show that there was no deception, but they couldn't get a whisper even from Bud.

I reckon Clytie had been stringing the old lady along, intending to produce Bud's spook as a sort of red-fire, calcium-light, grand-march-of-the-Amazons climax, but she didn't get a chance. For right there the old lady got up with a mighty set expression around her lips and marched out, muttering that it was just as she had thought all along—Bud wasn't there. And when the neighbors dropped in that afternoon to plan out a memorial service for her "lost lamb," she chased them off the lot with a broom. Said that they had looked in the river for him and that she had looked beyond the river for him, and that they would just stand pat now and wait for him to make the next move. Allowed that if she could once get her hands in "that lost lamb's" wool there might be an opening for a funeral when she got through with him, but there wouldn't be till then. Altogether, it looked as if there was a heap of trouble coming to Bud if he had made any mistake and was still alive.

The Widow found her "lost lamb" hiding behind a rain-barrel when she opened up the house next morning, and there was a mighty touching and affecting scene. In fact, the Widow must have touched him at least a hundred times and every time he was affected to tears, for she was using a bed slat, which is a powerfully strong moral agent for making a boy see the error of his ways. And it was a month after that before Bud could go down Main Street without some man who had called him a noble little fellow, or a bright, manly little chap, while he was drowned, reaching out and fetching him a clip on the ear for having come back and put the laugh on him.

No one except the Widow ever really got at the straight of Bud's conduct, but it appeared that he left home to get a few Indian scalps, and that he came back for a little bacon and corn pone.

I simply mention the Widow in passing as an example of the fact that the time to do your worrying is when a thing is all over, and that the way to do it is to leave it to the neighbors. I sail for home to-morrow.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM.

FAREWELL

Provoked by Calverley's "Forever"

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

"Farewell!" Another gloomy word
As ever into language crept.
'Tis often written, never heard,
Except

In playhouse. Ere the hero flits—
In handcuffs—from our pitying view.
"Farewell!" he murmurs, then exits
R. U.

"Farewell" is much too sighful for
An age that has not time to sigh.
We say, "I'll see you later," or
"Good-by!"

When, warned by chanticleer, you go
From her to whom you owe devoir,
"Say not 'good-by'," she laughs, "but
'Au Revoir!' "

Thus from the garden are you sped;
And Juliet were the first to tell
You, you were silly if you said
"Farewell!"

FAREWELL

"Farewell," meant long ago, before
It crept, tear-spattered, into song,
"Safe voyage!" "Pleasant journey!" or
"So long!"

But gone its cheery, old-time ring;
The poets made it rhyme with knell—
Joined it became a dismal thing—
"Farewell!"

"Farewell!" into the lover's soul
You see Fate plunge the fatal iron.
All poets use it. It's the whole
Of Byron.

"I only feel—farewell!" said he;
And always fearful was the telling—
Lord Byron was eternally
Farewelling.

"Farewell!" A dismal word, 'tis true
(And why not tell the truth about it!);
But what on earth would poets do
Without it?

MY RUTHERS

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

[Writ durin' State Fair at Indanoplis, whilse visitin' a Soninlaw then residin' thare, who has sence got back to the country whare he says a man that's raised thare ort to a-stayed in the first place.]

I tell you what I'd ruther do—
  Ef I only had my ruthers,—
I'd ruther work when I wanted to
  Than be bossed round by others;—
    I'd ruther kindo' git the swing
    O' what was *needed,* first, I jing!
    Afore I *swet* at anything!—
  Ef I only had my ruthers;—
In fact I'd aim to be the same
  With all men as my brothers;
And they'd all be the same with *me*—
  Ef I only had my ruthers.

I wouldn't likely know it all—
  Ef I only had my ruthers;—
I'd know *some* sense, and some base-ball—
  Some *old* jokes, and—some others:
    I'd know *some politics,* and 'low
    Some tarif-speeches same as now,
    Then go hear Nye on "Branes and How
  To Detect Theyr Presence." *T'others,*
That stayed away, I'd *let* 'em stay—
  All my dissentin' brothers
Could chuse as shore a kill er cuore,
  Ef I only had my ruthers.

The pore 'ud git theyr dues *some*times—
  Ef I only had my ruthers,—
And be paid *dollars* 'stid o' *dimes,*
  Fer childern, wives and mothers:
    Theyr boy that slaves; theyr girl that sews—
    Fer *others*—not herself, God knows!—
    The grave's *her* only change of clothes!
  . . . Ef I only had my ruthers,
They'd all have "stuff" and time enugh
  To answer one-another's
Appealin' prayer fer "lovin' care"—
  Ef I only had my ruthers.

They'd be few folks 'ud ast fer trust,
  Ef I only had my ruthers,
And blame few business-men to bu'st
  Theyrselves, er harts of others:
    Big Guns that come here durin' Fair-
    Week could put up jest anywhare,
    And find a full-and-plenty thare,
  Ef I only had my ruthers:
The rich and great 'ud 'sociate
  With all theyr lowly brothers,
Feelin' *we* done the honorun—
  Ef I only had my ruthers.

THE DUTIFUL MARINER*

BY WALLACE IRWIN

'Twas off the Eastern Filigrees—
  Wizzle the pipes o'ertop!—
When the gallant Captain of the Cheese
  Began to skip and hop.

"Oh stately man and old beside,
  Why dost gymnastics do?
Is such example dignified
  To set before your crew?"

"Oh hang me crew," the Captain cried,
  "And scuttle of me ship.
If I'm the skipper, blarst me hide!
  Ain't I supposed to skip?

"I'm growing old," the Captain said;
  "Me dancing days are done;
But while I'm skipper of this ship
  I'll skip with any one.

"I'm growing grey," I heard him say,
  "And I can not rest or sleep
While under me the troubled sea
  Lies forty spasms deep.

* From "Nautical Lays of a Landsman," by Wallace Irwin. Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Lies forty spasms deep," he said;
"But still me trusty sloop
Each hour, I wot, goes many a knot
And many a bow and loop.

"The hours are full of knots," he said,
"Untie them if ye can.
In vain I've tried, for Time and Tied
Wait not for any man.

"Me fate is hard," the old man sobbed,
"And I am sick and sore.
Me aged limbs of rest are robbed
And skipping is a bore.

"But Duty is the seaman's boast,
And on this gallant ship
You'll find the skipper at his post
As long as he can skip."

And so the Captain of the Cheese
Skipped on again as one
Who lofty satisfaction sees
In duty bravely done.

MELINDA'S HUMOROUS STORY

BY MAY MCHENRY

Melinda was dejected. She told herself that she was groping in the vale of despair, that life was a vast, gray, echoing void. She decided that ambition was dead—a case of starvation; that friendship had slipped through too eagerly grasping fingers; that love—ah, *love!*—

"You'd better take a dose of blue-mass," her aunt suggested when she had sighed seven times dolefully at the tea table.

"Not *blue*-mass. Any other kind of mass you please, but *not* blue," Melinda shuddered absently.

No; she was not physically ill; the trouble was deeper —soul sickness, acute, threatening to become chronic, that defied allopathic doses of favorite and other philosophers, that would not yield even to hourly repetition of the formula handed down from her grandmother—"If you can not have what you want, try to want what you have." Yet she could lay her finger on no bleeding heart-wound, on no definite cause. It was true that the deeply analytical, painstakingly interesting historical novel on which she had worked all winter had been sent back from the publishers with a briefly polite note of thanks and regrets; but as she had never expected anything else, that could not depress her. Also, the slump in G. C. Copper stock had forced her to give up her long-planned southern trip and even to forego the consolatory purchase of a spring gown; but she had a mind that could soar above

flesh-pot disappointments. Then, the Reverend John Graham;—but what John Graham did or said was nothing—absolutely nothing, to her.

So Melinda clenched her hands and moaned in the same key with the east wind and told the four walls of her room that she could not endure it; she must *do* something. Then it was, that in a flash of inspiration, it came to her—she would write a humorous story.

The artistic fitness of the idea pleased her. She had always understood that humorists were marked by a deep-dyed melancholy, that the height of unhappiness was a vantage-ground from which to view the joke of existence. She would test the dictum; now, if ever, she would write humorously. The material was at hand, seething and crowding in her mind, in fact—the monumental dullness and complacent narrowness of the villagers, the egoism, the conceit, the bland shepherd-of-his-flock pomposity of John Graham. What more could a humorist desire? Yes; she would write.

Thoughts came quick and fast; words flowed in a fiery stream like lava that glows and rushes and curls and leaps down the mountain, sweeping all obstacles aside. (The figure did not wholly please Melinda, for everybody knows how dull and gray and uninteresting lava is when it cools, but she had no time to bother with another.) She felt the exultation, the joy and unlifting of spirit that is the reward—usually, alas, the sole reward—of the writer in the work of creation.

Then before the lava had time to cool she sent the story to the first magazine on her list with a name beginning with "A." It was her custom to send them that way, though sometimes with a desire to be impartial she commenced at "Z" and went up the list.

At the end of two weeks the wind had ceased blowing

from the east. Melinda decided that though life for her must be gray, echoing, void, yet would she make an effort for the joy of others. She would lift herself above the depression that enfolded her even as the buoyant hyacinths were cleaving their dark husks and lifting up the beauty and fragrance of their hearts to solace passers-by. Therefore she ceased parting her hair in the middle and ordered a simple little frock from D——'s—hyacinth blue *voile* with a lining that should whisper and rustle like the glad winds whisking away last year's leaves.

Then the day came when she strolled carelessly and unexpectantly down the village street to the post-office and there received a letter that bore on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope the name of the magazine first on her list beginning with "A." A chill passed along Melinda's spine. That humorous story—Could this mean?—It was too horrible to contemplate.

She took a short cut through the orchard and as she walked she tore off a corner and peeped into the envelope. Yes, there was a pale-blue slip of paper with serrated edges. She leaned against a Baldwin apple-tree to think.

How true it is that one should be prepared for the unexpected. Melinda had sent out many manuscripts freighted with tingling hopes and eager aspirations and with the postage stamps that insured their prompt return; how was she to know, by what process of reasoning could she infer that this, that had been offered simply from force of habit, would be retained in exchange for an æsthetically tinted check? She anathematized the magazine editor. (That seems the proper thing to do with editors.) She wanted to know what business he had to keep that story after having led her to believe that it was his unbreakable custom to send them back. It was deception, she told the swelling Baldwin buds, base, deep-dyed,

subtle deception. After baiting her on with his little, pink, printed rejection slips, he suddenly sprung a wicked trap.

It was some time before Melinda grew calm enough to read the editorial letter. It ran:

"Dear Madam—We are glad to have your tender and delicately sympathetic picture of village life. There is a note of true sentiment and a generous appreciation of homely virtue marking this story for which we desire to add an especial word of praise. Check enclosed.

"Very truly yours,

"The Editor of A——."

Melinda sank limply on the bleached, last year's grass at the foot of the tree. "Tender and delicately sympathetic picture"—"Generous appreciation!" She laughed feebly. The editor was pleased to be facetious. Having a fine sense of humor himself he showed his realization of the story by acknowledging it in the same vein of subtle satire.

She reread the letter and unfolded the slip of paper with serrated edges with changing emotions. After all it was not such a very bad story. She permitted herself to recall how humorous it was, how cleverly and keenly it laid bare the ridiculous, the unexpected, how it scintillated with wit and abounded in droll and subtle distinctions and descriptions—all—all at the expense of her nearest relatives and her dearest friends.

Melinda thought she would return the check and demand that her story be sent back to her or destroyed; but, reflecting that Punch's advice is applicable to other things than matrimony and suicide, she didn't. She resolutely put her literary Frankenstein behind her. She reasoned that in all probability the story would not be published

during the lifetime of any of the originals of the characters; that even if the worst came to the worst, Mossdale was likely to remain in ignorance that would be blissful. The villagers were not wont to waste time on the printed word; in fact, such was the profundity of their unenlightenment, few of them had heard of the magazine with a name beginning with "A." Even John Graham paid little attention to the secular periodicals; besides, if absolutely necessary, John's attention might be diverted.

So Melinda went away on a visit. Her health demanded it. The doctor was unable to name her malady, but she herself diagnosed it as *magazinitis.*

Toward fall Melinda, entirely recovered, returned to Mossdale. Entirely recovered, yet she turned cold, unseeing eyes on the newsboy when he passed through the car with his towering load of varicolored periodicals, and rather than be forced to the final resort of the unaccompanied traveler, she welcomed the advent of an acquaintance possessed of volubility of an ejaculatory, eruptive variety. After many gentle jets and spurts of gossip much remained to be told, as the lady hastily gathered up her impedimenta preparatory to alighting at her home station.

"How like me in the joy of seeing you, to forget! What a sweet, clever story! And to think of *you* having something published in 'A——'! I never was more surprised than when Mr. Ferguson brought home the magazine. Those delicious Mossdale people! I could not endure that the dear things should not see and know at once. The lovely hamlet is so—so remote, and I knew you were traveling. What a pleasure to send them half a dozen copies that very evening!—Yes, porter, that, too— *Do* run down to see me soon, dear— Now *do. Good*-by!"

Melinda summoned the newsboy and bought the latest

number of the magazine with a name beginning with "A." She turned to the list of "Contents" with feverish anxiety, then the book slid from her nerveless fingers. Her humorous story had been given to an eager public. She leaned back and gazed out at the flying telegraph poles and fields. Even the worthiest, the gravest, the finest, she reflected, has a face, that if seen in a certain light, will flash out the ignus fatuus of the ridiculous; but it is not usually considered the office of friendship to turn on the betraying light. Oh, well, her relatives would forgive in time. Relatives *have* to forgive. It was unfortunate that John Graham was not a relative. "One thing, I know now how much Mrs. Ferguson cares because I got those six votes ahead of her for the Thursday Club presidency— Half a dozen copies!" Melinda said aloud as she caught sight of the spire of the Mossdale Church.

Her Uncle Joe met her at the station and kissed her for the first time since she had put on long dresses. Notwithstanding a foolish prejudice against tobacco juice Melinda received the salute in a meek and contrite spirit.

"Notice how many citizens were hanging around underfoot on the depot platform—so as you kinder had to stop and shake hands to get 'em out o' the way?" Uncle Joe queried as he turned the colts' heads toward home.

Melinda had noticed. "I suppose they came out to see the train come in," she suggested.

"Nope; not exactly." Uncle Joe explained, "Looking out for automo*biles* and flying air-ships have made trains of cars seem mighty common up this way. Nope; the folks was out on account of you a-comin'."

"Me?" Having a guilty conscience Melinda glanced backward apprehensively and made a motion as though to dodge a missile.

"Yep; and you'll find a lot of the relations at the house a-waitin' for you."

"Why—what—? Now look here, Uncle Joe, there is no occasion to be foolish about a little—"

"Foolish? Now, mebby some would call it foolish, but us folks up the creek here we can't help feelin' set up some over findin' out we have a second Milton or a Mrs. Stowe in the fambly."

Melinda looked at her relative's concave profile in sick suspicion. Was the trail of the serpent over them all? But no, Uncle Joe was beaming mildly with the satisfaction of having shown that although the literary hemisphere was the unknown land, he had heard of a mountain and a minor elevation or two; he was, as she had always believed, incapable of satire.

For once Melinda was speechless. But Uncle Joe was likely to be fluent when he got started. He cleared his throat and turned mild, suffused, half-shamed blue eyes on his shrinking niece. "Yes, your piece has come out in the paper, Melinda, and your folks are all-fired pleased with you. I told Lucy this morning I wisht your poor Pap could come back to earth for just this one day."

"Ah-h!" Melinda took a firm grip on the side of the buggy. "But I guess you'll have to write another right off. There is some jealousy amongst them that aren't in it," Uncle Joe went on. "I told 'em you couldn't put the whole connection in or it would read like a list of 'them present' at a surprise party. Your Aunt Lucy, she's just as tickled as a hen with three chickens." The old man chuckled. "There it is all down in black and white just like it happened, only different, about her spasm of economy when she was cleanin' away Mary Emmeline's medicine bottles and couldn't bear to throw away what was left over, but up and took it all herself in one powerful mixed dose to save it, and had to have the doctor with a stomach-pump to cure her of spasms, what

wasn't so economical after all. It's her picture tickles her most."

"Oh!" said Melinda.

"Yes, you know the picture is as slim as a girl in her first pair o' cossets a-standin' on a chair a-reachin' bottles off a top shelf, and your Aunt Lucy's that hefty she hain't stood on a chair for ten years for fear 'twould break down, and she's had to trust the top shelf to the hired girl. I guess when she goes to Heaven she'll want to stop on the way up and fix that top shelf to suit her. So she just sits and looks at that picture and smiles and smiles. She likes my whiskers, too. Yes, she's always wanted me to wear whiskers ever since we was married, but we never was a whiskery fambly and they wouldn't seem to grow thicker than your Uncle Josh's corn when he planted it one grain to the hill. But there I am in the picture in the paper with real biblical whiskers reachin' to the bottom o' my vest."

Uncle Joe cleared his throat and glanced sideways at his niece again. "I want to tell you, Melindy, that I am real obleeged to you for makin' me one of the main ones in the piece with a lot to say. Your Aunt Lucy says 'twas only right and proper, me bein' your nighest kin and you livin' with us; but I told her there was so many others that was smarter and more the story-paper kind, that I thought it showed real good feelin' on your part; yes, I did.—*G'up, there, Ginger!*—Then I kind o' thought I'd warn you, too, Melindy, that they all are just a-dyin' to hear you say who 'The Preacher' is. He's the only one we couldn't quite place."

Melinda took the little bottle of smelling salts from her bag and held it to her nose.

"Yes," Uncle Joe went on, "the others was easy identified because you had named the names; but him you just

called 'The Preacher' all the way through. Some says it's the Reverend Graham kind of toned down and trimmed up like things you see in the moonlight on a summer night. But I told them the Reverend Graham is a nice enough chap, but that that extra-fine, way-up preacher fellow in the story must be some stranger you knew from off and didn't give his name, because you didn't rightly know what it was. I thought, even if you was so soft on Reverend Graham as to see him in that illusory, moony light, that about the stranger from off was the right and proper thing for me, being your uncle, to say any way. So if you want to keep it dark about 'The Preacher' you can just talk about a stranger from off."

"I will, Uncle Joe—*dear* Uncle Joe." Melinda exclaimed gratefully as they stopped in front of the gate.

Melinda greeted her relatives with a warmth and enthusiasm that embarrassed and made them suspicious. She was not usually so complacent, so solicitous for the health and progress of offspring; above all she was not usually so loth to talk about herself. She acted as though she had never written a story, yet three copies of it were spread open under her nose—one on the piano, one on the parlor table, one on the sideboard—all open at the passage about "The Preacher."

The relatives retired in disgust. With the departure of the last one Melinda seized a magazine and fled to the orchard. She would read that story herself. As she turned the leaves she caught sight of a manly form carefully climbing the fence. She dropped the periodical and stood on it, gazing up pensively into the well-laden boughs of the Baldwin.

The Reverend Graham took her hands in a strong ministerial squeeze.

"It is very good of you to come to see me so soon after my return," she faltered.

"Good—Melinda! Do you think I could help coming?" he ejaculated. "I can not tell you—words are inadequate to express what I feel," he went on,—"the deep gratitude, the humility, the wonder, the triumph, the determination, with God's aid, to live up to the high ideal you have set forth in your wonderful story. You have seen the latent qualities, the nobler potentialities; you have shown me to myself. *Melinda!* Do not think that I do not appreciate the difficulties of this hour for you. I know how your heart is shrinking, how your delicate maidenly modesty is up in arms. But Melinda, you know! you know! *Dear Melinda!*"

"I am glad you understand me, John."

"Understand you!" The Reverend Graham could restrain himself no longer. He swept her into his arms, appropriating his own.

Melinda remained there quiescently leaning against his shoulder, because there seemed nothing else to do, also because it was a broad and comfortable shoulder against which to lean. "I am done for," she reflected. "Now I will never dare to confess that I was trying to be humorous."

Then she reached up a hand and touched the Preacher's face timidly. His cheek was wet. "Why John—*John!*" she whispered.

GRAINS OF TRUTH

BY BILL NYE

A young friend has written to me as follows: "Could you tell me something of the location of the porcelain works in Sèvres, France, and what the process is of making those beautiful things which come from there? How is the name of the town pronounced? Can you tell me anything of the history of Mme. Pompadour? Who was the Dauphin? Did you learn anything of Louis XV whilst in France? What are your literary habits?"

It is with a great, bounding joy that I impart the desired information. Sèvres is a small village just outside of St. Cloud (pronounced San Cloo). It is given up to the manufacture of porcelain. You go to St. Cloud by rail or river, and then drive over to Sèvres by diligence or voiture. Some go one way and some go the other. I rode up on the Seine, aboard of a little, noiseless, low-pressure steamer about the size of a sewing machine. It was called the Silvoo Play, I think.

The fare was thirty centimes—or, say, three cents. After paying my fare and finding that I still had money left, I lunched at St. Cloud in the open air at a trifling expense. I then took a bottle of milk from my pocket and quenched my thirst. Traveling through France one finds that the water is especially bad, tasting of the Dauphin

at times, and dangerous in the extreme. I advise those, therefore, who wish to be well whilst doing the Continent, to carry, especially in France, as I did, a large, thick-set bottle of milk, or kumiss, with which to take the wire edge off one's whistle whilst being yanked through the Louvre.

St. Cloud is seven miles west of the center of Paris and almost ten miles by rail on the road to Versailles —pronounced Vairsi. St. Cloud belongs to the canton of Sèvres and the arrondissement of Versailles. An arrondissement is not anything reprehensible. It is all right. You, yourself, could belong to an arrondissement if you lived in France.

St. Cloud is on the beautiful hill slope, looking down the valley of the Seine, with Paris in the distance. It is peaceful and quiet and beautiful. Everything is peaceful in Paris when there is no revolution on the carpet. The steam cars run safely and do not make so much noise as ours do. The steam whistle does not have such a hold on people as it does here. The adjutant-general at the depot blows a little tin bugle, the admiral of the train returns the salute, the adjutant-general says "Allons!" and the train starts off like a somewhat leisurely young man who is going to the depot to meet his wife's mother.

One does not realize what a Fourth of July racket we live in and employ in our business till he has been the guest of a monarchy of Europe, between whose toes the timothy and clover have sprung up to a great height. And yet it is a pleasing change, and I shall be glad when we as a republic have passed the blow-hard period, laid aside the ear-splitting steam whistle, settled down to good, permanent institutions, and taken on the restful, soothful, Boston air which comes with time and the quiet self-congratulation that one is born in a Bible land

and with Gospel privileges, and where the right to worship in a strictly high-church manner is open to all.

The Palace of St. Cloud was once the residence of Napoleon I in summer-time. He used to go out there for the heated term, and folding his arms across his stomach, have thought after thought regarding the future of France. Yet he very likely never had an idea that some day it would be a thrifty republic, engaged in growing green peas, or pulling a soiled dove out of the Seine, now and then, to add to the attractions of her justly celebrated morgue.

Louis XVIII also put up at the Palace in St. Cloud several summers. He spelled it "palais," which shows that he had very poor early English advantages, or that he was, as I have always suspected, a native of Quebec. Charles X also changed the bedding somewhat, and moved in during his reign. He also added a new iron sink and a place in the barn for washing buggies. Louis Philippe spent his summers here for a number of years, and wrote weekly letters to the Paris papers, signed "Uno," in which he urged the taxpayers to show more veneration for their royal nibs. Napoleon III occupied the palais in summer during his lifetime, availing himself finally of the use of Mr. Bright's justly celebrated disease and dying at the dawn of better institutions for beautiful but unhappy France.

I visited the palais (pronounced pallay), which was burned by the Prussians in 1870. The grounds occupy 960 acres, which I offered to buy and fit up, but probably I did not deal with responsible parties. This part of France reminds me very much of North Carolina. I mean, of course, the natural features. Man has done more for France, it seems to me, than for the Tar Heel State, and the cities of Asheville and Paris are widely different.

The police of Paris rarely get together in front of the court-house to pitch horseshoes or dwell on the outlook for the goober crop.

And yet the same blue, ozonic sky, if I may be allowed to coin a word, the same soft, restful, *dolce frumenti* air of gentle, genial health, and of cark destroying, magnetic balm to the congested soul, the inflamed nerve and the festering brain, are present in Asheville that one finds in the quiet drives of San Cloo with the successful squirt of the mighty fountains of Vairsi and the dark and whispering forests of Fon-taine-*bloo*.

The palais at San Cloo presents a rather dejected appearance since it was burned, and the scorched walls are bare, save where here and there a warped and wilted water pipe festoons the blackened and blistered wreck of what was once so grand and so gay.

San Cloo has a normal school for the training of male teachers only. I visited it, but for some cause I did not make a hit in my address to the pupils until I began to speak in their own national tongue. Then the closest attention was paid to what I said, and the keenest delight was manifest on every radiant face. The president, who spoke some English, shook hands with me as we parted, and I asked him how the students took my remarks. He said: "They shall all the time keep the thinkness—what you shall call the recollect—of monsieur's speech in preserves, so that they shall forget it not continualle. We shall all the time say we have not witness something like it since the time we come here, and have not so much enjoy ourselves since the grand assassination by the guillotine. Come next winter and be with us for one week. Some of us will remain in the hall each time."

At San Cloo I hired of a quiet young fellow about thirty-five years of age, who kept a very neat livery

stable there, a sort of victoria and a big Percheron horse, with fetlock whiskers that reminded me of the Sutherland sisters. As I was in no hurry I sat on the iron settee in the cool court of the livery stable, and with my arm resting on the shoulder of the proprietor I spoke of the crops and asked if generally people about there regarded the farmer movement as in any way threatening to the other two great parties. He did not seem to know, and so I watched the coachman who was to drive me, as he changed his clothes in order to give me my money's worth in grandeur.

One thing I liked about France was that the people were willing, at a slight advance on the regular price, to treat a very ordinary man with unusual respect and esteem. This surprised and delighted me beyond measure, and I often told people there that I did not begrudge the additional expense. The coachman was also hostler, and when the carriage was ready he altered his attire by removing a coarse, gray shirt or tunic and putting on a long, olive green coachman's coat, with erect linen collar and cuffs sewed into the collar and sleeves. He wore a high hat that was much better than mine, as is frequently the case with coachmen and their employers. My coachman now gives me his silk hat when he gets through with it in the spring and fall, so I am better dressed than I used to be.

But we were going to say a word regarding the porcelain works at Sèvres. It is a modern building and is under government control. The museum is filled with the most beautiful china dishes and funny business that one could well imagine. Besides, the pottery ever since its construction has retained its models, and they, of course, are worthy of a day's study. The "Sèvres blue" is said to be a little bit bluer than anything else in the known world

except the man who starts a nonpareil paper in a pica town.

I was careful not to break any of these vases and things, and thus endeared myself to the foreman of the place. All employes are uniformed and extremely deferential to recognized ability. Practically, for half a day, I owned the place.

A cattle friend of mine who was looking for a dynasty whose tail he could twist while in Europe, and who used often to say over our glass of vin ordinaire (which I have since learned is not the best brand at all), that nothing would tickle him more than "to have a little deal with a crowned head and get him in the door," accidentally broke a blue crock out there at Sèvres which wouldn't hold over a gallon, and it took the best part of a carload of cows to pay for it, he told me.

The process of making the Sèvres ware is not yet published in book form, especially the method of coloring and enameling. It is a secret possessed by duly authorized artists. The name of the town is pronounced Save.

Mme. Pompadour is said to have been the natural daughter of a butcher, which I regard as being more to her own credit than though she had been an artificial one. Her name was Jeanne Antoinette Poisson Le Normand d'Etioles, Marchioness de Pompadour, and her name is yet used by the authorities of Versailles as a fire escape, so I am told.

She was the mistress of Louis XV, who never allowed her to put her hands in dishwater during the entire time she visited at his house. D'Etioles was her first husband, but she left him for a gay but rather reprehensible life at court, where she was terribly talked about, though she is said not to have cared a cent.

She developed into a marvelous politician, and early

seeing that the French people were largely governed by the literary lights of that time, she began to cultivate the acquaintance of the magazine writers, and tried to join the Authors' Club.

She then became prominent by originating a method of doing up the hair, which has since grown popular among people whose hair has not, like my own, been already "done up."

This style of Mme. Pompadour's was at once popular with the young men who ran the throttles of the soda fountains of that time, and is still well spoken of. A young friend of mine trained his hair up from his forehead in that way once and could not get it down again. During his funeral his hair, which had been glued down by the undertaker, became surprised at something said by the clergyman and pushed out the end of his casket.

The king tired in a few years of Mme. Pompadour and wished that he had not encouraged her to run away from her husband. She, however, retained her hold upon the blasé and alcoholic monarch by her wonderful versatility and genius.

When all her talents as an artiste and politician palled upon his old rum-soaked and emaciated brain, and ennui, like a mighty canker, ate away large corners of his moth-eaten soul, she would sit in the gloaming and sing to him, "Hard Times, Hard Times, Come Again No More," meantime accompanying herself on the harpsichord or the sackbut or whatever they played in those days. Then she instituted theatricals, giving, through the aid of the nobility, a very good version of "Peck's Bad Boy" and "Lend Me Five Centimes."

She finally lost her influence over Looey the XV, and as he got to be an old man the thought suddenly occurred to him to reform, and so he had Mme. Pompadour be-

headed at the age of forty-two years. This little story should teach us that no matter how gifted we are, or how high we may wear our hair, our ambitions must be tempered by honor and integrity; also that pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a plunk.

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

"My Marsa John," he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups—dat's one ob 'em you's drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' dan fo' on 'em left. Old marsa would have his pot ob tea: Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready, an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says:

" 'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

" 'Dat's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

" 'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you an' de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

" 'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' marsa says, lookin' up:

" 'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad.'

" 'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says, 'I'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd old marsa a-hollerin':

" 'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?'

" 'Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

" 'Is we got a goose?' said I.

" '*Is we got a goose?* Didn't you help pick it?'

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

" 'Now see what de ladies 'll have for dinner,' says old marsa, pickin' up his caarvin' knife.

" 'What'll you take for dinner, miss?' says I. 'Baked ham?'

" 'No,' she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; 'I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose'—jes so.

"Well, marsa, cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman 'll have.'

" 'What 'll you take for dinner, sah?' says I. 'Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?'

" 'No; I think I'll take a leg of dat goose,' he says.

"I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa'n't a-gwine to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen ole marsa lookin' for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like:

" 'Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?'

" 'It didn't hab none,' says I.

" 'You mean ter say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?'

" 'Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

" 'Well,' said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwineter show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly

went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down so, an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheek.

" 'Dar, marsa,' says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered, an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

" 'Stop, you black scoun'rel!' Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem gooses did n't put down de udder leg!

" 'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I'll show you'—

" 'Stop, Marsa John!' I hollered; ' 't ain't fair, 't ain't fair.'

" 'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

" ' 'Cause,' says I, 'you did n't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table'."

Chad laughed until he choked.

"And did he thrash you?"

"Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an' den dat night he says to me as I was puttin' some wood on de fire:

" 'Chad, where did dat leg go?' An' so I ups an' tells him all about Henny, an' how I was lyin' 'case I was 'feared de gal would git hurt, an' how she was on'y a-foolin', thinkin' it was my goose; an' den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an' den he says:

"'Dat's Colonel Barbour's Henny, ain't it, Chad?'

"'Yes, marsa,' says I.

"Well, de next mawnin' he had his black horse saddled, an' I held the stirrup for him to git on, an' he rode ober to de Barbour plantation, an' didn't come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa'n't easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an' shinin' same as a' angel's.

"'Chad,' he says, handin' me de reins, 'I bought yo' Henny dis arternoon from Colonel Barbour, an' she's comin' ober to-morrow, an' you can bofe git married next Sunday.'"

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR

BY J. K. WETHERILL

Perhaps unconscious humor does not appeal to the more amiable side of our sense of mirth, for it excites in us a conceited feeling of superiority over those who are making us laugh,—but its unexpectedness and infinite variety render it irresistible to a certain class of minds. The duly labeled "joke" follows a certain law and rule; whereas no jester could invent the *grotesqueries* of the unconscious humorist.

As a humble gleaner after the editorial scythe,—or, to be truly modern, I should say mowing-machine,—I have gathered some strange sheaves of this sort of humor. Like many provincial newspapers, that to which I am attached makes a feature of printing the social happenings in villages of the surrounding country, and these out-of-town correspondents "don't do a thing to" the English language. One of them invariably refers to the social lights of his vicinity as "our prominent socialists," and describes some individual as "happening to an accident." To another, every festal occasion is "a bower of beauty and a scene of fairyland." Blue-penciling they resent, and one of them wrote to complain that a descriptive effort of his had been "much altered and deranged." The paper also publishes portraits of children and young women, and it is in the descriptions accompanying these pictures that the rural correspondent excels himself. One wound up his eulogy in an apparently irrepressible burst of enthusiasm:

"She is indeed a *tout ensemble.*" A child of six months was described as "studious"; and another correspondent went into details thus: "Little Willie has only one large blue eye, the other having been punched out by his brother with a stick, by accident." A small child was accredited with "a pleasing disposition and a keen juvenile conception."

The following are some of the descriptive phrases applied to village belles: "She is perfectly at home on the piano, where her executions have attained international celebrity." . . . "She possesses a mine of repartee and the qualities which have long rendered illustive her noble family." . . . "Her carriage and disposition are swanlike." . . . "Her eyes can express pathetic pathos, but flash forth fiery independence when her country's name is traduced." . . . "She has a molded arm, and her Junolike form glides with a rhythmic move in the soft swell of a Strauss." . . . "Her chestnut hair gives a rich recess to her lovely, fawnlike eyes, which shine like a star set in the crown of an angel." . . . One writer becomes absolutely incoherent in his admiration, and lavishes a mixture of metaphors upon his subject: "She portrays a picture worthy of a Raphael. She dances like the fairies before the heavenly spirits. She looks like a celestial goddess from an outburst of morning-glories; her lovely form would assume a phantomlike flash as she glides the floor, as though she were a mystic dream."

Scarcely less rich in unconscious humor are some of the effusions of those who have literary aspirations. A descriptive article contains a reference to "a lonely house that stood in silent mutiny." "Indians who border on civilization, an interesting people in their superstitious way," infested the vicinity, and one of the points of interest was the Wild Man's Leap, "so called from an In-

dian who is said to have leaped across to get away from some men who were trying to expatriate him." An aspirant made this generous offer: "I will write you an article every week if you so wish it, as I have nothing to do after supper." Modest was the request of another, concerning remuneration: "I do not ask for money, but would like you to send me a small monkey. I already have a parrot."

But no finer specimen of unconscious humor has ever fallen under the sub-editorial eye than "The Beautiful Circus Girl." In these enterprising days rising young authors sometimes boast in print of their ignorance of grammar and spelling, but the author of the aforementioned bit of fiction surpasses them all in that respect. It seems only just that such a unique gem should be rescued from the dull obscurity of the waste-basket.

THE BEAUTIFUL CIRCUS GIRL

Some years ago the quaint but slow little village of Mariana was all on the qui-of-eve with excitement. Pasted on every tree and sign was announcements of Hall's circus, and the aperence of pretty Rose Floid in the pearless feets of tight-rope dancing, and Seignor Paul Paulo as her attendent. All the vilage was agog, for in their midst had old Hall and his Wife whome he always (spoke of as the Misus) taken a small but quaint cotage, so as to make quiet and please Rose whose guardien he was.

In the distanse was seen an advancing teem, and mounted on its box driving was W. Alexander, distinguished as to aperence, tallent, and that charm, *money*. He was of the most patricien aristocrats of the place. Placed on the summit of one of those hils that spring up

in the most unexpected ways and degrees was the quaint old Tudor mansion of the Alexanders called Waterloo, in rememberence of the home of his ancestors which now rests on the banks of the Potomack; a legend as to war and romance. Though bearing with him all the honners that Cambridg could confere, W. Alexander was a faverite in the vilage, being ever ready with a kind enquiry as to Parent, or peny for marbles, not forgetting his boyhoods days. Though the beau par excelant of the vilage, and posessing vast landed estate and a kind retinu, he was not haughty.

Every one was eger to see Rose perform. She in her pasage too and frow had won by her sweet manners (many likings) ere she exhibited her skill.

The eventful hour of promis came and what a crowd was there. Rose came fourth, asisted by Paul Paulo. His form was molded even as an Apolo, and his eger eye was fixed on the bony girl. She ballanced her pole, saught her equiliberum, and every heart was at her desposal, not accepting W. Alexander. Seeing this, the dark pashonate eye of the Italian scowled.

So droped the curtain of the first performance. And W. Alexander stroled on towards his home, heart and head full of the beautiful circus girl, thoughts were very conflicting, love at first sight.

(We will skip, for want of space, the exquisite passages descriptive of the mutual love of Rose and W. Alexander, and pass on to the finale.)

There was a paus, a sencation, and Rose came fourth to meander in mid-air. Admeration was at its hight, as she swayed too and frow as it were a winged egle from some etherial climb.

Low! a paus—the rope snaps—and Rose falls to erth a helpless mass of youth and beauty. The venerable man

of medicin closed her star-lit eyes now forever dimed to this world. And all knew she had walked the last rope that bound her to this erth.

What, who, was her murderer?

The rope seemed to be cut with some jaged instrument so that when her tiny feat pressed its coils it became her destroyer.

Suspician pointed at the Italian.

W. Alexander's old Father of sympathy now the strongest, entreted our Hero to sale for distent shores, there asisted by that balm time and change, there assuage his grefe.

Well, came the last evening, and with the sadest of hearts and a bunch of sweet violets W. Alexander went to bid a long fare well.

But as he neared the sacred spot his heart seemed deadened. Prone on her grave changing the snowy whiteness of the flowers with its crimson die was the body of Paul Paulo. Who by his own hand caused his life blood to floe as an attonement.

UP AND DOWN OLD BRANDYWINE

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Up and down old Brandywine,
In the days 'at's past and gone—
With a dad-burn hook-and-line
And a saplin'-pole—i swawn!
I've had more fun, to the square
Inch, than ever *any*where!
Heaven to come can't discount mine
Up and down old Brandywine!

Haint no sense in *wishin'*—yit
Wisht to goodness I *could* jes
"Gee" the blame world round and git
Back to that old happiness!—
Kindo' drive back in the shade
"The old Covered Bridge" there laid
Crosst the crick, and sorto' soak
My soul over, hub and spoke!

Honest, now!—it haint no *dream*
'At I'm wantin',—but *the fac's*
As they wuz; the same old stream,
And the same old times, i jacks!—
Gim me back my bare feet—and
Stonebruise too!—And scratched and tanned!
And let hottest dog-days shine
Up and down old Brandywine!

In and on betwixt the trees
'Long the banks, pour down yer noon,
Kindo' curdled with the breeze
And the yallerhammer's tune;
And the smokin', chokin' dust
O' the turnpike at its wusst—
Saturd'ys, say, when it seems
Road's jes jammed with country teams!—

Whilse the old town, fur away
'Crosst the hazy pastur'-land,
Dozed-like in the heat o' day
Peaceful' as a hired hand.
Jolt the gravel th'ough the floor
O' the old bridge!—grind and roar
With yer blame percession-line—
Up and down old Brandywine!

Souse me and my new straw-hat
Off the foot-log!—what *I* care?—
Fist shoved in the crown o' that—
Like the old Clown ust to wear.
Wouldn't swop it fer a' old
Gin-u-wine raal crown o' gold!—
Keep yer *King* ef you'll gim me
Jes the boy I ust to be!

Spill my fishin'-worms! er steal
My best "goggle-eye!"—but you
Can't lay hands on joys I feel
Nibblin' like they ust to do!
So, in memory, to-day
Same old ripple lips away
At my cork and saggin' line,
Up and down old Brandywine!

There the logs is, round the hill,
  Where "Old Irvin" ust to lift
Out sunfish from daylight till
  Dew-fall—'fore he'd leave "The Drift"
    And give *us* a chance—and then
    Kindo' fish back home again,
    Ketchin' 'em jes left and right
    Where *we* hadn't got "a bite!"

Er, 'way windin' out and in,—
  Old path th'ough the iurnweeds
And dog-fennel to yer chin—
  Then come suddent, th'ough the reeds
    And cat-tails, smack into where
    Them-air woods-hogs ust to scare
    Us clean 'crosst the County-line,
    Up and down old Brandywine!

But the dim roar o' the dam
  It 'ud coax us furder still
Tords the old race, slow and ca'm,
  Slidin' on to Huston's mill—
    Where, I 'spect, "The Freeport crowd"
    Never *warmed* to us er 'lowed
    We wuz quite so overly
    Welcome as we aimed to be.

Still it peared-like ever'thing—
  Fur away from home as *there*—
Had more *relish*-like, i jing!—
  Fish in stream, er bird in air!
    O them rich old bottom-lands,
    Past where Cowden's Schoolhouse stands!
    Wortermelons—*master-mine!*
    Up and down old Brandywine!

And sich pop-paws!—Lumps o' raw
  Gold and green,—jes oozy th'ough
With ripe yaller—like you've saw
  Custard-pie with no crust to:
    And jes *gorges* o' wild plums,
    Till a feller'd suck his thumbs
    Clean up to his elbows! *My!—*
    Me some more er lem me die!

Up and down old Brandywine!....
  Stripe me with pokeberry-juice!—
Flick me with a pizenvine
  And yell "*Yip!*" and lem me loose!
    —Old now as I then wuz young,
    'F I could sing as I *have* sung,
    Song 'ud surely ring *dee-vine*
    Up and down old Brandywine!

JONES

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

I

I could have taken "No" like a man, and would have gone away decently and never bothered her again. I told her so straight out in the first angry flush of my rejection—but this string business, with everything left hanging in the air, so to speak, made a fellow feel like thirty cents.

"It simply means that I'm engaged and you are not," I said.

"It's nothing of the kind," she returned tearfully. "You're as free as free, Ezra. You can go away this moment, and never write or anything!"

Her lips trembled as she said this, and I confess it gave me a kind of savage pleasure to feel that it was still in my power to hurt her.

It may sound unkind, but still you must admit that the whole situation was exasperating. Here was five-foot-five of exquisite, blooming, twenty-year-old American girlhood sending away the man she confessed to care for, because, forsooth, she would not marry before her elder sister! I always thought it was beautiful of Freddy (she was named Frederica, you know) to be always so sweet and tender and grateful about Eleanor; but sometimes gratitude can be carried altogether too far, even if you *are* an orphan, and *were* brought up by hand. Eleanor was

thirty-four if a day—a nice enough woman, of course, and college bred, and cultivated, and clever—but her long suit wasn't good looks. She was tall and bony; worshipped genius and all that; and played the violin.

"No," repeated Freddy, "I shall never, never marry before Eleanor. It would mortify her—I know it would—and make her feel that she herself had failed. She's awfully frank about those things, Ezra—surprisingly frank. I don't see why being an old maid is always supposed to be so funny, do you? It's touching and tragic in a woman who'd like to marry and who isn't asked!"

"But Eleanor must have had heaps of offers," I said, "surely—"

"Just one."

"Well, one's something," I remarked cheerfully. "Why didn't she take him then?"

"She told me only last night that she was sorry she hadn't!"

Here, at any rate, was something to chew on. I saw a gleam of hope. Why shouldn't Eleanor marry the only one—and make us all happy!

"That was three years ago," said Freddy.

"I have loved you for four," I retorted. I was cross with disappointment. To be dashed to the ground, you know, just as I was beginning— "Tell me some more about him," I went on. I'm a plain business man and hang on to an idea like a bulldog; once I get my teeth in they stay in, for all you may drag at me and wallop me with an umbrella—metaphorically speaking, of course.

"Tell me his name, where he lives, and all."

"We were coming back from Colorado, and there was some mistake about our tickets. They sold our Pullman drawing-room twice over—to Doctor Jones and his mother, and also to ourselves. You never saw such a fight

—and that led to our making friends, and his proposing to Eleanor!"

"Then why in Heaven's name didn't she" (it was on the tip of my tongue to say "jump at him") "take him?"

"She said she couldn't marry a man who was her intellectual inferior."

"And was he?"

"Oh, he was a perfect idiot—but nice, and all that, and tremendously in love with her. Pity, wasn't it?"

"The obvious thing to do is to chase him up instantly. Where did you say he lived?"

"His mother told me he was going to New York to practice medicine."

"But didn't you ever hear from him again? I mean, was that the end of it all?"

"Yes."

"Then you don't even know if he has married since?"

"No!"

"Nor died?"

"No."

"Nor anything at all?"

"No."

"What was his first name?"

"Wait a moment . . . let me think . . . yes, it was Harry."

"Just Harry Jones, then, New York City?"

Freddy laughed forlornly.

"But he must have had antecedents," I cried out. "There are two ways of doing this Sherlock Holmes business—backward and forward, you know. Let's take Doctor Jones backward. As they say in post-office forms —what was his place of origin?"

"New York City."

"He begins there and ends there, does he, then?"

"Yes."

"But how sure are you that Eleanor would marry him if I did manage to find him and bring him back?"

"I'm not sure at all."

"No, but Freddy, listen—it's important. You told me yourself that she—I want the very identical words she used."

Freddy reflected.

"She said she was almost sorry she hadn't accepted that silly doctor!"

"That doesn't seem much, does it?" I remarked gloomily.

"Oh, from Eleanor it does, Ezra. She said it quite seriously. She always hides her feelings under a veil of sarcastic humor, you know."

"You're certainly a very difficult family to marry," I said.

"Being an orphan—" she began.

"Well, I'm going to find that Jones if I—!"

"Ezra, dear boy, you're crazy. How could you think for a moment that—"

"I'm off, little girl. Good-by!"

"Wait a second, Ezra!"

She rose and went into the next room, reappearing with something in her hand. She was crying and smiling both at once. I took the little case she gave me—it was like one of those things that pen-knives are put in—and looked at her for an explanation.

"It's the h-h-hindleg of a j-j-jack-rabbit," she said, "shot by a g-g-grave at the f-f-full of the moon. It's supposed to be l-l-lucky. It was given to me by a naval officer who got drowned. It's the only way I can h-h-help you!"

And thus equipped I started bravely for New York.

II

In the directory I found eleven pages of Joneses; three hundred and eighty-four Henry Joneses; and (excluding seventeen dentists) eighty-seven Doctor Henry Joneses. I asked one of the typists in the office to copy out the list, and prepared to wade in. We were on the eve of a labor war, and it was exceedingly difficult for me to get away. As the managing partner of Hodge & Westoby, boxers (not punching boxers, nor China boxers, but just plain American box-making boxers), I had to bear the brunt of the whole affair, and had about as much spare time as you could heap on a ten-cent piece. I had to be firm, conciliatory, defiant and tactful all at once, and every hour I took off for Jonesing threatened to blow the business sky-high. It was a tight place and no mistake, and it was simply jack-rabbit hindleg luck that pulled me through!

My first Jones was a hoary old rascal above a drug store. He was a hard man to get away from, and made such a fuss about my wasting his time with idle questions that I flung him a dollar and departed. He followed me down to my cab and insisted on sticking in a giant bottle of his Dog-Root Tonic. I dropped it overboard a few blocks farther on, and thought that was the end of it till the whole street began to yell at me, and a policeman grabbed my horse, while a street arab darted up breathless with the Dog-Root Tonic. I presented it to him, together with a quarter, the policeman darkly regarding me as an incipient madman.

The second Jones was a man of about thirty, a nice, gentlemanly fellow, in a fine office. I have usually been an off-hand man in business, accustomed to quick decisions and very little beating about the bush. But I confess I was rather nonplussed with the second Jones. How

the devil was I to *begin?* His waiting-room was full of people, and I hardly felt entitled to sit down and gas about one thing and the other till the chance offered of leading up to the Van Coorts. So I said I had some queer, shooting sensations in the chest. In five minutes he had me half-stripped and was pounding my midriff in. And the questions that man asked! He began with my grandparents, roamed through my childhood and youth, dissected my early manhood, and finally came down to coffee and what I ate for breakfast.

Then it was my turn.

I asked him, as a starter, whether he had ever been in Colorado?

No, he hadn't.

After forty-five minutes of being hammered, and stethoscoped, and punched, and holding my breath till I was purple, and hopping on one leg, he said I was a very obscure case of something with nine syllables!

"At least, I won't be positive with one examination," he said; "but kindly come to-morrow at nine, when I shall be more at leisure to go into the matter thoroughly."

I paid him ten dollars and went sorrowfully away.

The third Jones was too old to be my man; so was the fourth; the fifth had gone away the month before, leaving no address; the sixth, however, was younger and more promising. I thought this time I'd choose something easier than pains in the chest. I changed them to my left hand. I was going to keep my clothes on, anyhow. But it wasn't any use. Off they came. After a decent interval of thumping and grandfathers, and what I had for breakfast, I managed to get in my question:

"Ever in Colorado, Doctor?"

"Oh, dear me, no!"

Another ten dollars, and nothing accomplished!

The seventh Jones was again too old; the eighth was a pale hobbledehoy; the ninth was a loathsome quack; the tenth had died that morning; the eleventh was busy; the twelfth was a veterinary surgeon; the thirteenth was an intern living at home with his widowed sister. Colorado? No, the widowed sister was positive he had never been there. The fourteenth was a handsome fellow of about thirty-five. He looked poor and threadbare, and I had a glimpse of a shabby bed behind a screen. Patients obviously did not often come his way, and his joy at seeing me was pitiful. I had meant to try a bluff and get in my Colorado question this time free of charge; but I hadn't the heart to do it. Slight pains in the head seemed a safe complaint.

After a few questions he said he would have to make a thorough physical examination.

"No clothes off!" I protested.

"It's essential," he said, and went on with something about the radio-activity of the brain, and the vasomotor centers. The word motor made me feel like a sick automobile. I begged to keep my clothes on; I insisted; I promised to come to-morrow; but it wasn't any good, and in a few minutes he was hitting me harder than either of the two before. Maybe I was more tender! He electrocuted me extra from a switchboard, ran red-hot needles into my legs, and finally, after banging me around the room, said I was the strongest and wellest man who had ever entered his office.

"There's a lot of make-believe in medicine," he said; "but I'm one of those poor devils who can't help telling a patient the truth. There's nothing whatever the matter with you, Mr. Westoby, except that your skin has a slightly abrased look, and I seem to notice an abnormal sensitiveness to touch."

"Were you ever in Colorado, Doctor?" I asked while he was good enough to help me into my shirt.

"Oh, yes, I know Colorado well!"

My heart beat high.

"Some friends of mine were out there three years ago," I said. "Wouldn't it be strange if by any chance the Van Coorts—"

"Oh, I left Denver when I was fifteen."

Five dollars!

The fifteenth Jones was a doctor of divinity; the sixteenth was a tapeworm specialist; the seventeenth was too old, the eighteenth was too old, the nineteenth was too old—a trio of disappointing patriarchs. The twentieth painted out black eyes; the twenty-first was a Russian who could scarcely speak any English. He said he had changed his name from Karaforvochristophervitch to something more suited to American pronunciation. He seemed to think that Jones gave him a better chance. I sincerely hope it did. He told me that all the rest of the Jones family was in Siberia, but that he was going to bomb them out! The twenty-second was a negro. The twenty-third—! He was a tall, youngish man, narrow-shouldered, rather commonplace-looking, with beautiful blue eyes, and a timid, winning, deprecatory manner. I told him I was suffering from insomnia. After raking over my grandfathers again and bringing the family history down by stages to the very moment I was shown into his office he said he should have to ask me to undergo a thorough physical—! But I was tired of being slapped and punched and breathed on and prodded, and was bold enough to refuse point-blank. I'd rather have the insomnia! We worked up quite a fuss about it, for there was something tenacious in the fellow, for all his mild, kind, gentle ways; and I had all I could do to get off by

pleading press of business. But I wasn't to escape scot-free. Medical science had to get even somehow. He compromised by stinging my eye out with belladonna. Have *you* ever had belladonna squirted in *your* eye? Well, don't.

He was sitting at the table, writing out some cabalistic wiggles that stood for bromide of potassium, when I remarked casually that it was strange how well I could always sleep in Colorado.

He laid down the pen with a sigh.

"A wonderful state—Colorado," I observed.

"To me it's the land of memories," he said. "Sad, beautiful, irrevocable memories—try tea for breakfast—do you read Browning? Then you will remember that line: 'Oh, if I—' And I insist on your giving up that cocktail before dinner."

"Some very dear friends of mine were once in Colorado," I said. "Morristown people—the Van Coorts."

"The Van Coorts!"

Doctor Jones sprang from his chair, his thin, handsome face flushing with excitement.

"Do you mean to say that you know Eleanor Van Coort?" he gasped.

"All my life."

He dropped back into the chair again and mumbled something about cigars. I was only to have blank a day. In his perturbation I believe he limited me to a daily box. He was trying—and trying very badly—to conceal the emotions I had conjured up.

"They were talking about you only yesterday," I went on. "That is, if it *was* you! A Pullman drawing-room—"

"And a mistake about the tickets," he broke out. "Yes, yes, it's they all right. Talking about me, did you say? Did Eleanor—I mean, did Miss Van Coort—express—?"

"She was wondering how she could find you," I said. "You see, they're busy getting up a house-party and she was running over her men. 'If I only knew where that dear Doctor Jones was,' she said, and then asked me, if by any possible chance—"

His fine blue eyes were glistening with all sorts of tender thoughts. It was really touching. And I was in love myself, you know.

"So she has remained unmarried!" he exclaimed softly. "Unmarried—after all these years!"

"She's a very popular girl," I said. "She's had dozens of men at her feet—but an unfortunate attachment, something that seems to go back to about three years ago, has apparently determined her to stay out of the game!"

Doctor Jones dropped his head on his hands and murmured something that sounded like "Eleanor, Eleanor!" Then he looked up with one of the most radiant smiles I ever saw on a man's face. "I hope I'm not presuming on a very short acquaintance," he said, "but the fact is—why should I not tell you?—Miss Van Coort was the woman in my life!"

I explained to him that Freddy was the woman in mine.

Then you ought to have seen us fraternize!

In twenty minutes I had him almost convinced that Eleanor had loved him all these years. But he worried a lot about a Mr. Wise who had been on the same train, and a certain Colonel Hadow who had also paid Eleanor attention. Jones was a great fellow for wanting to be sure. I pooh-poohed them out of the way and gave him the open track. Then, indeed, the clouds rolled away. He beamed with joy. In his rich gush of friendship he recurred to the subject of my insomnia with a new-born enthusiasm. He subdivided all my symptoms. He dived again into my physical being. He consulted German au-

thorities. I squirmed and lied and resisted all I could, but he said he owed me an eternal debt that could only be liquidated by an absolute cure. He wanted to tie me up and shoot me with an X-ray. He ordered me to wear white socks. He had a long, terrifying look at a drop of my blood. He jerked hairs out of my head to sample my nerve force. He said I was a baffling subject, but that he meant to make me well if it took the last shot in the scientific locker. And he wound up at last by refusing point-blank to be paid a cent!

I waltzed away on air to write an account of the whole affair to Freddy, and dictate a plan of operations. I was justified in feeling proud of myself. Most men would have tamely submitted to their fate instead of chasing up all the Joneses of Jonesville! Freddy sent me an early answer—a gay, happy, overflowing little note—telling me to try and engage Doctor Jones for a three-day house-party at Morristown. I was to telegraph when he could come, and was promised an official invitation from Mrs. Matthewman. (She was the aunt, you know, that they lived with—one of those old porcelain ladies with a lace cap and a rent-roll.) However, I could not do anything for two days, for we had reached a crisis in the labor troubles, and matters were approaching the breaking point. We were threatened with one of those "sympathetic" strikes that drive business men crazy. There was no question at issue between ourselves and our employes; but the thing ramified off somewhere to the sugar vacuum-boiler riveters' union. Finally the S. V. B. R. U. came to a settlement with their bosses, and peace was permitted to descend on Hodge & Westoby's.

I took immediate advantage of it to descend myself on Doctor Jones. He received me with open arms and an insomniacal outburst. He had been reading up; he had

been seeing distinguished confrères; he had been mastering the subject to the last dot, and was panting to begin. I hated to dampen such friendship and ardor by telling him that I had completely recovered. Under the circumstances it seemed brutal—but I did it. The poor fellow tried to argue with me, but I insisted that I now slept like a top. It sounded horribly ungrateful. Here I was spurning the treasures of his mind, and almost insulting him with my disgusting good health. I swerved off to the house-party; Eleanor's delight, and so on; Mrs. Matthewman's pending invitation; the hope that he might have an early date free—

He listened to it all in silence, walking restlessly about the office, his blue eyes shining with a strange light. He took up a bronze paper-weight and gazed at it with an intensity of self-absorption.

"I can't go," he said.

"Oh, but you have to," I exclaimed.

"Mr. Westoby," he resumed, "I was foolish enough to back a friend's credit at a store here. He has skipped to Minnesota, and I am left with three hundred and four dollars and seventy-five cents to pay. To take a three days' holiday would be a serious matter to me at any time, but at this moment it is impossible."

I gave him a good long look. He didn't strike me as a borrowing kind of man. I should probably insult him by volunteering. Was there ever anything so unfortunate?

"I can't go," he repeated with a little choke.

"You may never have another opportunity," I said. "Eleanor is doing a thing I should never have expected from one of her proud and reserved nature. The advances of such a woman—"

He interrupted me with a groan.

"If it wasn't for my mother I'd throw everything to the winds and fly to her," he burst out. "But I have a mother—a sainted mother, Mr. Westoby—her welfare must always be my first consideration!"

"Is there no chance of anything turning up?" I said. "An appendicitis case—an outbreak of measles? I thought there was a lot of scarlatina just now."

He shook his head dejectedly.

"Doctor," I began again, "I am pretty well fixed myself. I'm blessed with an income that runs to five figures. If all goes the way it should we shall be brothers-in-law in six months. We are almost relations. Give me the privilege of taking over this small obligation—"

I never saw a man so overcome. My proposal seemed to tear the poor devil to pieces. When he spoke his voice was trembling.

"You don't know what it means to me to refuse," he said. "My self-respect . . . my—my . . ." And then he positively began to weep!

"You said three hundred and four dollars and seventy-five cents, I believe?"

He waved it from him with a long, lean hand.

"I can not do it," he said; "and, for God's sake, don't ask me to!"

I argued with him for twenty minutes; I laid the question before him in a million lights; I racked him with a picture of Eleanor, so deeply hurt, so mortified, that in her recklessness and despair she would probably throw herself away on the first man that offered! This was his chance, I told him; the one chance of his life; he was letting a piece of idiotic pride wreck the probable happiness of years. He agreed with me with moans and weeps. He had the candor of a child and the torrential sentiment of a German musician. Three hundred and four dollars

and seventy-five cents stood between him and eternal bliss, and yet he waved my pocketbook from him! And all the while I saw myself losing Freddy.

I went away with his "no, no, no!" still ringing in my ears.

At the club I found a note from Freddy. She pressed me to lose no time. Mrs. Matthewman was talking of going to Europe, and of course she and Eleanor would have to accompany her. Eleanor, she said, had ordered two new gowns and had brightened up wonderfully. "Only yesterday she told me she wished that silly doctor would hurry up and come—and that, you know, from Eleanor is almost a declaration!"

Some of my best friends happened to be in the club. It occurred to me that poor Nevill was diabetic, and that Charley Crossman had been boring everybody about his gout. I buttonholed them both, and laid my unfortunate predicament before them. I said I'd pay all the expenses. In fact, the more they could make it cost the better I'd be pleased.

"What," roared Nevill, "put myself in the hands of a young fool so that he may fill his empty pockets with your money! Where do *I* come in? Good heavens, Westoby, you're crazy! Think what would happen to me if it came to Doctor Saltworthy's ears? He'd never have anything more to do with me!"

Charley Crossman was equally rebellious and unreasonable.

"I guess you've never had the gout," he said grimly.

"But Charley, old man," I pleaded, "all that you'd have to do would be to let him *talk* to you. I don't ask you to suffer for it. Just pay—that's all—pay my money!"

"I'm awfully easily talked into things," said Charley. (There was never such a mule on the Produce Ex-

change.) "He'd be saying, 'Take this'—and I'm the kind of blankety-blank fool that would take it!"

Then I did a mean thing. I reminded Crossman of having backed some bills of his—big bills, too—at a time when it was touch and go whether he'd manage to keep his head above water.

"Westoby," he replied, "don't think that time has lessened my sense of that obligation. I'd cut off my right hand to do you a good turn. But for heaven's sake, don't ask me to monkey with my gout!"

The best I could get out of him was the promise of an anemic servant-girl. Nevill generously threw in a groom with varicose veins. Small contributions, but thankfully received.

"Now, what you do," said Nevill, "is to go round right off and interview Bishop Jordan. He has sick people to burn!"

But I said Jones would get on to it if I deluged him with the misery of the slums.

"That's just where the bishop comes in," said Nevill. "There isn't a man more in touch with the saddest kind of poverty in New York—the decent, clean, shrinking poverty that hides away from all the dead-head coffee and doughnuts. If I was in your fix I'd fall over myself to reach Jordan!"

"Yes, you try Jordan," said Charley, who, I'm sure, had never heard of him before.

"Then it's me for Jordan," said I.

I went down stairs and told one of the bell-boys to look up the address in the telephone-book. It seemed to me he looked pale, that boy.

"Aren't you well, Dan?" I said.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, sir. I guess it must be the night work."

I gave him a five-dollar bill and made him write down 1892 Eighth Avenue on a piece of paper.

"You go and see Doctor Jones first thing," I said. "And don't mention my name, nor spend the money on *Her Mad Marriage.*"

I jumped into a hansom with a pleasant sense that I was beginning to make the fur fly.

"That's a horrible cold of yours, Cabby," I said as we stopped at the bishop's door and I handed him up a dollar bill. "That's just the kind of a cold that makes graveyards hum!"

"I can't shake it off, sir," he said despondently. "Try what I can, and it's never no use!"

"There's one doctor in the world who can cure anything," I said; "Doctor Henry Jones, 1892 Eighth Avenue. I was worse than you two weeks ago, and now look at me! Take this five dollars, and for heaven's sake, man, put yourself in his hands quick."

Bishop Jordan was a fine type of modern clergyman. He was broad-shouldered mentally as well as physically, and he brought to philanthropic work the thoroughness, care, enthusiasm and capacity that would have earned him a fortune in business.

"Bishop," I said, "I've come to see if I can't make a trade with you!"

He raised his grizzled eyebrows and gave me a very searching look.

"A trade," he repeated in a holding-back kind of tone, as though wondering what the trap was.

"Here's a check for one thousand dollars drawn to your order," I went on. "And here's the address of Doctor Henry Jones, 1892 Eighth Avenue. I want this money to reach him via your sick people, and that without my name being known or at all suspected."

"May I not ask the meaning of so peculiar a request?"

"He's hard up," I said, "and I want to help him. It occurred to me that I might make you—er—a confederate in my little game, you know."

His eyes twinkled as he slowly folded up my check and put it in his pocket.

"I don't want any economy about it, Bishop," I went on. "I don't want to make the best use of it, or anything of that kind. I want to slap it into Doctor Jones' till, and slap it in quick."

"Would you consider two weeks—?"

"Oh, one, please!"

"It is understood, of course, that this young man is a duly qualified and capable physician, and that in the event of my finding it otherwise I shall be at liberty to direct your check to other uses?"

"Oh, I can answer for his being all right, Bishop. He's thoroughly up-to-date, you know; does the X-ray act; and keeps the pace of modern science."

"You say you can answer for him," said the bishop genially. "Might I inquire who *you* are?"

"I'm named Westoby—Ezra Westoby—managing partner of Hodge & Westoby, boxers."

"I like boxers," said the bishop in the tone of a benediction, rising to dismiss me. "I like one thousand dollar checks, too. When you have any more to spare just give them a fair wind in this direction!"

I went out feeling that the Episcopal Church had risen fifty per cent. in my esteem. Bishops like that would make a success of any denomination. I like to see a fellow who's on to his job.

I gave Jones a week to grapple with the new developments, and then happened along. The anteroom was full, and there was a queue down the street like a line of mu-

sic-loving citizens waiting to hear Patti. Nice, decent-looking people, with money in their hands. (I always like to see a cash business, don't you?) I guess it took me an hour to crowd my way up stairs, and even then I had to buy a man out of the line.

Jones was carrying off the boom more quietly than I cared about. He wore a curt, snappy air. I don't know why, but I felt misgivings as I shook hands with him.

Of course I commented on the rush.

"The Lord only knows what's happened to my practice," he said. "The blamed thing has gone up like a rocket. It seems to me there must be a great wave of sickness passing over New York just now."

"Everybody's complaining," I said.

This reminded him of my insomnia till I cut him short.

"What's the matter with our going down to the Van Coorts' from Saturday to Tuesday," I said. "They haven't given up the hope of seeing you there, Doctor, and the thing's still open."

Then I waited for him to jump with joy.

He didn't jump a bit. He shook his head. He distinctly said "No."

"I told you it was the money side of it that bothered me," he explained. "So it was at the time, for, of course, I couldn't foresee that my practice was going to fill the street and call for policemen to keep order. But, my dear Westoby, after giving the subject a great deal of consideration I have come to the conclusion that it would be too painful for me to revive those—those—unhappy emotions I was just beginning to recover from!"

"I thought you loved her!" I exclaimed.

"That's why I've determined not to go," he said. "I have outlived one refusal. How do I know I have the strength, the determination, the hardihood to undergo the agonies of another?"

It seemed a feeble remark to say that faint heart never won fair lady. I growled it out more like a swear than anything else. I was disgusted with the chump.

"She's the star above me," he said; "and I am crushed by my own presumption. Is there any such fool as the man that breaks his heart twice for the impossible?"

"But it isn't impossible," I cried. "Hasn't she—as far as a woman can—hasn't she called you back to her? What more do you expect her to do? A woman's delicacy forbids her screaming for a man! I think Eleanor has already gone a tremendous way in just hinting—"

"You may be right," he said pathetically; "but then you may also be wrong. The risk is too terrible for me to run. It will comfort me all my life to think that perhaps she does love me in secret!"

"Do you mean to say you're going to give it all up?" I roared.

"You needn't get so warm about it," he returned. "After all, I have some justification in thinking she doesn't care."

"What on earth do you suppose she invited you for, then?"

"Well, it would be different," he said, "if I had a note from her—a flower—some little tender reminder of those dear old dead days in the Pullman!"

"She's saving up all that for Morristown," I said.

For the first time in our acquaintance Doctor Jones looked at me with suspicion. His blue eyes clouded. He was growing a little restive under my handling.

"You seem to make the matter a very personal one," he observed.

"Well, I love Freddy," I explained. "It naturally brings your own case very close to me. And then I am so positive that you love Eleanor and that Eleanor loves you.

Put yourself in my place, Doctor! Do you mean that you'd do nothing to bring two such noble hearts together?"

He seized my hand and wrung it effusively. He really *did* love Eleanor, you know. The only fault with him was his being so darned humble about it. He was eaten up with a sense of his own inferiority. And yet I could see he was just tingling to go to Morristown. Of course, I crowded him all I could, but the best I could accomplish was his promise to "think it over." I hated to leave him wabbling, but patients were scuffling at the door and fighting on the stairs.

The next thing I did was to get Freddy on the long-distance 'phone.

"Freddy," I said, after explaining the situation, "you must get Eleanor to telegraph to him direct!"

"What's the good of asking what she won't do?" bubbled the sweet little voice.

"Can't you persuade her?"

"I know she won't do it!"

"Then you must forge it," I said desperately. "It needn't be anything red-hot, you know. But something tender and sincere: 'Shall be awfully disappointed if you don't come,' or, 'There was a time when you would not have failed me!' "

"It's impossible."

"Then he won't budge a single inch!" I replied.

"Ezra?"

"Darling!"

"Suppose I just signed the telegram Van Coort?"

"The very thing!"

"If he misunderstood it—I mean if he thought it really came from Eleanor—there couldn't be any fuss about it afterward, could there?"

"And, of course, you'll send the official invitation from Mrs. Matthewman besides?"

"For Saturday?"

"Yes, Saturday!"

"And *you'll* come?"

"Just watch me!"

"Ezra, are you happy?"

"That depends on Jones."

"Oh, isn't it exciting?"

"I have the ring in my pocket—"

"But touch wood, won't you?"

"Freddy?"

"Yes—"

"What's the matter with getting some forget-me-nots and mailing them to Jones in an envelope?"

"All right, I'll attend to it. Eighteen ninety-two Eighth Avenue, isn't it?"

"Be sure it *is* forget-me-nots, you know. Don't mix up the language of flowers, and send him one that says: 'I'm off with a handsomer man,' or, 'You needn't come round any more!' "

"Oh, Ezra, Eleanor is really getting quite worked up!"

"So am I!"

"Wouldn't it be perfectly splendid if— Switch off quick, here's aunt coming!"

"Mayn't I even say I love you?"

"I daren't say it back, Ezra—she's calling."

"But *do* you?"

"Yes, unfortunately—"

"Why unfortun—?"

Buzz-buzz-swizzleum-bux-bux!—Aunt had cut us off. However, short as my talk with Freddy had been, it brightened my whole day.

Late the same afternoon I went back to Doctor Jones.

I was prepared to find him uplifted, but I hadn't counted on his being maudlin. The fellow was drunk, positively drunk—with happiness. His tongue ran on like a mill-stream. I had to sit down and have the whole Pullman-car episode inflicted on me a second time. I was shown the receipt-slip. I was shown the telegram from Eleanor. I was shown with a whoop the forget-me-nots! Then he was going on Saturday? I asked. He said he guessed it would take an earthquake to keep him away, and a pretty big earthquake, too! . . . Oh, it was a great moment, and all the greater because I was tremendously worked up, too. I saw Freddy floating before me, my sweet, girl-ish, darling Freddy, holding out her arms . . . while Jones gassed and gassed and gassed. . . .

I left him taking phenacetin for his headache.

III

The house-party had grown a little larger than was originally intended. On Saturday night we sat down twelve to dinner. Doctor Jones and I shared a room to-gether, and I must say whatever misgivings I might have had about him wore away very quickly on closer ac-quaintance. In the first place he looked well in evening dress, carrying himself with a sort of shy, kind air that became him immensely. At table he developed the great-est of conversational gifts—that of the appreciative and intelligent listener. I heard one of the guests asking Eleanor who was that charming young man. Freddy and I hugged each other (I mean metaphorically, of course) and gloried in his success. In the presence of an admirer (such is the mystery of women) Eleanor in-stantly got fifteen points better looking, and you wouldn't have known her for the same girl. Freddy thought it

was the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar gown she wore, but I could see it was deeper than that. She was thawing in the sunshine of love, and I'll do Doctor Jones the justice to say that he didn't hide his affection under a bushel. It was generous enough for everybody to bask in, and in his pell-mell ardor he took us all to his bosom. The women loved him for it, and entered into a tacit conspiracy to gain him the right-of-way to wherever Eleanor was to be found. In fact, he followed her about like a dog, and she could scarcely move without stepping on him.

Sunday was even better. One of the housemaids drank some wood-alcohol by mistake for vichy water, and the resulting uproar redounded to Jones' coolness, skill and despatch. He dominated the situation and—well, I won't describe it, this not being a medical work, and the reader probably being a good guesser. Mrs. Matthewman remarked significantly that it must be nice to be the wife of a medical man—one would always have the safe feeling of a doctor at hand in case anything happened at night! Eleanor said it was a beautiful profession that had for its object the alleviation of human pain. Freddy jealously tried to get in a good word for boxers, but nobody would listen to her except me. It was all Jones, Jones, Jones, and the triumphs of modern medicine. Altogether he sailed through that whole day with flying colors, first with the housemaid, and then afterward at church, where he was the only one that knew what Sunday after Epiphany it was. He made it plainer than ever that he was a model young man and a pattern. Mrs. Matthewman compared him to her departed husband, and talked about old-fashioned courtesy and the splendid men of her youth. Everybody fell over everybody else to praise him. It was a regular Jones boom. People

began to write down his address, and ask him if he'd be free Thursday, or what about Friday, and started to book seats in advance.

That evening, as I was washing my hands before dinner and cheerfully whistling *Hiawatha,* I became conscious that Jones was lolling back on a sofa at the dark end of the room. What particularly arrested my attention was a groan—preceded by a pack of heartrending sighs. It worried me—when everything seemed to be going so well. He had every right to be whistling *Hiawatha,* too.

"What's the matter, Jones?" said I.

He keeled over on the sofa, and groaned louder than ever.

"It isn't possible—that she's refused you?" I exclaimed. He muttered something about his mother.

"Well, what about your mother?" I said.

"Westoby," he returned, "I guess I was the worst kind of fool ever to put my foot into this house."

That was nice news, wasn't it? Just as I was settling in my head to buy that Seventy-second Street place, and alter the basement into a garage!

"You see, old man, my mother would never consent to my marrying Eleanor. I'm in the position of having to choose between her and the woman I love. And I owe so much to my mother, Westoby. She stinted herself for years to get me through college; she hardly had enough to eat; she . . . . " Then he groaned a lot more.

"I can't think that your mother—a mother like yours, Jones—would consent to stand between you and your lifelong happiness. It's morbid—that's what I call it—morbid, just to dream of such a thing."

"There's Bertha," he quavered.

"Great Scott, and who's Bertha?"

"The girl my mother chose for me two years ago—Bertha McNutt, you know. She'd really prefer me not to marry at all, but if I must—it's Bertha, Westoby—Bertha or nothing!"

"It's too late to say that now, old fellow."

"It's not too late for me to go home this very night."

"Well, Jones," I broke out, "I can't think you'd do such a caddish thing as that. Think it over for a minute. You come down here; you sweep that unfortunate girl off her feet; you make love to her with the fury of a stage villain; you force her to betray her very evident partiality for you—and then you have the effrontery to say: 'Good-by. I'm off.' "

"My mother—" he began.

"You simply can not act so dishonorably, Jones."

He sat silent for a little while.

"My mother—" he started in again finally.

"Surely your mother loves you?" I demanded.

"That's the terrible part of it, Westoby, she—"

"Pooh!"

"She stinted herself to get me through col—"

"Then why did you ever come here?"

"That's just the question I'm asking myself now."

"I don't see that you have any right to assume all that about your mother, anyway. Eleanor Van Coort is a woman of a thousand—unimpeachable social position—a little fortune of her own—accomplished, handsome, charming, sought after—why, if you managed to win such a girl as that your mother would walk on air."

"No, she wouldn't. Bertha—"

"You're a pretty cheap lover," I said. "I don't set up to be a little tin hero, but I'd go through fire and water for *my* girl. Good heavens, love is love, and all the mothers—"

He let out a few more groans.

"Then, see here, Jones," I went on, "you owe some courtesy to our hostess. If you went away to-night it would be an insult. Whatever you decide to do later, you've simply got to stay here till Tuesday morning!"

"Must I?" he said, in the tone of a person who is ordered not to leave the sinking ship.

"A gentleman has to," I said.

He quavered out a sort of acquiescence, and then asked me for the loan of a white tie. I should have loved to give him a bowstring instead, with somebody who knew how to operate it. He was a fluff, that fellow—a tarnation fluff!

IV

It was a pretty glum evening all round. Most of them thought that Jones had got the chilly mitt. Eleanor looked pale and undecided, not knowing what to make of Jones' death's-head face. She was resentful and pitying in turns, and I saw all the material lying around for a first-class conflagration. Freddy was a bit down on me, too, saying that a smoother method would have ironed out Jones, and that I had been headlong and silly. She cried over it, and wouldn't kiss me in the dark; and I was goaded into saying—well, the course of true love ran in bumps that night. There was only one redeeming circumstance, and that was my managing to keep Jones and Eleanor apart. I mean that I insisted on being number three till at last poor Eleanor said she had a headache, and forlornly went up to bed.

Jones was still asleep when I got up the next morning at six and dressed myself quietly so as not to awake him. It was now Monday, and you can see for yourself there was no time to spare. I gave the butler a dollar, and or-

dered him to say that unexpected business had called me away without warning, but that I should be back by luncheon. I rather overdid the earliness of it all. At least, I hove off 1892 Eighth Avenue at eight-fifteen A. M. I loitered about; looked at pawnshop windows; gave a careful examination to a forty-eight-dollar-ninety-eight-cent complete outfit for a four-room flat; had a chat with a policeman; assisted at a runaway; advanced a nickel to a colored gentleman in distress; had my shoes shined by another; helped a child catch an escaped parrot—and still it wasn't nine! Idleness is a grinding occupation, especially on Eighth Avenue in the morning.

Mrs. Jones was a thin, straight-backed, brisk old lady, with a keen tongue, and a Yankee faculty for coming to the point. I besought her indulgence, and laid the whole Eleanor matter before her—at least, as much of it as seemed wise. I appeared in the rôle of her son's warmest admirer and best friend.

"Surely you won't let Harry ruin his life from a mistaken sense of his duty to you?"

"Duty, fiddlesticks!" said she. "He's going to marry Bertha McNutt!"

"But he doesn't want to marry Bertha McNutt!"

"Then he needn't marry anybody."

She seemed to think this a triumphant answer. Indeed, in some ways I must confess it was. But still I persevered.

"It puts me out to have him shilly-shallying around like this," she said. "I'll give him a good talking to when he gets back. This other arrangement has been understood between Mrs. McNutt and myself for years."

She was an irritating person. I found it not a little difficult to keep my temper with her. It's easier to fight dragons than to temporize with them and appeal to their

better nature. I appealed and appealed. She watched me with the same air of interested detachment that one gives to a squirrel revolving in a cage. I could feel that she was flattered; her sense of power was agreeably tickled; my earnestness and despair enhanced the zest of her reiterated refusals. I was a very nice young man, but her son was going to marry Bertha McNutt or marry nobody!

Then I tried to draw a lurid picture of his revolt from her apron-strings.

"Oh, Harry's a good boy," she said. "You can't make me believe that two days has altered his whole character. I'll answer for his doing what I want."

I felt a precisely similar conviction, and my heart sank into my shoes.

At this moment there was a tap at the door, and another old lady bounced in. She was stout, jolly-looking and effusive. The greetings between the pair were warm, and they were evidently old friends. But underneath the new-comer's gush and noise I was dimly conscious of a sort of gay hostility. She was exultant and frightened, both at once, and her eyes were sparkling.

"Well, what do you think?" she cried out explosively.

Mrs. Jones' lips tightened. There was a mean streak in that old woman. I could see she was feeling for her little hatchet, and was getting out her little gun.

"Bertha!" exploded the old lady. "Bertha—"

(Mysterious mental processes at once informed me that this was none other than Bertha's mother.)

Mrs. Jones was coolly taking aim. I was reminded of that old military dictum: "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes!"

"Bertha," vociferated the old lady fiercely—"Bertha has been secretly married to Mr. Stuffenhammer for the last three months!"

Another series of kinematographic mental processes informed me that Mr. Stuffenhammer was an immense catch.

"Twenty thousand dollars a year, and her own carriage," continued Mrs. McNutt gloatingly. "You could have knocked me down with a feather. Bertha is such a considerate child; she insisted on marrying secretly so that she could tone it down by degrees to poor Harry; though there was no engagement or anything like that, she could not help feeling, of course, that she owed it to the dear boy to gradually—"

Mrs. Jones never turned a hair or moved a muscle.

"You needn't pity Harry," she said. "I've just got the good news that he's engaged to one of the sweetest and richest girls in Morristown."

I jumped for my hat and ran.

V

You never saw anybody so electrified as Jones. For a good minute he couldn't even speak. It was like bringing a horseback reprieve to the hero on the stage. He repeated "Stuffenhammer, Stuffenhammer," in tones that Henry Irving might have envied, while I gently undid the noose around his neck. I led him under a tree and told him to buck up. He did so—slowly and surely—and then began to ask me agitated questions about proposing. He deferred to me as though I had spent my whole life Bluebearding through the social system. He wanted to be coached how to do it, you know. I told him to rip out the words—any old words—and then kiss her.

"Don't let there be any embarrassing pause," I said. "A girl hates pauses."

"It seems a great liberty," he returned. "It doesn't strike me as r-r-respectful."

"You try it," I said. "It's the only way."

"I'll be glad when it's over," he remarked dreamily.

"Whatever you do, keep clear of set speeches," I went on. "Blurt it out, no matter how badly—but with all the fire and ginger in you."

He gazed at me like a dead calf.

"Here goes," he said, and started on a trembling walk toward the house.

I don't know whether he was afraid, or didn't get the chance, or what it was; but at any rate the afternoon wore on without the least sign of his coming to time. I kept tab on him as well as I could—checkers with Miss Drayton—half an hour writing letters—a long talk with the major—and finally his getting lost altogether in the shrubbery with an old lady. Freddy said the suspense was killing her, and was terribly despondent and miserable. I couldn't interest her in the Seventy-second Street house at all. She asked what was the good of working and worrying, and figuring and making lists—when in all probability it would be another girl that would live there. She had an awfully mean opinion of my constancy, and was intolerably philosophical and Oh-I-wouldn't-blame-you-the-least-little-bit-if-you-did-go-off-and-marry-somebody-else! She took a pathetic pleasure in loving me, losing me, and then weeping over the dear dead memory. She said nobody ever got what they wanted, anyway; and might she come, when she was old and ugly and faded and weary, to take care of my children and be a sort of dear old aunty in the Seventy-second Street house. I said certainly not, and we had a fight right away.

As we were dressing for dinner that night I took Jones

to task, and tried to stiffen him up. I guess I must have mismanaged it somehow, for he said he'd thank me to keep my paws out of his affairs, and then went into the bath-room, where he shaved and growled for ten whole minutes. I itched to throw a bootjack at him, but compromised on doing a little growling myself. Afterward we got into our clothes in silence, and as he went out first he slammed the door.

It was a disheartening evening. We played progressive uchre for a silly prize, and we all got shuffled up wrong and had to stay so. Then the major did amateur conjuring till we nearly died. I was thankful to sneak out-of-doors and smoke a cigar under the starlight. I walked up and down, consigning Jones to—well, where I thought he belonged. I thought of the time I had wasted over the fellow—the good money—the hopes—I was savage with disappointment, and when I heard Freddy softly calling me from the veranda I zigzagged away through the trees toward the lodge gate. There are moments when a man is better left alone. Besides, I was in one of those self-tormenting humors when it is a positive pleasure to pile on the agony. When you're eighty-eight per cent. miserable it's hell not to reach par. I was sore all over, and I wanted the balm—the consolation—to be found in the company of those cold old stars, who had looked down in their time on such countless generations of human asses. It gave me a wonderful sense of fellowship with the past and future.

I was reflecting on what an infinitesimal speck I was in the general scheme of things, when I heard the footfall of another human speck, stumbling through the dark and carrying a dress-suit case. It was Jones himself, outward bound, and doing five knots an hour. I was after him in a second, doing six.

"Jones!" I cried.

He never even turned round.

I grabbed him by the arm. He wasn't going to walk away from me like that.

"Where are you going?" I demanded.

"Home!"

"But say, stop; you can't do that. It's too darned rude. We don't break up till to-morrow."

"I'm breaking up now," he said.

"But—"

"Let go my arm—!"

"Oh, but, my dear chap—" I began.

"Don't you dear chap me!"

We strode on in silence. Even his back looked sullen, and his face under the gaslights—

"Westoby," he broke out suddenly, "if there's one thing I'm sensitive about it is my name. Slap me in the face, turn the hose on me, rip the coat off my back—and you'd be astounded by my mildness. But when it comes to my name I—I'm a tiger!"

"A tiger," I repeated encouragingly.

"It all went swimmingly," he continued in a tone of angry confidence. "For five seconds I was the happiest man in the United States. I—I did everything you said, you know, and I was dumfounded at my own success. S-s-she loves me, Westoby."

I gazed inquiringly at the dress-suit case.

"We don't belong to any common Joneses. We're Connecticut Joneses. In fact, we're the only Joneses—and the name is as dear to me, as sacred, as I suppose that of Westoby is, perhaps, to you. And yet—and yet—do you know what she actually said to me? Said to me, holding my hand, and, and—that the only thing she didn't like about me was my *name*."

I contrived to get out, "Good heavens!" with the proper astonishment.

"I told her that Van Coort didn't strike me as being anything very extra."

"Wouldn't it have been wiser to—?"

"Oh, for myself, I'd do anything in the world for her. But a fellow has to show a little decent pride. A fellow owes something to his family, doesn't he? As a man I love the ground she walks on; as a Jones—well, if she feels like that about it—I told her she had better wait for a De Montmorency."

"But she didn't say she wouldn't marry you, did she?"

"N-o-o-o!"

"She didn't ask you to *change* your name, did she?"

"N-o-o-o!"

"And do you mean to say that just for one unfortunate remark—a remark that any one might have made in the agitation of the moment—you're deliberately turning your back on her, and her broken heart!"

"Oh, she's red-hot, too, you know, over what I said about the Van Coorts."

"She couldn't have realized that you belonged to the Connecticut Joneses. *I* didn't know it. *I*—"

"Well, it's all off now," he said.

It was a mile to the depot. For Jones it was a mile of reproaches, scoldings, lectures and insults. For myself I shall ever remember it as the mile of my life. I pleaded, argued, extenuated and explained. My lifelong happiness—Freddy—the Seventy-second Street house—were walking away from me in the dark while I jerked unavailingly at Jones' coat-tails. The whole outfit disappeared into a car, leaving me on the platform with the ashes of my hopes. Of all obstinate, mulish, pig-headed, copper-riveted—

I was lucky enough to find Eleanor crying softly to herself in a corner of the veranda. The sight of her tears revived my fainting courage. I thought of Bruce and the spider, and waded in.

"Eleanor," I said, "I've just been seeing poor Jones off."

She sobbed out something to the effect that she didn't care.

"No, you can't care very much," I said, "or you wouldn't send a man like that—a splendid fellow—a member of one of the oldest and proudest families of Connecticut—to his death."

"Death?"

"Well, he's off for Japan to-morrow. They're getting through fifty doctors a week out there at the front. They're shot down faster than they can set them up."

I was unprepared for the effect of this on Eleanor. For two cents she would have fainted then and there. It's awful to hear a woman moan, and clench her teeth, and pant for breath.

"Oh, Eleanor, can't you do anything?"

"I am helpless, Ezra. My pride—my woman's pride—"

"Oh, how can you let such trifles stand between you? Think of him out there, in his tattered Japanese uniform —so far from home, so lonely, so heartbroken—standing undaunted in that rain of steel, while—"

"Oh, Ezra, stop! I can't bear it! I can't bear it!"

"Is the love of three years to be thrown aside like an old glove, just because—"

Her face was so wild and strained that the lies froze upon my tongue.

"Oh, Ezra, I could follow him barefooted through the snow if only he—"

"He's leaving Grand Central to-morrow at ten forty-five," I said.

She fumbled at her neck, and almost tore away the diamond locket that reposed there.

"Take him this," she whispered hoarsely. "Take it to him at once, and say I sent it. Say that I beg him to return—that my pride crumbles at the thought of his going away so far into danger."

I put the locket carefully into my pocket.

"And, Eleanor, try and don't rub him the wrong way about his name. Is it worth while? There have to be Joneses, you know."

"Tell him," she burst out, "tell him—oh, I never meant to wound him—truly, I didn't . . . a name that's good enough for him is good enough for me!"

The next morning at nine I pulled up my Porcher-Mufflin car before Jones' door. He was sitting at his table reading a book, and he made no motion to rise as I came in. He gave me a pale, expressionless stare instead, such as an ancient Christian might have worn when the call-boy told him the lions were ready in the Colosseum. Resignation, obstinacy and defiance—all nicely blended under a turn-the-other-cheek exterior. He looked woebegone, and his thin, handsome face betrayed a sleepless night and a breakfastless morning. I could feel that my presence was the last straw to this unfortunate medical camel.

I threw in a genial remark about the weather, and took a seat.

Jones hunched himself together, and squirmed a sad little squirm.

"Mr. Westoby," he said, "I once made use of a very strong expression in regard to you. I said, if you remember, that I'd be obliged if you'd keep your paws—"

"Don't apologize," I interrupted. "I forgot it long ago."

"You've taken me up wrong," he continued drearily. "I should like you to consider the remark repeated now. Yes, sir, repeated."

"Oh, bosh!" I exclaimed.

"You have a very tough epidermis," he went on. "Quite the toughest epidermis I have met with in my whole professional career. A paper adequately treating your epidermis would make a sensation before any medical society."

Somehow I couldn't feel properly insulted. The whole business struck me as irresistibly comical. I lay back in my chair—my uninvited chair—and roared with laughter.

I couldn't forbear asking him what treatment he'd recommend.

He pointed to the door, and said laconically: "Fresh air."

I retorted by laying the diamond locket before him.

"My dear fellow," I said, as he gazed at it transfixed, "don't let us go on like a pair of fools. Eleanor charged me to give you this, and beg you to return."

I don't believe he heard me at all. That flashing trinket was far more eloquent than any words of mine. He laid his head in his hands beside it, and his whole body trembled with emotion. He trembled and trembled, till finally I got tired of waiting. I poked him in the back, and reminded him that my car was waiting down stairs. He rose with a strange, bewildered air, and submitted like a child to be led into the street. He had the locket clenched in his hand, and every now and then he would glance at it as though unable to believe his eyes. I shut him into the tonneau, and took a seat beside my chauffeur.

"Let her out, James," I said.

James let her out with a vengeance. There was a sunny-haired housemaid at the Van Coorts' . . . and it was a crack, new, four-cylinder car with a direct drive on the top speed. Off we went like the wind, jouncing poor Jones around the tonneau like a pea in a pill-box. But he didn't care. Was he not seraphically whizzing through space, obeying the diamond telegram of love? In the gentle whizzle and bang of the whole performance he even ventured to raise his voice in song, and I could overhear him behind me, adding a lyrical finish to the hum of the machinery. It was a walloping run, and we only throttled down on the outskirts of Morristown. You see I had to coach him about that Japanese war business, or else there might be trouble! So I leaned over the back seat and gently broke it to him. I thought I had managed it rather well. I felt sure he could understand, I said, the absolute need of a little—embellishing and—

"Let me out," he said.

I feverishly went on explaining.

"If you don't let me out I'll climb out," he said, and began to make as good as his word over the tonneau.

Of course, there was nothing for it but to stop the car.

Jones deliberately descended and headed for New York.

I ran after him, while the chauffeur turned the car round and slowly followed us both. It was a queer procession. First Jones, then I, then the car.

Finally I overtook him.

"Jones," I panted. "Jones."

He muttered something about Ananias, and speeded up.

"But it was an awfully tight place," I pleaded. "Something had to be done; you must make allowances; it was

the first thing that came into my head—and you must admit that it worked, Jones. Didn't she send you the locket? Didn't she—?"

"What a prancing, show-off, matinée fool you've made me look!" he burst out. "I have an old mother to support. I have an increasing practice. I have already attracted some little attention in my chosen field—eye, ear and throat. A nice figure I'd cut, traipsing around the battle-fields in a kimono, and looking for a kindly bullet to lay me low. If I were ever tempted by such a thing—which God forbid—wouldn't I prefer to spread bacilli on buttered toast?"

"I never thought of that," I said humbly.

"I have known retail liars," he went on. "But I guess you are the only wholesaler in the business. When other people are content with ones and twos, you get them out in grosses, packed for export!"

He went on slamming me like this for miles. Anybody else would have given him up as hopeless. I don't want to praise myself, but if I have one good quality it's staying power. I pleaded and argued, and expostulated and explained, with the determination of a man whose back is to the wall. I wasn't going to lose Freddy so long as there was breath in my body. However, it wasn't the least good in the world. Jones was as impervious as sole-leather, and as unshaken as a marble pillar.

Then I played my last card.

I told him the truth! Not the *whole* truth, of course, but within ten per cent. of it. About Freddy, you know, and how she was determined not to marry before her elder sister, and how Eleanor's only preference seemed to be for him, and how with such a slender clue to work on I had engineered everything up to this point.

"If I have seemed to you intolerably prying and of-

ficious," I said, "well, at any rate, Jones, there's my excuse. It rests with you to give me Freddy or take her from me. Turn back, and you'll make me the happiest man alive; go forward, and—and—"

I watched him out of the corner of my eye.

His tread lost some of its elasticity. He was short-circuiting inside. Positively he began to look sort of sympathetic and human.

"Westoby," he said at last, in a voice almost of awe, "when they get up another world's fair you must have a building to yourself. You're colossal, that's what you are!"

"I'm only in love," I said.

"Well, that's the love that moves mountains," he said. "If anybody had told me that I should . . ." He stopped irresolutely on the word.

"Oh, to think I have to stand for all that rot!" he bleated.

I was too wise to say a word. I simply motioned James to switch the car around and back up. I shooed Jones into the tonneau and turned the knob on him. He snuggled back in the cushions, and smiled—yes smiled—with a beautiful, blue-eyed, far-away, indulgent expression that warmed me like spring sunshine. Not that I felt absolutely safe even yet—of course I couldn't—but still—

We ran into Freddy and Eleanor at the lodge gates. I had already telephoned the former to expect us, so as to have everything fall out naturally when the time came. We stopped the car, and descended—Jones and I—and he walked straight off with Eleanor, while I side-stepped with Freddy.

She and I were almost too excited to talk. It was now or never, you know, and there was an awfully solemn look about both their backs that was either reassuring or

alarming—we couldn't decide quite which. Freddy and I simply held our breath and waited.

Finally, after an age, Jones and Eleanor turned, still close in talk, still solemn and enigmatical, and drew toward us very slowly and deliberately. When they had got quite close, and the tension was at the breaking point, Eleanor suddenly made a little rush, and, with a loud sob, threw her arms round Freddy's neck.

Jones fidgeted nervously about, and seemed to quail under my questioning eyes. It was impossible to tell whether things had gone right or not. I waited for him to speak . . . I saw words forming themselves hesitatingly on his lips . . . he bent toward me quite confidentially . . .

"Say, old man," he whispered, "is there any place around here where a fellow can buy an engagement ring?"

THE BEAR STORY

THAT ALEX "IST MAKED UP HIS-OWN-SE'F"

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

W'y, wunst they wuz a Little Boy went out
In the woods to shoot a Bear. So, he went out
'Way in the grea'-big woods—he did.—An' he
Wuz goin' along—an' goin' along, you know,
An' purty soon he heerd somepin' go *"Wooh!"*—
Ist thataway—*"Woo-ooh!"* An' he wuz *skeered,*
He wuz. An' so he runned an' clumbed a tree—
A grea'-big tree, he did,—a sicka-*more* tree.
An' nen he heerd it ag'in: an' he looked round,
An' *'t'uz a Bear!—a grea'-big shore-nuff Bear!*—
No: 't'uz *two* Bears, it wuz—two grea'-big Bears—
One of 'em wuz—ist *one's* a *grea'-big* Bear.—
But they ist *boff* went *"Wooh!"*—An' here *they* come
To climb the tree an' git the Little Boy
An' eat him up!

An' nen the Little Boy
He 'uz skeered worse'n ever! An' here come
The grea'-big Bear a-climbin' th' tree to git
The Little Boy an' eat him up—Oh, *no!*—
It 'uzn't the *Big* Bear 'at clumb the tree—
It 'uz the *Little* Bear. So here *he* come
Climbin' the tree—an' climbin' the tree! Nen when
He git wite *clos't* to the Little Boy, w'y nen

The Little Boy he ist pulled up his gun
An' *shot* the Bear, he did, an' killed him dead!
An' nen the Bear he falled clean on down out
The tree—away clean to the ground, he did—
Spling-splung! he falled *plum* down, an' killed him, too!
An' lit wite side o' where the *Big* Bear's at.

An' nen the Big Bear's awful mad, you bet!—
'Cause—'cause the Little Boy he shot his gun
An' killed the *Little* Bear.—'Cause the *Big* Bear
He—he 'uz the Little Bear's Papa.—An' so here
He come to climb the big old tree an' git
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' when
The Little Boy he saw the *grea'-big Bear*
A-comin', he 'uz badder skeered, he wuz,
Than *any* time! An' so he think he'll climb
Up *higher*—'way up higher in the tree
Than the old *Bear* kin climb, you know.—But he—
He *can't* climb higher 'an old *Bears* kin climb,—
'Cause Bears kin climb up higher in the trees
Than any little Boys in all the Wo-r-r-ld!

An' so here come the grea'-big Bear, he did,—
A-climbin' up—an' up the tree, to git
The Little Boy an' eat him up! An' so
The Little Boy he clumbed on higher, an' higher,
An' higher up the tree—an' higher—an' higher—
An' higher'n iss-here *house* is!—An' here come
Th' old Bear—clos'ter to him all the time!—
An' nen—first thing you know,—when th' old Big Bear
Wuz wite clos't to him—nen the Little Boy
Ist jabbed his gun wite in the old Bear's mouf
An' shot an' killed him dead!—No; I *fergot,*—
He didn't shoot the grea'-big Bear at all—

'Cause *they 'uz no load in the gun,* you know—
'Cause when he shot the *Little* Bear, w'y, nen
No load 'uz any more nen *in* the gun!

But th' Little Boy clumbed *higher* up, he did—
He clumbed *lots* higher—an' on up *higher*—an' higher
An' *higher*—tel he ist *can't* climb no higher,
'Cause nen the limbs 'uz all so little, 'way
Up in the teeny-weeny tip-top of
The tree, they'd break down wiv him ef he don't
Be keerful! So he stop an' think: An' nen
He look around—An' here come th' old Bear!

An' so the Little Boy make up his mind
He's got to ist git out o' there *some* way!—
'Cause here come the old Bear!—so clos't, his bref's
Purt 'nigh so's he kin feel how hot it is
Ag'inst his bare feet—ist like old "Ring's" bref
When he's ben out a-huntin' an's all tired.
So when th' old Bear's so clos't—the Little Boy
Ist gives a grea'-big jump fer *'nother* tree—
No!—no he don't do that!—I tell you what
The Little Boy does:—W'y, nen—w'y, he—Oh, *yes*—
The Little Boy *he finds a hole up there*
'At's in the tree—an' climbs in there an' *hides*—
An' *nen* th' old Bear can't find the Little Boy
At all!—But, purty soon th' old Bear finds
The Little Boy's *gun* 'at's up there—'cause the *gun*
It's too *tall* to tooked wiv him in the hole.
So, when the old Bear find' the *gun,* he knows
The Little Boy's ist *hid* 'round *somers* there,—
An' th' old Bear 'gins to snuff an' sniff around,
An' sniff an' snuff around—so's he kin find
Out where the Little Boy's hid at.—An' nen—nen—

Oh, *yes!*—W'y, purty soon the old Bear climbs
'Way out on a big limb—a grea'-long limb,—
An' nen the Little Boy climbs out the hole
An' takes his ax an' chops the limb off! . . . Nen
The old Bear falls *k-splunge!* clean to the ground
An' bust an' kill hisse'f plum dead, he did!

An' nen the Little Boy he git his gun
An' 'menced a-climbin' down the tree ag'in—
No!—no, he *didn't* git his *gun*—'cause when
The *Bear* falled, nen the *gun* falled, too—An' broked
It all to pieces, too!—An' *nicest* gun!—
His Pa ist buyed it!—An' the Little Boy
Ist cried, he did; an' went on climbin' down
The tree—an' climbin' down—an' climbin' down!—
An'-sir! when he 'uz purt'-nigh down,—w'y, nen
The old Bear he jumped up ag'in!—an' he
Ain't dead at all—ist *'tendin'* thataway,
So he kin git the Little Boy an' eat
Him up! But the Little Boy he 'uz too smart
To climb clean *down* the tree.—An' the old Bear
He can't climb *up* the tree no more—'cause when
He fell, he broke one of his—he broke *all*
His legs!—an' nen he *couldn't* climb! But he
Ist won't go 'way an' let the Little Boy
Come down out of the tree. An' the old Bear
Ist growls 'round there, he does—ist growls an' goes
"Wooh!—woo-ooh!" all the time! An' Little Boy
He haf to stay up in the tree—all night—
An' 'thout no *supper* neether!—On'y they
Wuz *apples* on the tree!—An' Little Boy
Et apples—ist all night—an' cried—an' cried!
Nen when 't'uz morning th' old Bear went *"Wooh!"*
Ag'in, an' try to climb up in the tree

An' git the Little Boy.—But he *can't*
Climb t'save his *soul,* he can't!—An' *oh!* he's *mad!*—
He ist tear up the ground! an' go *"Woo-ooh!"*
An'—*Oh, yes!*—purty soon, when morning's come
All *light*—so's you kin *see,* you know,—w'y, nen
The old Bear finds the Little Boy's *gun,* you know,
'At's on the ground.—(An' it ain't broke at all—
I ist *said* that!) An' so the old Bear think
He'll take the gun an' *shoot* the Little Boy:—
But *Bears they* don't know much 'bout shootin' guns:
So when he go to shoot the Little Boy,
The old Bear got the *other* end the gun
Ag'in' his shoulder, 'stid o' *th'other* end—
So when he try to shoot the Little Boy,
It shot *the Bear,* it did—an' killed him dead!
An' nen the Little Boy clumb down the tree
An' chopped his old woolly head off:—Yes, an' killed
The *other* Bear ag'in, he did—an' killed
All *boff* the bears, he did—an' tuk 'em home
An' *cooked* 'em, too, an' *et* 'em!
—An' that's all.

COLONEL CARTER'S STORY OF THE POST-MASTER

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

"Take, for instance, the town of Caartersville: look at that peaceful village which for mo' than a hundred years has enjoyed the privileges of free government; and not only Caartersville, but all our section of the State."

"Well, what's the matter with Cartersville?" asked Fitz, lighting his cigar.

"Mattah, suh! Just look at the degradation it fell into hardly ten years ago. A Yankee jedge jurisdiction our laws, a Yankee sheriff enfo'cin' 'em, and a Yankee postmaster distributin' letters and sellin' postage stamps."

"But they were elected all right, Colonel, and represented the will of the people."

"What people? Yo' people, not mine. No, my dear Fitz; the Administration succeeding the war treated us shamefully, and will go down to postehity as infamous."

The colonel here left his chair and began pacing the floor, his indignation rising at every step.

"To give you an idea, suh," he continued, "of what we Southern people suffe'd immediately after the fall of the Confederacy, let me state a case that came under my own observation.

"Coloner Temple Talcott of F'okeer County, Virginia, came into Talcottville one mornin', suh,—a town settled by his ancestors,—ridin' upon his horse—or rather a mule belongin' to his overseer. Colonel Talcott, suh, belonged

to one of the vehy fust families in Virginia. He was a son of Jedge Thaxton Talcott, and grandson of General Snowden Stafford Talcott of the Revolutionary War. Now, suh, let me tell you right here that the Talcott blood is as blue as the sky, and that every gentleman bearin' the name is known all over the county as a man whose honor is dearer to him than his life, and whose word is as good as his bond. Well, suh, on this mornin' Colonel Talcott left his plantation in charge of his overseer,—he was workin' it on shares,—and rode through his estate to his ancestral town, some five miles distant. It is true, suh, these estates were no longer in his name, but that had no bearin' on the events that followed; he ought to have owned them, and would have done so but for some vehy ungentlemanly fo'closure proceedin's which occurred immediately after the war.

"On arriving at Talcottville the colonel dismounted, handed the reins to his servant,—or perhaps one of the niggers around de do'—and entered the post-office. Now, suh, let me tell you that one month befo', the Government, contrary to the express wishes of a great many of our leadin' citizens, had sent a Yankee postmaster to Talcottville to administer the postal affairs of the town. No sooner had this man taken possession than he began to be exclusive, suh, and to put on airs. The vehy fust air he put on was to build a fence in his office and compel our people to transact their business through a hole. This in itself was vehy gallin', suh, for up to that time the mail had always been dumped out on the table in the stage office and every gentleman had he'ped himself. The next thing was the closin' of his mail bags at a' hour fixed by himself. This became a great inconvenience to our citizens, who were often late in finishin' their correspondence, and who had always found our former post-

master willin' either to hold the bag over until the next day, or to send it across to Drummondtown by a boy to catch a later train.

"Well, suh, Colonel Talcott's mission to the post-office was to mail a letter to his factor in Richmond, Virginia, on business of the utmost importance to himself,—namely, the raisin' of a small loan upon his share of the crop. Not the crop that was planted, suh, but the crop that he expected to plant.

"Colonel Talcott approached the hole, and with that Chesterfieldian manner which has distinguished the Talcotts for mo' than two centuries, asked the postmaster for the loan of a three-cent postage stamp.

"To his astonishment, suh, he was refused.

"Think of a Talcott in his own county town bein' refused a three-cent postage stamp by a low-lived Yankee, who had never known a gentleman in his life! The colonel's first impulse was to haul the scoundrel through the hole and caarve him; but then he remembered that he was a Talcott and could not demean himself, and drawin' himself up again with that manner which was grace itself he requested the loan of a three-cent postage stamp until he should communicate with his factor in Richmond, Virginia; and again he was refused. Well, suh, what was there left for a high-toned Southern gentleman to do? Colonel Talcott drew his revolver and shot that Yankee scoundrel through the heart, and killed him on the spot.

"And now, suh, comes the most remarkable part of the story. If it had not been for Major Tom Yancey, Jedge Kerfoot and myself, there would have been a lawsuit."

Fitz lay back in his chair and roared.

"And they did not hang the colonel?"

"Hang a Talcott! No, suh; we don't hang gentlemen down our way. Jedge Kerfoot vehy properly charged

the coroner's jury that it was a matter of self-defense, and Colonel Talcott was not detained mo' than haalf an hour."

The colonel stopped, unlocked a closet in the sideboard, and produced a black bottle labeled in ink, "Old Cherry Bounce, 1848."

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, but the discussion of these topics has quite unnerved me. Allow me to share with you a thimbleful."

Fitz drained the glass, cast his eyes upward, and said solemnly, "To the repose of the postmaster's soul."

LOVE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

BY S. E. KISER

I

Oh, if you only knowed how much I like
To stand here, when the "old man" ain't around,
And watch your soft, white fingers while you pound
Away at them there keys! Each time you strike
It almost seems to me as though you'd found
Some way, while writin' letters, how to play
Sweet music on that thing, because the sound
Is something I could listen to all day.

You're twenty-five or six, and I'm fourteen,
And you don't hardly ever notice me—
But when you do, you call me Willie! Gee,
I wisht I'd bundles of the old long green
And could be twenty-eight or nine or so,
And something happened to your other beau.

VI

When you're typewritin' and that long-legged clerk
Tips back there on his chair and smiles at you,
And you look up and get to smilin', too,
I'd like to go and give his chair a jerk
And send him flyin' till his head went through
The door that goes out to the hall, and when
They picked him up he'd be all black and blue
And you'd be nearly busted laughin' then.

But if I done it, maybe you would run
And hold his head and smooth his hair and say
It made you sad that he got dumped that way,
And I'd get h'isted out for what I done—
I wish that he'd get fired and you'd stay
And suddenly I'd be a man some day.

VIII

This morning when that homely, long-legged clerk
Come in he had a rose he got somewhere;
He went and kind of leaned against her chair,
Instead of goin' on about his work,
And stood around and talked to her a while,
Because the boss was out,—and both took care
To watch the door; and when he left her there
He dropped the flower with a sickish smile.

I snuck it from the glass of water she
Had stuck it in, and tore it up and put
It on the floor and smashed it with my foot,
When neither him nor her was watchin' me—
I'd like to rub the stem acrost his nose,
And I wish they'd never be another rose.

XIII

Last night I dreamed about her in my sleep;
I thought that her and me had went away
Out on some hill where birds sung 'round all day,
And I had got a job of herdin' sheep.
I thought that she had went along to keep
Me comp'ny, and we'd set around for hours
Just lovin', and I'd go and gather flowers
And pile them at her feet, all in a heap.

It seemed to me like heaven, bein' there
With only her besides the sheep and birds,
And us not sayin' anything but words
About the way we loved. I wouldn't care
To ever wake again if I could still
Dream we was there forever on the hill.

XXVII

It's over now; the blow has fell at last;
It seems as though the sun can't shine no more,
And nothing looks the way it did before;
The glad thoughts that I used to think are past.
Her desk's shut up to-day, the lid's locked fast;
The keys where she typewrote are still; her chair
Looks sad and lonesome standin' empty there—
I'd like to let the tears come if I dast.

This morning when the boss come in he found
A letter that he'd got from her, and so
He read it over twice and turned around
And said: "The little fool's got married!" Oh,
It seemed as if I'd sink down through the ground,
And never peep no more—I didn't, though.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE GAME OF FOOTBALL

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"Whin I was a young man," said Mr. Dooley, "an' that was a long time ago,—but not so long ago as manny iv me inimies'd like to believe, if I had anny inimies,—I played fut-ball, but 'twas not th' fut-ball I see whin th' Brothers' school an' th' Saint Aloysius Tigers played las' week on th' pee-raries.

"Whin I was a la-ad, iv a Sundah afthernoon we'd get out in th' field where th' oats'd been cut away, an' we'd choose up sides. Wan cap'n'd pick one man, an' th' other another. 'I choose Dooley,' 'I choose O'Connor,' 'I choose Dimpsey,' 'I choose Riordan,' an' so on till there was twinty-five or thirty on a side. Thin wan cap'n'd kick th' ball, an' all our side'd r-run at it an' kick it back; an' thin wan iv th' other side'd kick it to us, an' afther awhile th' game'd get so timpischous that all th' la-ads iv both sides'd be in wan pile, kickin' away at wan or th' other or at th' ball or at th' impire, who was mos'ly a la-ad that cudden't play an' that come out less able to play thin he was whin he wint in. An', if anny wan laid hands on th' ball, he was kicked be ivry wan else an' be th' impire. We played fr'm noon till dark, an' kicked th' ball all th' way home in the moonlight.

"That was futball, an' I was a great wan to play it. I'd think nawthin' iv histin' th' ball two hundherd feet in th' air, an' wanst I give it such a boost that I stove in th' ribs iv th' Prowtestant minister—bad luck to him, he was a kind man—that was lookin' on fr'm a hedge. I was th' finest player in th' whole county, I was so.

"But this here game that I've been seein' ivry time th'

pagan fistival iv Thanksgivin' comes ar-round, sure it ain't th' game I played. I seen th' Dorgan la-ad comin' up th' sthreet yesterdah in his futball clothes,—a pair iv matthresses on his legs, a pillow behind, a mask over his nose, an' a bushel measure iv hair on his head. He was followed by thee men with bottles, Dr. Ryan, an' th' Dorgan fam'ly. I jined thim. They was a big crowd on th' peerary,—a bigger crowd than ye cud get to go f'r to see a prize fight. Both sides had their frinds that give th' colledge cries. Says wan crowd: 'Take an ax, an ax, an ax to thim. Hooroo, hooroo, hellabaloo. Christyan Bro-others!' an' th' other says, 'Hit thim, saw thim, gnaw thim, chaw thim, Saint Alo-ysius!' Well, afther awhile they got down to wur-ruk. 'Sivin, eighteen, two, four,' says a la-ad. I've seen people go mad over figures durin' th' free silver campaign, but I niver see figures make a man want f'r to go out an' kill his fellow-men befure. But these here figures had th' same effect on th' la-ads that a mintion iv Lord Castlereagh'd have on their fathers. Wan la-ad hauled off, an' give a la-ad acrost fr'm him a punch in th' stomach. His frind acrost th' way caught him in th' ear. Th' cinter rush iv th' Saint Aloysiuses took a runnin' jump at th' left lung iv wan iv th' Christyan Brothers, an' wint to th' grass with him. Four Christyan Brothers leaped most crooly at four Saint Aloysiuses, an' rolled thim. Th' cap'n iv th' Saint Aloysiuses he took th' cap'n iv th' Christyan Brothers be th' leg, an' he pounded th' pile with him as I've seen a section hand tamp th' thrack. All this time young Dorgan was standin' back, takin' no hand in th' affray. All iv a suddent he give a cry iv rage, an' jumped feet foremost into th' pile. 'Down!' says th' impire. 'Faith, they are all iv that,' says I. 'Will iver they get up?' 'They will,' says ol' man Dorgan. 'Ye can't stop thim,' says he.

"It took some time f'r to pry thim off. Near ivry man iv th' Saint Aloysiuses was tied in a knot around wan iv th' Christyan Brothers. On'y wan iv thim remained on th' field. He was lyin' face down, with his nose in th' mud. 'He's kilt,' says I. 'I think he is,' says Dorgan, with a merry smile. 'Twas my boy Jimmy done it, too,' says he. 'He'll be arrested f'r murdher,' says I. 'He will not,' says he. 'There's on'y wan polisman in town cud take him, an' he's down town doin' th' same f'r somebody,' he says. Well, they carried th' corpse to th' side, an' took th' ball out iv his stomach with a monkey wrinch, an' th' game was rayshumed. 'Sivin, sixteen, eight, eleven,' says Saint Aloysius; an' young Dorgan started to run down th' field. They was another young la-ad r-runnin' in fr-ront iv Dorgan; an', as fast as wan iv th' Christyan Brothers come up an' got in th' way, this here young Saint Aloysius grabbed him be th' hair iv th' head an' th' sole iv th' fut, an' thrun him over his shoulder. 'What's that la-ad doin'?' says I. 'Interferin',' says he. 'I shud think he was,' says I, 'an' most impudent,' I says. ''Tis such interference as this,' I says, 'that breaks up fam'lies'; an' I come away.

"'Tis a noble sport, an' I'm glad to see us Irish ar-re gettin' into it. Whin we larn it thruly, we'll teach thim colledge joods fr'm th' pie belt a thrick or two."

"We have already," said Mr. Hennessy. "They'se a team up in Wisconsin with a la-ad be th' name iv Jeremiah Riordan f'r cap'n, an' wan named Patsy O'Dea behind him. They come down here, an' bate th' la-ads fr'm th' Chicawgo Colledge down be th' Midway."

"Iv coorse, they did," said Mr. Dooley. "Iv coorse, they did. An' they cud bate anny collection iv Baptists that iver come out iv a tank."

THE FAIRPORT ART MUSEUM

BY OCTAVE THANET

After the war was over, the Middle West addressed itself to Culture. Perhaps the husbands and brothers and fathers might still be busy making money; but the women of the West, whose energies and emotions had been mightily roused, found life a little tame when there were no more sanitary commissions, no more great fairs or little fairs for the soldiers, no more intense emotions over printed sheets. Then it was that the Woman's Club lifted a modest finger at the passing car of progress, and unobtrusively boarded it.

Fairport was conservative, as always, but she had no mind to be left behind in the march of feminine fashion. She did not rush to extremes, but she had women's clubs in 1881. The chief of these were the Ladies' Literary Club and the Spinsters' Alliance. Both clubs tackled the same great themes of ethics and art, and allotted a winter to the literature of a nation, except in the case of Greek and Roman literatures, which were not considered able to occupy a whole winter apiece, so they were studied in company. The club possessed a proper complement of officers, and their meetings went from house to house. They were conducted with artless simplicity, in a pleasant, conversational manner, but with due regard to polite forms; and only at a moment of excitement was the chair addressed by her Christian name.

Naturally, the women's clubs were deeply stirred by

the first great World's Fair in America. But the whole West was moved. It turned to art with a joyous ardor, the excited happiness of a child that finds a new beauty in the world. Why had we not thought of the artistic regeneration of our sordid life before? Never mind, we would make amends for lost time by spending more money! In very truth the years following the Centennial witnessed an extraordinary awakening of worship of beauty, almost religious in its fervor. Passionate pilgrims ransacked Europe and the Orient; a prodigal horde of their captives, objects of luxury and of art, surged into galleries and museums and households. No cold, critical taste weeded out these adorable aliens. The worst and the best conquered, together. Our architecture, our furniture, our household surroundings were metamorphosed as by enchantment. And the feature of mark in it all was the unparalleled diffusion of the new faith. Not the great cities only; the towns, the villages, the hamlets, caught fire.

Of course, Fairport went to Philadelphia; and Fairport was converted. It followed, at once that the women's clubs of the place should serve most zealously at the altar; and nothing could be more inevitable than that in course of time there should be a concrete manifestation of zeal. Hence the memorable Art Museum, the fame of which to this day will revive, when there is a meeting of the solid and gray-haired matrons who were the light-footed girls of the Alliance, and the talk falls on the old times.

The art collection would give its admirers shivers today, but it excited only happy complacency then. The mood of the hour was not critical. The homes of the Fairport gentry held innumerable oil copies of the great masters of different degrees of merit, which they loaned

secure of welcome; with them came family treasures so long held in reverence that their artistic value (coldly considered) had been lost to comparison, and the gems of accomplished amateurs who painted flowers on china cups, or of rising young artists who had not as yet risen beyond the circle of trusting friends in town.

In general, the donors' expectation of gratitude was justified, but even so early as 1881 there were limits to artistic credulity; and some offerings drove the club president, Miss Claudia Loraine, and the club secretary, Miss Emma Hopkins, to "the coal hold." This was a wee closet under the stairs, where the coal scuttles were ranged, until they should fare forth to replenish the "base burners" which warmed the Museum home. In real life the name of the Museum's lodgings was Harness Block, and Mr. Harness had proffered the cause of art two empty stores, formerly a fish market and a grocery. As there was no private office (only a wire cage), when Miss Hopkins felt the need of frank speech she signaled Claudia to the coal hole.

She was closeted with her thus on the morning of the second day. The subject of the conference was the last assault on the nerves of the committee, perpetrated by the Miller twins—not in person, but with their china. The china, itself, had the outward semblance of ordinary blue earthen ware of a cheap grade; but the Miller twins were convinced (on the testimony of their dear old minister, who never told a lie in his life, and who had heard the Millers' grandmother say—and everybody knows that *she* was a saint on earth, and she was ninety years old at the time, and would she be likely to lie almost on her dying bed?—you might call it her dying bed, averred Miss Miller, since she was bedridden for two years before her death, on that same old four-poster bedstead which be-

longed to her mother, and at last died on it) that the blue ware had been the property of George the Third, had been sold and was on board the ship with the tea which was rifled in Boston Harbor. They had insisted in pasting these royal claims upon the china in the blackest and neatest lettering. The awkward fact that earthenware does not usually grace a royal board, or that the saintly old grandmother mixed up dates and persons in a wonderful way during her latter days, made no difference to her loyal descendants. Each platter with the black chipping betraying plainly its lowly origin, each tea-cup mended with cement, bore the paper-claim pasted securely upon it.

"It took up a whole afternoon," said Miss Tina Miller, "but it's *so* precious and there might be other blue ware and it *might* get mixed—you'll insure it, Miss Hopkins? not that money could replace such things, but, at least"—Miss Tina Miller always left her sentences in the air, seemingly too diffident to complete them, once the auditors were assured of their import.

The Millers kept a tiny little house on a tiny little income; but gave of all they had to give, themselves, without stint. They were public-spirited women, if Fairport ever held any such. Although they had neither brothers nor cousins to go to the war, they had picked lint and made bandages and trudged with subscription papers and scrimped for weeks to have money to spend at the patriotic fairs. In consequence they were deeply respected, so respected that it was simply impossible to refuse their unselfish offering of their dearest god.

"I think it just *noble* of you," said Miss Tina. "Sister and I felt we *must* help; so we brought the King George china and a little pencil head our sister Euphrosyne did. The one who died, you know. I'm sorry all your—art

things—aren't in yet. No, I can't come to-morrow; I shall be very busy—sister may come—*thank* you."

Both the keen young listeners knew why Miss Tina could not come; it was neither more nor less than the admission fee.

"But I'll take care of that," said Emma to Claudia in the coal hold. "Elly is going to give her and Miss Ally each a season ticket."

"Then we're *in* for the King George china!" groaned Claudia softly.

"We are," said Emma. "I've put it in a good but not too good a place, and Mr. Winslow is inspecting it now."

"And he *knows* about china; he's sent lovely things," mourned Claudia.

"Oh, well, he knows about the Miller girls, too," said Emma, smiling; "I think he'll forgive us."

"You'd better go explain," urged Claudia, "and throw in that landscape with the cow that seems to have five legs and belongs to Mr. Harness. Perhaps he'll forgive that, too."

Emma went,—she was an amiable girl. She was not pretty like her sister, Mrs. Raimund, who had married the great railway man and was a power in Chicago society; but there was something in the radiant neatness and good humor of the plain sister which made her pleasant to look upon.

Winslow's mouth and eyes relaxed at her greeting, and he smiled over her official quotation of the Millers' claims.

"King George's table? H'mn; which table, second or third?" His eyes twinkled at Emma, whose own eyes twinkled back.

"They're awfully good women," said she, in a kind of compunction.

"None better," said he.

As he passed on, with his little son at his side, she thought: "He isn't nearly so grim as I used to think."

Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Winter were a few paces behind. They halted before the china, which Mrs. Winter examined; but Mrs. Winslow's weary eyes lingered hardly a moment before they found some other object on which to rest and leave as briefly.

"It is to be hoped this priceless relic won't be damaged in any way," said Mrs. Winter. "Still"—she bent confidentially toward Emma—"if such a calamity should occur, I know a shop in Chicago where you can get plenty for three dollars and ninety-nine cents."

"I hope nothing will happen to it," said Emma, with stolid reticence.

Mrs. Winslow had not listened, her listless face had been transformed; it was illumined now by the loveliest of smiles; she half put out her hand as a little boy snuggled up to her silken skirts, with a laugh.

"Papa letted me come," he said gaily, "and Peggy's here, too,—there!"

Peggy was attired with great care, her long red curls were shining and her eyes sparkled.

Immediately both children were immersed in the beauties of a collection of rejected models which had been obtained from the patent office, and which, surely, were the most diverting toys imaginable.

"Poor things, to them they *are* most valuable!" sighed Mrs. Winslow. She was making conversation about the Miller china; but Johnny-Ivan and Peggy not unreasonably conceived that she spoke of the beautiful churns and hayraking wagons and cars and wheeled chairs and the like marvels which Miss Hopkins was amiably explaining for them.

"The least chip would be irreparable, I suppose," continued Mrs. Winter, "thousands couldn't pay if one were broken!"

"Imagine the feelings of the custodian," said Emma. "I'm in a tremble all the time."

"I pity you," said Mrs. Winter, as the two ladies passed on to Mrs. Winter's great-grandmother's blue and white embroidered bedspread.

"Oh, Peggy, *do* be careful!" whispered Johnny-Ivan; Peggy was sending a velocipede in dizzy circles round the counter.

Now fate had ordered that at this critical instant the children should be unguarded. Miss Hopkins had stepped aside at the call of an agitated lady who had lost one of her art treasures in carriage; for the moment, there was no one near save a freckled boy in shabby overalls, who eyed the toys wistfully from afar. He was the same little boy whom Johnny-Ivan had bribed with a jack-knife to close the gate a few weeks before; and he was in the Museum to help his mother, the scrub-woman of the store.

Peggy grew more pleased with her play. The velocipede described wider and wider gyrations with accelerating speed; its keen buzz swelled on the air.

"It'll hit somepin!" warned Johnny-Ivan in an access of fear.

But Peggy's soul was dauntless to recklessness. "No, it won't," she flung back. Her shining head was between Johnny and the whirling wheels. He thought a most particularly beautiful little swinging gate in peril and tried to swerve the flying thing; how it happened, neither of the children knew; there was a smash, a crash, and gate and velocipede lay in splinters under a bronze bust. The glass of the show-case was etched with a sinister gray line.

"*Now* look what you've done!" exclaimed Peggy, with the natural irritation of disaster. "Oh, my!" squeaked the shabby little boy, "won't you catch it!" Peggy's anger was swallowed up in fright and sympathy; she pushed Johnny-Ivan ahead of her. "That Miss Hopkins is looking," cried she, "get behind these folks down the aisle!"

She propelled the little boy out of the immediate neighborhood of the calamity; she forced a wicked, deceitful smile (alas! guile comes easy to her sex) and pointed out things to him, whispering, "Look pleasant! Don't be so scared! They'll never know we did it." Already she was shouldering her share in crime, with a woman's willingness; she said "we" quite unconsciously; but she added (and this was of direct volition): "I did it more'n you; you were just trying to keep the nasty thing straight; I was a heap more to blame. Anyhow, I guess it ain't so awful bad. Just those wooden things."

Johnny-Ivan shook a tragic head; even his lips had gone bluish-white. "She said thousands wouldn't repair the damage," moaned he.

"You can't make me believe those mean little wooden tricks are worth any thousand dollars!" volleyed Peggy; nevertheless, her heart beat faster,—grown people are so queer. "Are you sure she meant *them?* Maybe it was those things in the next glass case; they're her own things! They're some kind of Chinese china and cost a heap." Peggy's sturdy womanly wits were rising from the shock.

"And the show-case is broked!" sniffed Johnny-Ivan, gulping down a sob.

"It ain't broke, it's only cracked; 'sides, it was cracked a right smart befo'!"

"But this was a new place—I know, 'cause I cut my finger on the other, scraping it over."

"Well, anyhow, I reckon it didn't be much value," Peggy insisted.

"I saw that young lady come back,"—Johnny-Ivan had switched on to a new track leading to grisly possibilities —"maybe *she'll* find it!"

"Well, we're gone, all right."

Peggy gave an unprincipled giggle. "Maybe she'll think it was *him.*"

"Then we *got* to tell," moaned Johnny.

"No, we ain't. He'll run off and so she won't ask him questions."

"But she'll *think* it's him. It'll be mean."

"No it won't."

"It's mean to have somebody else take your blame or your punishment; mamma said so."

The small casuist was too discreet to attack Johnny's oracle; she only pouted her pretty lips and quibbled:

" 'Tain't mean if the people who get blamed are mean themselves—like him. I don't care *how* blamed he gets; I wouldn't care if he got licked."

But Johnny's conscience was not so elastic. "I don't care, either," he protested. "I—I wouldn't care if he was *deaded*"—anxious to propitiate—"but it would be mean just the same. I got to tell papa, Peggy, I truly have."

Peggy grew very cross. "You are just the foolest, obsternatest little boy I ever did see," she grumbled; "you're a plumb idiot! I'd like to slap you! Your papa'll be awful mad."

Johnny-Ivan essayed an indifferent mien, but his eyes were miserable.

"Say, Jo'nivan,"—her voice sank to a whisper that curdled his blood—"were you ever spanked?"

"Only Hilma sorter kinder—not really *spanking,* you know," confessed Johnny with a toss of his head. "I just made faces at her; I didn't cry!" he bragged.

"Never your mamma or your papa?"

"Course not," said Johnny with a haughty air; "but, Peggy," he said very low, "were you—did—"

"Oh, my, yes! Mammy did when I was little. I'm too big now."

"I'm too big, too, now, ain't I?"

"I don't know," said Peggy. "Wulf Greiner was licked by teacher, and he's thirteen. It's whether it's mighty bad, you know."

Johnny-Ivan caught his breath and his legs shook under him; the horror of his father's "licking" him came over him cold; it was not the pain; he had never minded Hilma's sturdy blows and he had let Michael cut a splinter out of his thumb with a pocket-knife, and never whimpered; it was the ignominy, the unknown terror of his father's wrath that looked awful to him. As he looked down the crowded room and suddenly beheld Winslow's face bent gravely over Miss Hopkins, who was talking earnestly, he could hardly move his feet. Yet he had no thought of wavering. "I *got* to tell," he said, and walked as fast as he could, with his white face, straight to the group.

Winslow looked down and saw the two children; and one could discover the signals of calamity in their faces: Peggy's a fine scarlet and Johnny-Ivan's grayish-white.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked Winslow.

Johnny's eyelids were glued tight—just as they were when he pulled Peggy's tooth—he blurted everything out breathlessly: "I've done something *awful,* papa! It'll cost thousands of dollars."

Emma Hopkins had considered Winslow an unattractive man, of a harsh visage, but now, as he looked at his little son, she changed her mind.

"What did you do, son?" said he quietly; his hand found Johnny's brown curls and lay on them a second.

"He didn't do it, really; it was *me,*" Peggy broke in, too agitated for grammar. "I was playing with the little tricks on the table, the models, sah, and I was making the v'losipid run round and he was 'fraid I'd break it; but *I* did it, really, sah."

"And the model fell on to something valuable? I see."

"But he wasn't playing with it, he was only trying to keep me from breaking—"

"Well, young lady, you two are evidently in the same boat; but you aren't a bit sneaky, either of you. Let's see the wreckage; I suppose you got into trouble because you wanted to see how things worked, and Johnny, as usual, couldn't keep out of other folks' hot water. Where's the ruin?"

"The show-case is broked, too," said Johnny-Ivan in a woeful, small voice.

"But it was cracked before," interjected Peggy.

Winslow looked at her with a little twist. "That's a comfort," said he, "and you have horse sense, my little Southerner. I guess you didn't either of you mean any harm—"

"Indeed, no, sah, and Johnny was just as good; never touched a thing—"

"But you see your intentions didn't protect you. Distrust good intentions, my dears; look out for the possible consequences. However, I think there is one person to blame you haven't mentioned, and that is one Josiah C. Winslow, who let two such giddy young persons explore by themselves. Contributory negligence is proved; and said Winslow will pay the bill and not kick."

So saying, he took Peggy's warm, chubby little fingers in one of his big white hands and Johnny-Ivan's cold little palm in the other, and nodded a farewell to Emma.

THE BALLAD OF GRIZZLY GULCH*

BY WALLACE IRWIN

The rocks are rough, the trail is tough,
The forest lies before,
As madly, madly to the hunt
Rides good King Theodore
With woodsmen, plainsmen, journalists
And kodaks thirty-four.

The bob-cats howl, the panthers growl,
"He sure is after us!"
As by his side lopes Bill, the Guide,
A wicked-looking cuss—
"Chee-chee!" the little birds exclaim,
"Ain't Teddy stren-oo-uss!"

Though dour the climb with slip and slime,
King Ted he doesn't care,
Till, cracking peanuts on a rock,
Behold, a Grizzly Bear!
King Theodore he shows his teeth,
But he never turns a hair.

"Come hither, Court Photographer,"
The genial monarch saith,
"Be quick to snap your picture-trap
As I do yon Bear to death."
"Dee-lighted!" cries the smiling Bear,
As he waits and holds his breath.

* From "At the Sign of the Dollar," by Wallace Irwin. Copyright, 1905, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

Then speaks the Court Biographer,
And a handy guy is he,
"First let me wind my biograph,
That the deed recorded be."
"A square deal!" saith the patient Bear,
With ready repartee.

And now doth mighty Theodore
For slaughter raise his gun;
A flash, a bang, an ursine roar—
The dready deed is done!
And now the kodaks thirty-four
In chorus click as one.

The big brown bruin stricken falls
And in his juices lies;
His blood is spent, yet deep content
Beams from his limpid eyes.
"Congratulations, dear old pal!"
He murmurs as he dies.

From Cripple Creek and Soda Springs,
Gun Gulch and Gunnison,
A-foot, a-sock, the people flock
To see that deed of gun;
And parents bring huge families
To show what *they* have done.

In the damp corse stands Theodore
And takes a hand of each,
As loud and long the happy throng
Cries, "Speech!" again and "Speech!"
Which pleaseth well King Theodore,
Whose practice is to preach.

"Good friends," he says, "lead outdoor lives
And Fame you yet may see—
Just look at Lincoln, Washington,
And great Napoleon B.;
And after that take off your hats
And you may look at me!"

But as he speaks, a Messenger
Cries, "Sire, a telegraft!"
The king up takes the wireless screed
Which he opens fore and aft,
And reads: "The Venezuelan stew
Is boiling over. TAFT."

Then straight the good King Theodore
In anger drops his gun
And turns his flashing spectacles
Toward high-domed Washington.
"O tush!" he saith beneath his breath,
"A man can't have no fun!"

Then comes a disappointed wail
From every rock and tree.
"Good-by, good-by!" the grizzlies cry
And wring their handkerchee.
And a sad bob-cat exclaims, "O drat!
He never shot at me!"

So backward, backward from the hunt
The monarch lopes once more.
The Constitution rides behind
And the Big Stick rides before
(Which was a rule of precedent
In the reign of Theodore).

MY PHILOSOFY

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I ain't, ner don't p'tend to be,
Much posted on philosofy;
But thare is times, when all alone,
I work out idees of my own.
And of these same thare is a few
I'd like to jest refer to you—
Pervidin' that you don't object
To listen clos't and rickollect.

I allus argy that a man
Who does about the best he can
Is plenty good enugh to suit
This lower mundane institute—
No matter ef his daily walk
Is subject fer his neghbor's talk,
And critic-minds of ev'ry whim
Jest all git up and go fer him!

I knowed a feller onc't that had
The yeller-janders mighty bad,—
And each and ev'ry friend he'd meet
Would stop and give him some receet
Fer cuorin' of 'em. But he'd say
He kindo' thought they'd go away
Without no medicin', and boast
That he'd git well without one doste.

He kep' a-yellerin' on—and they
Perdictin' that he'd die some day
Before he knowed it! Tuck his bed,
The feller did, and lost his head,
And wundered in his mind a spell—
Then rallied, and, at last, got well;
But ev'ry friend that said he'd die
Went back on him eternally!

Its natchurl enugh, I guess,
When some gits more and some gits less,
Fer them-uns on the slimmest side
To claim it ain't a fare divide;
And I've knowed some to lay and wait,
And git up soon, and set up late,
To ketch some feller they could hate
Fer goin' at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A-findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
No man is grate tel he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhare.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contensions, and be satisfied:
Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers that, counts jest the same.
I've allus noticed grate success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

BY BRET HARTE

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific man to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile and said he was at fault,
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told, in simple language, what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

LOST CHORDS

BY EUGENE FIELD

One autumn eve, when soft the breeze
Came sweeping through the lattice wide,
I sat me down at organ side
And poured my soul upon the keys.

It was, perhaps by heaven's design,
That from my half unconscious touch,
There swept a passing chord of such
Sweet harmony, it seemed divine.

In one soft tone it seemed to say
The sweetest words I ever heard,
Then like a truant forest bird,
It soared from me to heaven away.

Last eve, I sat at window whence
I sought the spot where erst had stood
A cord—a cord of hick'ry wood,
Piled up against the back yard fence.

Four dollars cost me it that day,
Four dollars earned by sweat of brow,
Where was the cord of hick'ry now?
The thieves had gobbled it away!

Ah! who can ever count the cost,
Of treasures which were once our own,
Yet now, like childhood dreams are flown,
Those cords that are forever lost.

THOUGHTS FER THE DISCURAGED FARMER

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The summer winds is sniffin' round the bloomin' locus' trees;
And the clover in the pastur is a big day fer the bees,
And they been a-swiggin' honey, above board and on the sly,
Tel they stutter in theyr buzzin' and stagger as they fly.
The flicker on the fence-rail 'pears to jest spit on his wings
And roll up his feathers, by the sassy way he sings;
And the hoss-fly is a-whettin'-up his forelegs fer biz,
And the off-mare is a-switchin' all of her tale they is.

You can hear the blackbirds jawin' as they foller up the plow—
Oh, theyr bound to git theyr brekfast, and theyr not a-carin' how;
So they quarrel in the furries, and they quarrel on the wing—
But theyr peaceabler in pot-pies than any other thing:
And it's when I git my shotgun drawed up in stiddy rest,
She's as full of tribbelation as a yeller-jacket's nest;
And a few shots before dinner, when the sun's a-shinin' right,
Seems to kindo'-sorto' sharpen up a feller's appetite!

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out to-day,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener still;
It may rain again to-morry, but I don't think it will.
Some says the crops is ruined, and the corn's drownded out,
And propha-sy the wheat will be a failure, without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet,
Will be on hands onc't more at the 'leventh hour, I bet!

Does the medder-lark complane, as he swims high and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whissel in a disappinted way,
Er hang his head in silunce, and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmuck's health a-failin'?—Does he walk, er does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up thare jest like they've allus done?
Is they anything the matter with the rooster's lungs er voice?
Ort a mortul be complanin' when dumb animals rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contentud with our lot;
The June is here this mornin', and the sun is shining hot.
Oh! let us fill our harts up with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow fur away!
Whatever be our station, with Providence fer guide,
Sich fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips fer me and you.

THE MODERN FARMER*

BY JACK APPLETON

Observe the modern farmer! In the shade
He works his crops by letters-patent now:
Steam drives the reaper (which is union-made),
As in the spring it pushed the auto-plough;
A patent milker manages each cow;
Electric currents guide the garden spade,
And cattle, poultry, pigs through "process" wade
To quick perfection—Science shows them how.
But while machinery plants and reaps, he rests
Upon his porch, and listens to the quail
That pipe far off in yonder hand-made vale,
With muscles flabby and with strength gone stale,
Until, in desperation, he invests
In "Muscle-Building Motions Taught by Mail"!

* Lippincott's Magazine.

THE APOSTASY OF WILLIAM DODGE

BY STANLEY WATERLOO

Billy Dodge rose from a seat near the door, and gave the two ladies chairs. Kate looked at him and smiled. The voice of the speaker seemed far away as she thought of the boy and his enthusiasms. Of all the earnest and sincere converts in the Lakeside House none could compare with Master William Dodge, the only son of the mistress of the place. He might be only eleven years old, he might be the most freckled boy in the block, but he had received new light, and he had his convictions. He had listened, and he had learned. He had learned that if you "hold a thought" and carry it around with you on a piece of paper, and read it from time to time throughout the day, it will bring you strength and give you victory in all the affairs of life. He thought the matter over much, for he had great need. He wanted help.

Of Master William Dodge, known as Billy, it may be said that in school he had ordinarily more fights on his hands than any other boy of his age and size, and it may be said, also, that as a rule, where the chances were anywhere near even, he came out "on top." But doggedly brave as the little freckled villain was, he had down in the bottom of his heart an appreciation that some day Jim McMasters might lick him. Jim McMasters was a boy only some six months older than Billy, of North of Ireland blood—than which there is none better—a lank, scrawny, reddish-haired youngster, freckled almost as

profusely as Billy. Three times had they met in noble battle, and three times had Billy been the conqueror, but somehow the spirit of young McMasters did not seem particularly broken, nor did he become a serf. Billy felt that the air was full of portent, and he didn't like it.

It was just at this time that to Billy came the conviction that by "holding the thought" he would have what he called "the bulge on Jim," and having the energy of his convictions, he promptly set to the work of getting up texts which he could carry around in his pocket and which would make him just invincible. He talked cautiously with Mandy Make as to good watch-words, in no way revealing his designs, and from her secured certain texts which she had herself unconsciously memorized from many hearings of Jowler preachers. They were:

"Fight the good fight."
"Never give up."
"He never fails who dies in a good cause."
"Never say die."

For a time Billy was content with these quotations, written in a school-boy hand upon brown paper, and carried in his left-hand trousers pocket, but later he discovered that most of the scientists in the house who "held a thought" themselves prepared their own little bit of manuscript to be carried and read during the day, and that the text was made to apply to their special needs. Billy, after much meditation, concluded this was the thing for him, and with great travail he composed and wrote out the new texts which he should carry constantly and which should be his bulwark. Here they are:

"Ketch hold prompt and hang on."
"Strike from the shoulder."

"A kick for a blow, always bestow."
"When you get a good thing, keep it—keep it."
"When you get a black cat, skin it to the tail."

Only a week later one William Dodge and one Jim McMasters again met in more or less mortal combat, and one William Dodge, repeating the shorter of his texts as he fought, was again the victor.

"Gimme Christian Science!" he said to himself, as he put on his coat after the fray was over.

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Billy Dodge was fast drifting, although unconsciously, toward a crisis in his religious and worldly experiences. At school, during the last term, and so far in the summer vacation, his scheme of fortifying his physical powers with mental stimulants in the form of warlike "thoughts" had worked well. His chief rival for the honors of war, an energetic youngster, whose name, Jim McMasters, proclaimed his Irish ancestry, he had soundly thrashed more than once since adopting his new tactics. So far Billy had found that to hold the thought, "Ketch hold prompt and hang on," while he acted vigorously upon that stirring sentiment, meant victory, and he had more than once tried the efficacy of, "Strike from the shoulder," under adverse conditions and with success.

It was during this summer of anxiety to the more important personages of this story that Billy Dodge was called upon to prove the practical value of his belief in the supremacy of mind over matter, and although Billy emerged from the trial none the worse for his experience, it effected a radical change in his views.

Jim McMasters returned one summer's day from a short camping excursion in the Michigan woods. He had been the only boy in a party of young men, and during

their spare hours, as the members of the fishing party were lying around camp, they had instructed Jim in a few of the first principles of the noble science of self-defense. This unselfish action on the part of his elders was brought about by Jim's bitter complaints of Billy's treatment of himself in a fair fight, and by his dire thirst for vengeance.

And so Jim McMasters came back to the city a dangerous opponent, and he looked it. Even Billy, secure in the prestige of former victories, and armed with hidden weapons—namely, the "thoughts" he so tenaciously held—felt some misgivings when he saw Jim and noted his easy, swaggering mien.

"I've got to lick him again," thought Billy, "and I've got to be good and ready for him this time. I must get a set of thoughts well learned and hold 'em, or I'll be lammed out of my life."

The youngsters met one day, each with his following of admirers, in a vacant lot not far from the Lakeside House. There was a queer look in Jim's eye when he hailed Billy, and there was instant response in language of a violent character from the young disciple of Christian Science. As the two stood in a ring of boys, each watching the other and alert to catch some advantage of beginning, Billy was certainly the most unconcerned, and he appeared to advantage. He was occupied throughout every nerve and vein of his being, first in "holding the thought" he had fixed upon for this special occasion, and second, by his plan of attack, for Billy made it a point always to take the initiative in a fight.

As for Jim, that active descendant of the Celts failed to exhibit that alarm and apprehension which should appertain to a young gentleman of his age when facing an antagonist who had "whaled" him repeatedly. His face was neither sallow with long dread, nor white with pres-

ent fear before his former conqueror. In fact, it must be said of him that he capered about in a fashion not particularly graceful. He rose upon the ends of his toes and made wild feints which Billy did not understand. It was hard, under such disquieting circumstances, to hold a thought, and Billy found himself struggling in mind for equilibrium while he stood forward to the attack. He aimed a wild blow at his capering opponent, and drove into soundless air only, and before he could recover himself the capering opponent had "landed" on Billy's cheek in a most surprising but altogether unrefreshing manner.

The concussion made the cheek the color of an old-fashioned peony, and the jar caused the nose to bleed a little as the astonished Billy staggered back under the impact of a clenched fist.

Then the real fight began, but Billy, though he made a strong effort to rally, was beaten, and he knew, or thought he knew, why he was beaten. "It was holding the thought that done it," he faltered, as he fell after a quick stroke from Jim. He lay quiet on the grass, and his one wish was to die. He fixed his mind resolutely upon this wish, but failed to die at once; indeed he felt every moment the reviving forces of life throbbing through his tough young body. How could he look up and face his victorious foe? He decided rather to continue his efforts to die, and forthwith stiffened out into such rigidity as can be observed only in the bodies of those who have been dead forty-eight hours.

This manœuver frightened the lads around him. "See here!" said Johnny Flynn, "Billy's hurt bad, an' we ought to do something."

"He looks dead!" whimpered little Davy Runnion, the smallest boy present, and he ran off to tell Jim McMas-

ters, who stood at ease, at a short distance, arranging his disordered dress.

The victor faltered as he looked upon Billy's stiffened limbs.

"We must take him home," he said, ruefully.

Four boys lifted Billy, two at his shoulders, two at his feet. In the center he sagged slightly, despite his silent efforts to be rigidity itself. The small procession was preceded by a rabble of white-faced small boys, while the rear was guarded by Jim McMasters, meditating on the reflection that victory might be too dearly bought. Just as they reached the front steps of Mrs. Dodge's house, and were beginning the tug up toward the door, Jim burst into a loud bawl, and this so much disconcerted the youngsters who were carrying Billy that they almost dropped him on the white door-stone.

Johnny Flynn gave a mighty ring at the door-bell, and then fled down the steps and ran to the street corner, where he stood, one foot in the air, ready to run when the door opened. The neat maid who answered the bell gave a little shriek when she saw Billy's inanimate form. The boys pushed by her, dumped their burden upon the big hall sofa, and rushed out before any questions could be asked. It was plain enough, however, that Billy had got the worst of the fight. "And sure enough he deserves it," mentally pronounced the servant maid as she ran to call her mistress.

Mrs. Dodge gave a dismal shriek when she saw Billy. She sent the maid for Dr. Gordon, and sat down on the sofa with Billy's head in her lap. This was ignominious, and Billy decided to live. He opened his eyes, and in a faint voice asked for water.

When the man of medicine arrived he ordered the vanquished to bed. In the goodness of his heart, pitying the

household of women, he even carried Billy upstairs and assisted in undressing him. The doctor noticed during this process various small folded papers flying out of Billy's pockets, but he did not know their meaning. It was left for Cora and Pearl, later in the day, to pick them up and examine them. Alas for Billy's faith!

In his own boyish handwriting were his inspiring "thoughts," "Never say die," "Ketch hold prompt," etc. Billy turned his face to the wall with a groan as the twins laid the slips of paper on his pillow.

That evening, after Billy had held a long session of sweet, silent thought, for he could not sleep, and had eaten a remarkably good supper, he opened his mind to his mother.

"No more of these for me," he began, brushing the texts from his bed onto the floor.

"Of what, Willy?" questioned Mrs. Dodge.

"No more holdin' the thought, and all that," said Billy. "I'm through. Had too much. That's what did me up. If I hadn't been trying to think that blamed thought, I'd 'a' seen Jim a-comin'."

"But, Willy," expostulated Mrs. Dodge, "you must hold fast."

"Hold nothin'!" said Billy. He arose and sat up very straight in the bed. "I tell you I am goin' to have no more nonsense. Gimme quinine, hell, a gold basis, and capital punishment! That's my platform from this on. I'm goin' to look up a good Sunday-school to-morrow, in a church with a steeple on it, and a strict, regular minister, and all the fixin's. Remember, mother, after this I travel on my muscle weekdays, and keep Sunday like a clock!"

The twins picked up the scattered thoughts from the floor—Billy was lying in his mother's room—and their eyes were big with wonder.

"Burn 'em!" commanded Billy. Then, on second thought, he relented slightly. "Keep 'em yourself if you want to," he said to the twins. "Holdin' the thought may be all right for girls, but with boys it don't work!"

SO WAGS THE WORLD

BY ANNE WARNER

(With apologies to Samuel Pepys, Esquire)

February first

My birthday and I exceedingly merry thereat having in divers friends and much good wine beside two pasties and more of all than we could eat and drink had we been doubled. Afterwards to the play-house and a very good play and hence to a supper the which most hot and comforting with a butt of brandy and divers cocktails and they being very full did make great sport and joke me that I had never taken a wife to which replied neatly saying that for my part in my twenties did feel myself too young and in my thirties did never chance upon one comely and to my taste at which great applause and pretty to see me bow to right and left although in mortal fear lest something give way, I being grown heavier of late and the quality of cloth suffering from the New York Custom House. The applause being over did continue my speech and say that in my forties had had little time to think of aught but my own personal affairs, but that now being come to my fifties was well disposed to share them and they did all drink to that and smash their glasses with right good cheer prophesying my marriage and drinking long life to Her and me and Lord but it did like me to hear speak of Her the which brought tears

to mine eyes, considering that they did speak of my wife, and so did weep freely and they with me. My mind then a blank but home in some shape and the maid did get me to my room and what a head this morning! Misliketh me much to bethink me how I did comport myself, but a man is fifty but once.

To mine office where did buy and sell as usual.

February third

Comes H. Nevil in a glass coach to take me to drive and did talk much of his niece, she being fresh from France and of a good skin and fair voice. Was of a great joy to ride in a glass coach and pleasant to look constantly out backward, but great rattling and do think my modest brougham sufficeth me well, but H. Nevil very disdainful of the brougham and saith a man is known by the company he keepeth, the which strange in mine eyes we being alone together in the coach but did go with him to a horse dealer's.

To mine office as usual and there did buy and sell.

February eighth

To dine with H. Nevil and his wife and she a monstrous pleasant lady and the dinner good only the wine poor and my vest too tight which vastly misliked me, I being loth to grow stout and yet all at odds with my belts, the which trying me sadly for I do pay my tailor as many do not. And the niece a striking fine girl modest and not raising her eyes the which much to my taste and drinking only lambs-wool and at cards knowing not tierce from deuce. H. Nevil making great ado over my new coach did have it out with pride and we to the Country

Club for a late supper, the which well-cooked but my vest much tighter and so home and to bed.

Railway stocks risen two points.

February twentieth

Did take a box at the Play and ask H. Nevil, his wife and niece and a supper afterwards and pretty to see how miss did refuse mine eyes and hardly speak two words, the which greatly to my admiration and after supper did lead her to the coach and press her hand with curious effect to mine own hair, the which strange and prickly and home and much thinking on the merry talk at my birthday before sleep.

Stocks falling somewhat.

March nineteenth

Much agitated and all trembling and of a cold sweat. The Lord have mercy and me all unwitting until in some strange way do find myself today betrothed the which I do heartily pray to be for the good of all concerned, although expensive and worse to come.

No heart for stocks, but the same arising.

April sixteenth

Do find the being betrothed more to my taste than anticipated and tell H. Nevil he shall be remembered with pointers when the market turns again. We to the park to drive each afternoon and many admiring of her beauty, she desiring often to drive but I firm in refusing for I will be master in my own house.

Comes one Lasselle and makes a great tale of a mine

and I with no time for him, but do set the office boy to look him up in Bradstreet.

These be busy days with a corner on parsnips.

May tenth

The business of being director in Lasselle's mine ended this day and to a great dinner that he giveth in my honor and my portrait on all the cards the which pleaseth me mightily and I all complimented and congratulationed and sly hints on my approaching marriage to the which I all smiles for Lord the thing being done one must be of good courage.

Quotations low, beshrew them.

June seventh (the Mountains)

Married this day and to do in a turmoil wheat being all a-rage and me forced to go home to dress before noon. Did scarce know where I was with Extras being cried outside the church window and H. Nevil giving the bride away and on the wrong side of the market by my advice. The bride hystericky in the carriage and at the station wept so that I was fair beside myself. Did bethink me to kiss her in the train, but small comfort to either. What will become of my affairs I know not, this place being all without stock reports and I half mad and with naught to pass the time.

Comes my wife as I write and will have the key to her largest trunk the same it doth appear is lost, the which on discovery she layeth at my door and weepeth afresh. Did strive to cheer her but with a heavy heart.

August tenth

This do be the hottest summer in many years and lest I forget to set it down more mad dogs than can well be handled. My wife very hystericky and forever in a smock and declareth she would be dead and married life a delusion, the which opinion I take small issue with having my hands full of business and Lasselle forever at my heels with our affair of the mine not to speak of H. Nevil which waileth continually over how he was caught short in the month of June. Beshrew me if I repent not of June on mine own behalf but am determined to live properly and so have despatched a messenger to my cousin Sarah Badminton asking that she come to keep mine house.

August twentieth

Comes Sarah Badminton this day and Lord but a plain woman, being flat like unto a board from her heels up unto her head, but curiously shaped in and out in front. Still she do seem a worthy jade and good at heart and ever attentive when I will to converse and sitteth with me of a breakfast my wife being ever asleep till ten.

Last night to the Play where comes Lasselle and makes very merry and telleth jokes the which of great amusement to my wife while I find no mirth therein. Later to supper at the coffee house and my wife exceedingly witty and me all of a wonder at the change in her in public and on reflection do find it passing strange that one ugly like Mistress Badminton will effort her to be gracious at home while one so handsome as my wife sleeps ever.

To my office where did buy and sell as usual.

September sixteenth

My wife not well and strangely indisposed towards me yawning unduly and complaining that life is dull, yet gay enough for others and of a great joy over riding horseback with Lasselle. Last night did chide her in bed for upwards of an hour and misliked me greatly when I had done to find that she slept for some while before. Will have the doctor to her for there be surely something amiss in a woman who is not happy with me.

To my office and H. Nevil all excitement over his margins.

October twenty-ninth

Returned this day from a trip to the Coast and find my wife no better although the doctor hath been with her each day. She saith the doctor adviseth quiet until spring. Comes Mrs. Badminton her face all awry and will that I go with her to Carlsbad and my affairs so many as never was and never any lover of the sea. That which causeth me great vexation that I have a wife and say flatly to Mrs. Badminton to ask the doctor if he can not take her to Carlsbad any money being wiser than to travel with oats where they be now and chicken feed going up to beat the band, at which the good woman raiseth her hands aloft and maketh such demonstration that I clean out of patience and basted her with the fire shovel the same being not courteous but sadly necessary to all appearance.

November sixth

My wife most nervous and there being no peace with her did discuss the same with Lasselle to-day and al-

though unmarried yet did sympathize much and advise for me with a right good will telling me of a place in southern France where he hath been and the same beyond all else for the nerves only lonely but that not so bad since he proposeth going there this winter himself and can see after my wife somewhat the which greatly to my relief and so home and did discourse thereon with Mistress Badminton the which drew a long face and plain to see was dead against the plan the which putting me in a fine temper with what a woman hath for brains.

Wheat rising and A. B. & C. going down comes H. Nevil short to borrow the which crowneth my fury his niece being so far from making me happy and he being the cause of all. But did indorse two notes for him and so home and to bed with a bad grace and glad that my wife has betaken herself to another room.

December ninth

From the dock and my wife do be gone and now we may look for some peace the which sad enough needed.

December tenth

Comes H. Nevil all distraught to say that it is about at the clubs that my wife will have a divorce and marry the doctor, on the which hearing I much annoyed and summon Mrs. Badminton who denyeth the doctor but asserteth Lasselle whereupon we in a great taking and much brandy and soda but at last reflection and do decide not to sue but to pity Lasselle for of a verity she be forever out of temper and flounceth when questioned.

To mine office and D. & E. going up comes H. Nevil to borrow again the gall of which doth take me greatly.

January seventeenth

Am all of a taking for that the papers in my wife's divorce do be filed into me this day and great to do when I learn that the cause she declareth is Sarah Badminton a woman as little comely as never was and mine own cousin. Verily the ways of a wife be past understanding.

April eleventh

Free this day and being free comes Mrs. Badminton weeping and declareth she be ruined if I marry her not next the which doth so overcome me that ere I have time to rally she hath kissed me and called me hers.

To my office with a heavy heart having no assurance of how this second marriage will turn out and little hope but seeing H. Nevil with a long face did refuse to give him any inside information the which led to his going under about noon to my great joy for it was he who did get me in this marrying habit.

February first

My birthday and Lord what eating and drinking the which being good beyond compare my wife staying in the pantry to keep the whole in trim and all my friends discoursing on my joy the which is truly great she being so plain that a man will never look at her and so loving that she adoreth me come smiles come frowns.

But that which doth astonish me much is that H. Nevil telleth me that she that was once my wife is of exceeding content with Lasselle a piece of news which I can scarce credit comparing him with myself.

But so wags the world.

THE PAINTERMINE*

BY KENYON COX

Its innocence deserves no jibe—
  Pity the creature, do not mock it.
'Tis type of all the artist tribe;
  Its trousers haven't any pocket!

* From "Mixed Beasts," by Kenyon Cox. Copyright 1904, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

THE ADVERTISER

BY EUGENE FIELD

I am an advertiser great!
In letters bold
The praises of my wares I sound,
Prosperity is my estate;
The people come,
The people go
In one continuous,
Surging flow.
They buy my goods and come again
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate,
I'm an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way
Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
With ne'er a customer a day.
The people come,
The people go,
But never there.
They do not know
There's such a shop beneath the skies,
Because *he* does not advertise!
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.

THE ADVERTISER

The secret of my fortune lies
  In one small fact, which I may state,
  Too many tradesmen learn too late,
If I have goods, I advertise.
  Then people come
  And people go
  In constant streams,
  For people know
That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great!

THE FAMOUS MULLIGAN BALL

BY FRANK L. STANTON

Did ever you hear of the Mulligan ball—the Mulligan ball so fine,
Where we formed in ranks, and danced on planks, and swung 'em along the line?
Where the first Four Hundred of the town moved at the music's call?
There was never a ball in the world at all—like the famous Mulligan ball!

Town was a bit of a village then, and never a house or shed
From street to street and beat to beat was higher than Mulligan's head!
And never a theater troup came round to 'liven us, spring or fall,
And so Mulligan's wife she says, says she: "Plaze God, I'll give a ball!"

And she did—God rest her, and save her, too! (I'm liftin' to her my hat!)
And never a ball at all, at all, was half as fine as that!
Never no invitations sent—nothin' like that at all;
But the whole Four Hundred combed their hair and went to the Mulligan ball.

And "Take yer places!" says Mulligan, "an' dance till you shake the wall!"
And I led Mrs. Mulligan off as the lady that gave the ball;
And we whirled around till we shook the ground, with never a stop at all;
And I kicked the heels from my boots—please God—at the famous Mulligan ball.

Mulligan jumped till he hit the roof, and the head of him went clean through it!
The shingles fell on the floor pell-mell! Says Mulligan: "Faith, I knew it!"
But we kept right on when the roof was gone, with never a break at all;
We danced away till the break o' day at the famous Mulligan ball.

But the best of things must pass away like the flowers that fade and fall,
And it's fifty years, as the records say, since we danced at Mulligan's ball;
And the new Four Hundred never dance like the Mulligans danced—at all,
And I'm longing still, though my hair is gray, for a ball like Mulligan's ball!

And I drift in dreams to the old-time town, and I hear the fiddle sing;
And Mulligan sashays up and down till the rafters rock and ring!
Suppose, if I had a woman's eye, maybe a tear would fall
For the old-time fellows who took the prize at the famous Mulligan ball!

THE GENIAL IDIOT DISCUSSES THE MUSIC CURE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"Good morning, Doctor," said the Idiot as Capsule, M. D., entered the dining-room. "I am mighty glad you've come. I've wanted for a long time to ask you about this music cure that everybody is talking about and get you if possible to write me out a list of musical nostrums for every day use. I noticed last night before going to bed that my medicine chest was about run out. There's nothing but one quinine pill and a soda-mint drop in it, and if there's anything in the music cure I don't think I'll have it filled again. I prefer Wagner to squills, and compared to the delights of Mozart, Hayden and Offenbach those of paregoric are nit."

"Still rambling, eh?" vouchsafed the Doctor. "You ought to submit your tongue to some scientific student of dynamics. I am inclined to think, from my own observation of its ways, that it contains the germ of perpetual motion."

"I will consider your suggestion," replied the Idiot. "Meanwhile, let us consult harmoniously together on the original point. Is there anything in this music cure, and is it true that our Medical Schools are hereafter to have conservatories attached to them in which aspiring young M. D.'s are to be taught the *materia musica* in addition to the *materia medica?*"

"I had heard of no such idiotic proposition," returned

the Doctor. "And as for the music cure I don't know anything about it. Haven't heard everybody talking about it, and doubt the existence of any such thing outside of that mysterious realm which is bounded by the four corners of your own bright particular cerebellum. What do you mean by the music cure?"

"Why, the papers have been full of it lately," explained the Idiot. "The claim is made that in music lies the panacea for all human ills. It may not be able to perform a surgical operation like that which is required for the removal of a leg, and I don't believe even Wagner ever composed a measure that could be counted on successfully to eliminate one's vermiform appendix from its chief sphere of usefulness, but for other things, like measles, mumps, the snuffles, or indigestion, it is said to be wonderfully efficacious. What I wanted to find out from you was just what composers were best for which specific troubles."

"You'll have to go to somebody else for the information," said the Doctor. "I never heard of the theory and, as I said before, I don't believe anybody else has, barring your own sweet self."

"I have seen a reference to it somewhere," put in Mr. Whitechoker, coming to the Idiot's rescue. "As I recall the matter, some lady had been cured of a nervous affection by a scientific application of some musical poultice or other, and the general expectation seems to be that some day we shall find in music a cure for all our human ills, as the Idiot suggests."

"Thank you, Mr. Whitechoker," said the Idiot gratefully. "I saw that same item and several others besides, and I have only told the truth when I say that a large number of people are considering the possibilities of music as a substitute for drugs. I am surprised that Doctor

Capsule has neither heard nor thought about it, for I should think it would prove to be a pleasant and profitable field for speculation. Even I who am only a dabbler in medicine, and know no more about it than the effects of certain remedies upon my own symptoms, have noticed that music of a certain sort is a sure emollient for nervous conditions."

"For example?" said the Doctor. "Of course we don't doubt your word, but when a man makes a statement based upon personal observation it is profitable to ask him what his precise experience has been merely for the purpose of adding to our own knowledge."

"Well," said the Idiot, "the first instance that I can recall is that of a Wagner Opera and its effects upon me. For a number of years I suffered a great deal from insomnia. I could not get two hours of consecutive sleep and the effect of my sufferings was to make me nervous and irritable. Suddenly somebody presented me with a couple of tickets for a performance of Parsifal and I went. It began at five o'clock in the afternoon. For twenty minutes all went serenely and then the music began to work. I fell into a deep and refreshing slumber. The intermission came, and still I slept on. Everybody else went home, dressed for the evening part of the performance, had their dinner, and returned. Still I slept and continued so to do until midnight when one of the gentlemanly ushers came and waked me up and told me that the performance was over. I rubbed my eyes and looked about me. It was true, the great auditorium was empty, and was gradually darkening. I put on my hat and walked out refreshed, having slept from five twenty until twelve, or six hours and forty minutes, straight. That was one instance. Two weeks later I went again, this time to hear *Die Goetherdammerung*. The results were the same, only the effect was in-

stantaneous. The curtain had hardly risen before I retired to the little ante-room of the box our party occupied and dozed off into a fathomless sleep. I didn't wake up this time until nine o'clock the next day, the rest of the party having gone off without awakening me, as a sort of joke. Clearly Wagner, according to my way of thinking, then deserves to rank among the most effective narcotics known to modern science. I have tried all sorts of other things—sulfonal, trionel, bromide powders, and all the rest and not one of them produced anything like the soporific results that two doses of Wagner brought about in one instant, and best of all there was no reaction. No splitting headache or shaky hand the next day, but just the calm, quiet, contented feeling that goes with the sense of having got completely rested up."

"You run a dreadful risk, however," said the Doctor, with a sarcastic smile. "The Wagner habit is a terrible thing to acquire, Mr. Idiot."

"That may be," said the Idiot. "Worse than the sulfonal habit by a great deal I am told, but I am in no danger of becoming a victim to it while it costs from five to seven dollars a dose. In addition to this experience I have also the testimony of a friend of mine who was cured of a frightful attack of the colic by Sullivan's Lost Chord played on a Cornet. He had spent the day down at Asbury Park and had eaten not wisely but too copiously. Among other things that he turned loose in his inner man were two plates of Lobster Salade, a glass of fresh cider and a saucerful of pistache ice-cream. He was a painter by profession and the color scheme he thus introduced into his digestive apparatus was too much for his artistic soul. He was not fitted by temperament to assimilate anything quite so strenuously chromatic as that, and as a consequence shortly after he had retired to his studio for the

night the conflicting tints began to get in their deadly work and within two hours he was completely doubled up. The pain he suffered was awful. Agony was bliss alongside of the pangs that now afflicted him and all the palliatives and pain killers known to man were tried without avail, and then, just as he was about to give himself up for lost, an amateur cornetist who occupied a studio on the floor above began to play the Lost Chord. A counter-pain set in immediately. At the second bar of the Lost Chord the awful pain that was gradually gnawing away at his vitals seemed to lose its poignancy in the face of the greater suffering, and physical relief was instant. As the musician proceeded the internal disorder yielded gradually to the external and finally passed away entirely, leaving him so far from prostrated that by one A. M. he was out of bed and actually girding himself with a shotgun and an Indian Club to go upstairs for a physical encounter with the cornetist."

"And you reason from this that Sullivan's Lost Chord is a cure for Cholera morbus, eh?" sneered the Doctor.

"It would seem so," said the Idiot. "While the music continued my friend was a well man ready to go out and fight like a warrior, but when the cornetist stopped—the colic returned and he had to fight it out in the old way. In these episodes in my own experience I find ample justification for my belief and that of others that some day the music cure for human ailments will be recognized and developed to the full. Families going off to the country for the summer instead of taking a medicine-chest along with them will go provided with a music-box with cylinders for mumps, measles, summer complaint, whooping-cough, chicken-pox, chills and fever and all the other ills the flesh is heir to. Scientific experiment will demonstrate before long what composition will cure specific ills. If a

baby has whooping-cough, an anxious mother, instead of ringing up the Doctor, will go to the piano and give the child a dose of Hiawatha. If a small boy goes swimming and catches a cold in his head and is down with a fever, his nurse, an expert on the accordeon, can bring him back to health again with three bars of Under the Bamboo Tree after each meal. Instead of dosing kids with cod liver oil when they need a tonic, they will be set to work at a mechanical piano and braced up on Narcissus. There'll Be a Hot Time In The Old Town To-Night will become an effective remedy for a sudden chill. People suffering from sleeplessness can dose themselves back to normal conditions again with Wagner the way I did. Tchaikowski, to be well Tshaken before taken, will be an effective remedy for a torpid liver, and the man or woman who suffers from lassitude will doubtless find in the lively airs of our two-step composers an efficient tonic to bring their vitality up to a high standard of activity. Nothing in it? Why, Doctor, there's more in it that's in sight to-day that is promising and suggestive of great things in the future than there was of the principle of gravitation in the rude act of that historic pippin that left the parent tree and swatted Sir Isaac Newton on the nose."

"And the Drug Stores will be driven out of business, I presume," said the Doctor.

"No," said the Idiot. "They will substitute music for drugs, that is all. Every man who can afford it will have his own medical phonograph or music-box, and the drug stores will sell cylinders and records for them instead of quinine, carbonate of soda, squills, paregoric and other nasty tasting things they have now. This alone will serve to popularize sickness and instead of being driven out of business their trade will pick up."

"And the Doctor? And the Doctor's gig and all the appurtenances of his profession—what becomes of them?" demanded the Doctor.

"We'll have to have the Doctor just the same to prescribe for us, only he will have to be a musician, but the gig— I'm afraid that will have to go," said the Idiot.

"And why, pray?" asked the Doctor. "Because there are no more drugs must the physician walk?"

"Not at all," said the Idiot. "But he'd be better equipped if he drove about in a piano-organ, or if he preferred an auto on a steam calliope."

THE OCTOPUSSYCAT*

BY KENYON COX

I love Octopussy, his arms are so long;
There's nothing in nature so sweet as his song.
'Tis true I'd not touch him—no, not for a farm!
If I keep at a distance he'll do me no harm.

* From "Mixed Beasts," by Kenyon Cox. Copyright 1904, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

THE BOOK-CANVASSER

ANONYMOUS

He came into my office with a portfolio under his arm. Placing it upon the table, removing a ruined hat, and wiping his nose upon a ragged handkerchief that had been so long out of the wash that it was positively gloomy, he said,—

"Mr. ——, I'm canvassing for the National Portrait Gallery; very valuable work; comes in numbers, fifty cents apiece; contains pictures of all the great American heroes from the earliest times down to the present day. Everybody subscribing for it, and I want to see if I can't take your name.

"Now, just cast your eyes over that," he said, opening his book and pointing to an engraving. "That's—lemme see—yes, that's Columbus. Perhaps you've heard sumfin' about him? The publisher was telling me to-day before I started out that he discovered—no; was it Columbus that dis—oh, yes, Columbus he discovered America,—was the first man here. He came over in a ship, the publisher said, and it took fire, and he stayed on deck because his father told him to, if I remember right, and when the old thing busted to pieces he was killed. Handsome picture, ain't it? Taken from a photograph; all of 'em are; done especially for this work. His clothes are kinder odd, but they say that's the way they dressed in them days.

"Look at this one. Now, isn't that splendid? That's William Penn, one of the early settlers. I was reading

t'other day about him. When he first arrived he got a lot of Indians up a tree, and when they shook some apples down he set one on top of his son's head and shot an arrow plump through it and never fazed him. They say it struck them Indians cold, he was such a terrific shooter. Fine countenance, hasn't he? face shaved clean; he didn't wear a moustache, I believe, but he seems to have let himself out on hair. Now, my view is that every man ought to have a picture of that patriarch, so's to see how the fust settlers looked and what kind of weskets they used to wear. See his legs, too! Trousers a little short, maybe, as if he was going to wade in a creek; but he's all there. Got some kind of a paper in his hand, I see. Subscription-list, I reckon. Now, how does that strike you?

"There's something nice. That, I think is—is—that—a—a—yes, to be sure, Washington; you recollect him, of course? Some people call him Father of his Country. George—Washington. Had no middle name, I believe. He lived about two hundred years ago, and he was a fighter. I heard the publisher telling a man about him crossing the Delaware River up yer at Trenton, and seems to me, if I recollect right, I've read about it myself. He was courting some girl on the Jersey side, and he used to swim over at nights to see her when the old man was asleep. The girl's family were down on him, I reckon. He looks like a man to do that, don't he? He's got it in his eye. If it'd been me I'd gone over on a bridge; but he probably wanted to show off afore her; some men are so reckless, you know. Now, if you'll conclude to take this I'll get the publisher to write out some more stories, and bring 'em round to you, so's you can study up on him. I know he did ever so many other things, but I've forgot 'em; my memory's so awful poor.

"Less see! Who have we next? Ah, Franklin! Ben-

jamin Franklin! He was one of the old original pioneers, I think. I disremember exactly what he is celebrated for, but I think it was a flying a—oh, yes, flying a kite, that's it. The publisher mentioned it. He was out one day flying a kite, you know, like boys do nowadays, and while she was a-flickering up in the sky, and he was giving her more string, an apple fell off a tree and hit him on the head; then he discovered the attraction of gravitation, I think they call it. Smart, wasn't it? Now, if you or me'd 'a' ben hit, it'd just made us mad, like as not, and set us a-ravin'. But men are so different. One man's meat's another man's pison. See what a double chin he's got. No beard on him, either, though a goatee would have been becoming to such a round face. He hasn't got on a sword, and I reckon he was no soldier; fit some when he was a boy, maybe, or went out with the home-guard, but not a regular warrior. I ain't one myself, and I think all the better of him for it.

"Ah, here we are! Look at that! Smith and Pocahontas! John Smith! Isn't that gorgeous? See how she kneels over him, and sticks out her hands while he lays on the ground and that big fellow with a club tries to hammer him up. Talk about woman's love! There it is for you. Modocs, I believe; anyway, some Indians out West there, somewheres; and the publisher tells me that Captain Shackanasty, or whatever his name is, there, was going to bang old Smith over the head with a log of wood, and this here girl she was sweet on Smith, it appears, and she broke loose, and jumped forward, and says to the man with a stick, 'Why don't you let John alone? Me and him are going to marry, and if you kill him I'll never speak to you as long as I live,' or words like them, and so the man he give it up, and both of them hunted up a preacher and were married and lived happy ever after-

ward. Beautiful story, isn't it? A good wife she made him, too, I'll bet, if she was a little copper-colored. And don't she look just lovely in that picture? But Smith appears kinder sick; evidently thinks his goose is cooked; and I don't wonder, with that Modoc swooping down on him with such a discouraging club.

"And now we come to—to—ah—to—Putnam,—General Putnam: he fought in the war, too; and one day a lot of 'em caught him when he was off his guard, and they tied him flat on his back on a horse and then licked the horse like the very mischief. And what does that horse do but go pitching down about four hundred stone steps in front of the house, with General Putnam lying there nearly skeered to death! Leastways, the publisher said somehow that way, and I once read about it myself. But he came out safe, and I reckon sold the horse and made a pretty good thing of it. What surprises me is he didn't break his neck; but maybe it was a mule, for they're pretty sure-footed, you know. Surprising what some of these men have gone through, ain't it?

"Turn over a couple of leaves. That's General Jackson. My father shook hands with him once. He was a fighter, I know. He fit down in New Orleans. Broke up the rebel legislature, and then when the Ku-Kluxes got after him he fought 'em behind cotton breastworks and licked 'em till they couldn't stand. They say he was terriffic when he got real mad,—hit straight from the shoulder, and fetched his man every time. Andrew his fust name was; and look how his hair stands up.

"And then here's John Adams, and Daniel Boone, and two or three pirates, and a whole lot more pictures; so you see it's cheap as dirt. Lemme have your name, won't you?"

HER VALENTINE

BY RICHARD HOVEY

What, send her a valentine? Never!
I see you don't know who "she" is.
I should ruin my chances forever;
My hopes would collapse with a fizz.

I can't see why she scents such disaster
When I take heart to venture a word;
I've no dream of becoming her master,
I've no notion of being her lord.

All I want is to just be her lover!
She's the most up-to-date of her sex,
And there's such a multitude of her,
No wonder they call her complex.

She's a bachelor, even when married,
She's a vagabond, even when housed;
And if ever her citadel's carried
Her suspicions must not be aroused.

She's erratic, impulsive and human,
And she blunders,—as goddesses can;
But if *she's* what they call the New Woman,
Then *I'd* like to be the New Man.

HER VALENTINE

I'm glad she makes books and paints pictures,
And typewrites and hoes her own row,
And it's quite beyond reach of conjectures
How much further she's going to go.

When she scorns, in the L-road, my proffer
Of a seat and hangs on to a strap;
I admire her so much, I could offer
To let her ride up on my lap.

Let her undo the stays of the ages,
That have cramped and confined her so long!
Let her burst through the frail candy cages
That fooled her to think they were strong!

She may enter life's wide vagabondage,
She may do without flutter or frill,
She may take off the chains of her bondage,—
And anything else that she will.

She may take *me* off, for example,
And she probably does when I'm gone.
I'm aware the occasion is ample;
That's why I so often take on.

I'm so glad she can win her own dollars
And know all the freedom it brings.
I love her in shirt-waists and collars,
I love her in dress-reform things.

I love her in bicycle skirtlings—
Especially when there's a breeze—
I love her in crinklings and quirklings
And anything else that you please.

I dote on her even in bloomers—
If Parisian enough in their style—
In fact, she may choose her costumers,
Wherever her fancy beguile.

She may box, she may shoot, she may wrestle,
She may argue, hold office or vote,
She may engineer turret or trestle,
And build a few ships that will float.

She may lecture (all lectures but curtain)
Make money, and naturally spend,
If I let her have *her* way, I'm certain
She'll let me have *mine* in the end!

THE WELSH RABBITTERN*

BY KENYON COX

This is a very fearsome bird
  Who sits upon men's chests at night.
With horrid stare his eyeballs glare:
  He flies away at morning's light.

* From "Mixed Beasts," by Kenyon Cox. Copyright, 1904, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

COMIC MISERIES

BY JOHN G. SAXE

I

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
  Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
  For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
  Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
  To be a funny man!

II

You're at an evening party, with
  A group of pleasant folks,—
You venture quietly to crack
  The least of little jokes:
A lady doesn't catch the point,
  And begs you to explain,—
Alas for one who drops a jest
  And takes it up again!

III

You're taking deep philosophy
  With very special force,
To edify a clergyman
  With suitable discourse:

You think you've got him,—when he calls
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day!

IV

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into a neighbor's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears,
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old, authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun!

V

By sudden change in politics,
Or sadder change in Polly,
You lose your love, or loaves, and fall
A prey to melancholy,
While everybody marvels why
Your mirth is under ban,
They think your very grief "a joke,"
You're such a funny man!

VI

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit
(To pay for musty wine);

You're looking very dismal, when
  My lady bounces in,
And wonders what you're thinking of,
  And why you don't begin!

VII

You're telling to a knot of friends
  A fancy-tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
  And banish all repose,—
A solemn lady overhears
  The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news:—
  You quarrel with your wife!

VIII

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
  Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
  For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
  Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
  To be a funny man!

THE MERCHANT AND THE BOOK-AGENT

ANONYMOUS

A book-agent importuned James Watson, a rich merchant living a few miles out of the city, until he bought a book,—the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then, taking it under his arm, he started for the train which takes him to his office in the city.

Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book-agent saw her, and went in and persuaded the wife to buy a copy of the book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back in the evening, he met his wife with a cheery smile as he said, "Well, my dear, how have you enjoyed yourself to-day? Well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes! had an early caller this morning."

"Ah, and who was she?"

"It wasn't a 'she' at all; it was a gentleman,—a book-agent."

"A what?"

"A book-agent; and to get rid of his importuning I bought his book,—the 'Early Christian Martyrs.' See, here it is," she exclaimed, advancing toward her husband.

"I don't want to see it," said Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why, husband?" asked his wife.

"Because that rascally book-agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the

same book,—two copies of the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and—"

"But, husband, we can—"

"No, we can't, either!" interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I—"

"Why, there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book-agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and—"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Mr. Watson pounded on the window-pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens!" he shouted, "you're hitched up! Won't you run your horse down to the train and hold that book-agent till I come? Run! Catch 'im now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted, "All aboard!"

"Book-agent!" he yelled, as the book-agent stepped on the train. "Book-agent, hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book-agent. "Oh, I know what he wants: he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars, for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book-agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out of the car-window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in

his shirt-sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens,—"just got it, and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book,—'Early Christian Martyrs,'—and paid—"

"By—the—great—guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hands to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.

THE COQUETTE

A Portrait

BY JOHN G. SAXE

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"
Said my beautiful cousin Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,
"But say, can you paint a Coquette?"

"She's painted already," quoth I;
"Nay, nay!" said the laughing Lisette,
"Now none of your joking,—but try
And paint me a thorough Coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began
In the ear of the eager Lisette,
"I'll paint you as well as I can
That wonderful thing, a Coquette.

"She wears a most beautiful face,"
("Of course!" said the pretty Lisette),
"And isn't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a Coquette.

"And then she is daintily made"
(A smile from the dainty Lisette),
"By people expert in the trade
Of forming a proper Coquette.

"She's the winningest ways with the beaux,"
("Go on!"—said the winning Lisette),
"But there is n't a man of them knows
The mind of the fickle Coquette!

"She knows how to weep and to sigh,"
(A sigh from the tender Lisette),
"But her weeping is all in my eye,—
Not that of the cunning Coquette!

"In short, she's a creature of art,"
("Oh hush!" said the frowning Lisette),
"With merely the ghost of a heart,—
Enough for a thorough Coquette.

"And yet I could easily prove"
("Now don't!" said the angry Lisette),
"The lady is always in love,—
In love with herself,—the Coquette!

"There,—do not be angry!—you know,
My dear little cousin Lisette,
You told me a moment ago
To paint *you*—a thorough Coquette!"

A SPRING FEELING

BY BLISS CARMAN

I think it must be spring. I feel
All broken up and thawed.
I'm sick of everybody's "wheel";
I'm sick of being jawed.

I am too winter-killed to live,
Cold-sour through and through.
O Heavenly Barber, come and give
My soul a dry shampoo!

I'm sick of all these nincompoops,
Who weep through yards of verse,
And all these sonneteering dupes
Who whine and froth and curse.

I'm sick of seeing my own name
Tagged to some paltry line,
While this old *corpus* without shame
Sits down to meat and wine.

I'm sick of all these Yellow Books,
And all these Bodley Heads;
I'm sick of all these freaks and spooks
And frights in double leads.

A SPRING FEELING

When good Napoleon's publisher
  Was dangled from a limb,
He should have had an editor
  On either side of him.

I'm sick of all this taking on
  Under a foreign name;
For when you call it *decadent,*
  It's rotten just the same.

I'm sick of all this puling trash
  And namby-pamby rot,—
A Pegasus you have to thrash
  To make him even trot!

An Age-end Art! I would not give,
  For all their plotless plays,
One round Flagstaffian adjective
  Or one Miltonic phrase.

I'm sick of all this poppycock
  In bilious green and blue;
I'm tired to death of taking stock
  Of everything that's "New."

New Art, New Movements, and New Schools,
  All maimed and blind and halt!
And all the fads of the New Fools
  Who can not earn their salt.

I'm sick of the New Woman, too.
  Good Lord, she's worst of all.
Her rights, her sphere, her point of view,
  And all that folderol!

She makes me wish I were the snake
  Inside of Eden's wall,
To give the tree another shake,
  And see another fall.

I'm very much of Byron's mind;
  I like sufficiency;
But just the common garden kind
  Is good enough for me.

I want to find a warm beech wood,
  And lie down, and keep still;
And swear a little; and feel good;
  Then loaf on up the hill,

And let the Spring house-clean my brain,
  Where all this stuff is crammed;
And let my heart grow sweet again;
  And let the Age be damned.

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES*

BY ROY FARRELL GREENE

The lips I might have tasted, rosy ripe as any cherry,
How they pair off by the dozens when my memory goes back
Across the current of the years aboard of Fancy's ferry,
Which shuns the shores of What-We-Have and touches What-We-Lack.
The girl I took t' singin'-school one night, who vowed she'd never
Before walked with a feller 'thout her mother bein' by,
I reckon that her temptin' mouth will haunt my dreams forever,
The lips I might have tasted if I'd had the nerve t' try!

I recollect another girl, as chipper as a robin,
Who rode beside me in a sleigh one night through snow an' sleet,
An' both my hands I kept in use a guidin' good ol' Dobbin—
One didn't need them any mor'n a chicken needs four feet.
Too scared was I to hold her in, or warm her cheeks with kisses,—
I know, now, she expected it, for once I heard her sigh,—
To-day I'd like t' kick myself for these neglected blisses,
The lips I might have tasted if I'd had the nerve t' try.

*Lippincott's Magazine.

I never kissed Rebecca, she was sober as a Quaker,
I never kissed Alvira, though I took her home one night,
That city cousin of the Smiths, a Miss Myrtilla Baker,
Though scores of opportunities slipped by me, left an' right.
It makes me hate myself to-day when I on Fancy's ferry
Have crossed the current of the years to olden days gone by,
T' think of all the lips I've missed, ripe-red as topmost cherry,
The lips I might have tasted if I'd had the nerve t' try.

THE WEDDIN'

BY JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK

Well, it's over, it's *all* over—bein' the last to leave I know *that*—and I declare, I'm that full of all the things we had to eat that John and me won't want any supper for a good hour yet, so I just ran in to tell you about it while it's on top of my mind.

It's an everlastin' shame you had to miss it! One thing, though, you'll get a trayful of the good things sent in to you, I shouldn't wonder. I know there's loads left, for I happened to slip out to the kitchen for a drink of water—I was that *dry* after all those salty nuts, and I didn't want to trouble 'em—and I saw just *heaps* of things standin' round.

Most likely you'll get a good, large plate of cake, not just a pinchin' little mite of a piece in a box. The boxes is real pretty, though, and they did look real palatial all stacked up on a table by the front door with a strange colored man, in white gloves like a pall-bearer, to hand 'em to you.

How did I get two of 'em? Why, it just happened that way. You see, when I was leavin' I missed my sun-shade and I laid my box down on the hatrack-stand while I went upstairs to look for it. I went through all the rooms, and just when I'd about given it up, why, there it was, right in my hand all the time! Wasn't it foolish? And when I came downstairs I found I'd clean forgot where I'd laid that box of cake. I hunted *everywhere,* and then

I just had to tell the man how 'twas, so he handed me another one, and I was just walkin' out the front door when, would you believe it! if there wasn't the *other* one, just as innocent, on the hatrack-stand where I had laid it. So now I have three of 'em, countin' John's.

I just can't seem to realize that Eleanor Jamison is married at last, can you? She took her time if ever anybody did. They do say she was real taken with that young college professor with the full beard and spectacles that visited there last summer, and then to think that, after all, she went and married a man with a smooth face. He wears glasses, though; that's one point in common.

Eleanor's gone off a good deal lately, don't you think so? You hadn't noticed it? But then you never was any great hand at noticin', I've noticed you weren't. Why, the other day when I was there offerin' to help 'em get ready for the weddin' I noticed that she looked real *worn,* and there was two or three little fine lines in her eye-corners—not real *wrinkles,* of course—but we all know that lines is a forerunner. Her hair's beginnin' to turn, too; I noticed that comin' out of church last Sunday. I dare say her knowing this made her less particular than she'd once have been; and after all, marryin' any husband is a good deal like buyin' a new black silk dress pattern—an awful risk.

You may look at it on both sides and hold it up to the light, and pull it to see if it'll fray and try if it'll spot, but you can't be sure what it'll do till after you've worn it a spell.

There's one advantage to the dress pattern, though—you can make 'em take it back if you mistrust it won't wear—if you haven't cut into it, that is—but when you've got a husband, why, you've *got* him, to have and to hold, for better and worse and good and all.

Yes, I'm comin' to the weddin'—I declare, when I think how careless Eleanor is about little things I can't help mistrusting what kind of a housekeeper she'll turn out. Why, when John's and my invitation came it was only printed to the church—there wasn't any reception card among it.

Now I've supplied Eleanor's folks with butter and eggs and spring chickens for thirty years, and I'd just have gone anyway, for I knew it was a mistake, but John held out that 'twasn't—that they didn't mean to have us to the house part; so to settle it I went right over and told 'em. I told Eleanor she mustn't feel put out about it—we was all mortal—and if it hadn't been for satisfyin' John I'd never have let her know how careless she'd been—of course I'd made allowance, a weddin' *is* upsettin' to the intellect—and so 'twas all right.

I had a real good view of the ceremony; but 'twasn't *their* fault that I had; it just happened that way.

When John and me got there I asked the young man at the door—he was a yusher and a stranger to me—to give us a front seat, but he said that all the front places was reserved for the relations of the bride and groom, and then I noticed that they'd tied off the middle aisle about seven pews back with white satin ribbons and a big bunch of pink roses. It seemed real impolite to invite folks to a weddin' and then take the best seats themselves.

Well, just then I happened to feel my shoelacin' gettin' loose and I stepped to one side to fix it; and when I got up from stoopin' and my gloves on and buttoned—I had to take 'em off to tie my shoe—and straightened John's cravat for him, why, there was the families on both sides just goin' in.

Of course we had to follow right along behind 'em, and when we came up to the ribbons—would you believe

it?—the big bow just untied itself—or seemed to—I heard afterward it was done by somebody pullin' a invisible wire—and we all walked through and took seats. I made John go into the pew ahead of me so's I could get out without disturbin' anybody if I should have a headache or feel faint.

When John found we was settin' with the family—he was right close up against Eleanor's mother—he was for gettin' up and movin' back. But I just whispered to him, "John Appleby, do sit still! I hear the bridal party comin'!"

Of course I didn't just *hear 'em,* but I was sure they'd be along in a minute, and I knew it wouldn't do to move our seats anyway, as if we weren't satisfied with 'em.

The church was decorated beautiful. Eleanor's folks must have cleaned out their green-house to put into it, besides *tons* of greens from the city.

Pretty near the whole of Wrenville was there, and I must say the church was a credit to the Wrenville dressmakers.

I could pick out all their different fits without any trouble.

There was Arabella Satterlee's—she shapes her backs like the top of a coffin, or sometimes they remind me more of a kite; and Sallie Ann Hodd's—she makes 'em square; and old Mrs. Tucker's—you can always tell hers by the way the armholes draw; she makes the minister's wife's. But they'd every one of 'em done their level best and I was proud of 'em.

Well, when the organ—it had been playin' low and soft all the time—changed off into the weddin' march and the bridesmaids, eight of 'em, marched up the aisle behind the eight yushers, I tell you, Miss Halliday, it was a *sight!*

They was all in pink gauzy stuff—I happened to feel one of 'em as she went by but I couldn't tell what 'twas made of; it seemed dreadful *flimsy*—and big flat hats all made of roses on their heads, and carryin' bunches of long-stemmed roses so big that they had to hold 'em in their arms like young babes.

Eleanor came behind 'em all, walkin' with her father. He always was a small-built man, and with her long trail and her veil spreadin' out so, why, I declare, you couldn't hardly see him.

I whispered to John that they looked more as if Eleanor was goin' to give her pa away than him her.

Eleanor's dress was elegant, only awful *plain.* It was made in New York at Greenleaf's. I know, because when I was upstairs lookin' for my sunshade—I told you about that, didn't I?—I happened to get into Eleanor's room by mistake, and there was the box it came in right on the bed before my eyes.

Well, when they was all past, I kept lookin' round me for the groom and wonderin' how I had come to miss him, when all at once John nudged me, and there he was right in front of me and the minister beginnin' to marry 'em, and where he had sprung from I can't tell you this livin' minute!

Came in from the vestry, did he? Well, now, I never would have thought of that!

Well, when they was most married the most ridiculous thing happened.

You see, Eleanor's father in steppin' back after givin' her away had put his foot right down on her trail and never noticed, and when it came time for the prayer Eleanor pulled and pulled—they was to kneel down on two big white satin cushions in front of 'em—but her pa never budged—just stood there with his eyes shut and

his head bowed as devout as anything—and before Eleanor could stop him, her husband—he was most her husband, anyway—had kneeled right down on to the cushion, with his eyes shut, too, I suppose, and the minister had to pray over 'em that way. I could see Eleanor's shoulders shakin' under her veil, and of course it *was* ridiculous if it hadn't been so solemn.

And then they all marched down the aisle, with the bride and groom leadin' the procession. Eleanor's veil was put back, and I noticed that she was half-laughin' yet, and her cheeks were real pink, and her eyes sort of bright and moist—she looked real handsome. Good gracious, Miss Halliday, don't ever tell me that's six o'clock! And I haven't told a thing about the presents, and who was there, and Eleanor's clothes, and what they had to eat—why, they didn't even use their own china-ware! They had a colored caterer from New York, and he brought everything—all the dishes and table-cloths and spoons and forks, besides the refreshments. I know, because just after he came I happened to carry over my eleven best forks—John broke the dozenth tryin' to pry the cork out of a bottle of raspberry vinegar the year we was married—I never take a fork to pry with—and offered to loan 'em for the weddin', but they didn't need 'em, so I just stayed a minute or two in the butler's pantry and then went home—but I saw the caterer unpackin'.

There! I knew I'd stay too long! There's John comin' in the gate after me. I must go this blessed minute.

THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB

Some Curious Points in the Noble Game Unfolded

BY HENRY GUY CARLETON

When Mr. Tooter Williams entered the gilded halls of the Thompson Street Poker Club Saturday evening it was evident that fortune had smeared him with prosperity. He wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon, an expression of serene content, and a glass amethyst on his third finger whose effulgence irradiated the whole room and made the envious eyes of Mr. Cyanide Whiffles stand out like a crab's. Besides these extraordinary furbishments, Mr. Williams had his mustache waxed to fine points and his back hair was precious with the luster and richness which accompany the use of the attar of Third Avenue roses combined with the bear's grease dispensed by basement barbers on that fashionable thoroughfare.

In sharp contrast to this scintillating entrance was the coming of the Reverend Mr. Thankful Smith, who had been disheveled by the heat, discolored by a dusty evangelical trip to Coney Island, and oppressed by an attack of malaria which made his eyes bloodshot and enriched his respiration with occasional hiccoughs and that steady aroma which is said to dwell in Weehawken breweries.

The game began at eight o'clock, and by nine and a series of two-pair hands and bull luck Mr. Gus Johnson was seven dollars and a nickel ahead of the game, and the Reverend Mr. Thankful Smith, who was banking,

was nine stacks of chips and a dollar bill on the wrong side of the ledger. Mr. Cyanide Whiffles was cheerful as a cricket over four winnings amounting to sixty-nine cents; Professor Brick was calm, and Mr. Tooter Williams was gorgeous and hopeful, and laying low for the first jackpot, which now came. It was Mr. Whiffles's deal, and feeling that the eyes of the world were upon him, he passed around the cards with a precision and rapidity which were more to his credit than the I. O. U. from Mr. Williams which was left over from the previous meeting.

Professor Brick had nine high and declared his inability to make an opening.

Mr. Williams noticed a dangerous light come into the Reverend Mr. Smith's eye and hesitated a moment, but having two black jacks and a pair of trays, opened with the limit.

"I liffs yo' jess tree dollahs, Toot," said the Reverend Mr. Smith, getting out the wallet and shaking out a wad.

Mr. Gus Johnson, who had a four flush and very little prudence, came in. Mr. Whiffles sighed and fled.

Mr. Williams polished the amethyst, thoroughly examining a scratch on one of its facets, adjusted his collar, skinned his cards, stealthily glanced again at the expression of the Reverend Mr. Smith's eye, and said he would "Jess—jess call."

Mr. Whiffles supplied the wants of the gentleman from the pack with the mechanical air of a man who had lost all hope in a hereafter. Mr. Williams wanted one card, the Reverend Mr. Smith said he'd take about three, and Mr. Gus Johnson expressed a desire for a club, if it was not too much trouble.

Mr. Williams caught another tray, and, being secretly pleased, led out by betting a chip. The Reverend Mr.

Smith uproariously slammed down a stack of blue chips and raised him seven dollars.

Mr. Gus Johnson had captured the nine of hearts and so retired.

Mr. Williams had four chips and a dollar left.

"I sees dat seven," he said impressively, "an' I humps it ten mo'."

"Whar's de c'lateral?" queried the Reverend Mr. Smith calmly, but with aggressiveness in his eye.

Mr. Williams sniffed contemptuously, drew off the ring, and deposited it in the pot with such an air as to impress Mr. Whiffles with the idea that the jewel must have been worth at least four million dollars. Then Mr. Williams leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"Whad yer goin' ter do?" asked the Reverend Mr. Smith, deliberately ignoring Mr. Williams's action.

Mr. Williams pointed to the ring and smiled.

"Liff yo' ten dollahs."

"On whad?"

"Dat ring."

"*Dat* ring?"

"Yezzah." Mr. Williams was still cool.

"Huh!" The Reverend Mr. Smith picked the ring up, examined it scientifically with one eye closed, dropped it several times as if to test its soundness, and then walked across and rasped it several times heavily on the window pane.

"Whad yo' doin' dat for?" excitedly asked Mr. Williams.

A double rasp with the ring was the Reverend Mr. Smith's only reply.

"Gimme dat jule back!" demanded Mr. Williams.

The Reverend Mr. Smith was now vigorously rubbing the setting of the stone on the floor.

"Leggo dat sparkler," said Mr. Williams again.

The Reverend Mr. Smith carefully polished off the scratches by rubbing the ring a while on the sole of his foot. Then he resumed his seat and put the precious thing back into the pot. Then he looked calmly at Mr. Williams, and leaned back in his chair as if waiting for something.

"Is yo' satisfied?" said Mr. Williams, in the tone used by men who have sustained a deep injury.

"Dis is pokah," said the Reverend Mr. Thankful Smith.

"I rised yo' ten dollahs," said Mr. Williams, pointing to the ring.

"Did yer ever saw three balls hangin' over my do'?" asked the Reverend Mr. Smith. "Doesn't yo' know my name hain't Oppenheimer?"

"Whad yo' mean?" asked Mr. Williams excitedly.

"Pokah am pokah, and dar's no 'casion fer triflin' wif blue glass 'n junk in dis yar club," said the Reverend Mr. Smith.

"I liffs yo' ten dollahs," said Mr. Williams, ignoring the insult.

"Pud up de c'lateral," said the Reverend Mr. Smith. "Fo' chips is fohty, 'n a dollah's a dollah fohty, 'n dat's a dollah fohty-fo' cents."

"Whar's de fo' cents?" smiled Mr. Williams, desperately.

The Reverend Mr. Smith pointed to the ring. Mr. Williams rose indignantly, shucked off his coat, hat, vest, suspenders and scarfpin, heaped them on the table, and then sat down and glared at the Reverend Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith rolled up the coat, put on the hat, threw his own out of the window, gave the ring to Mr. Whiffles,

jammed the suspenders into his pocket, and took in the vest, chips and money.

"Dis yar's buglry!" yelled Mr. Williams.

The Reverend Mr. Smith spread out four eights and rose impressively.

"Toot," he said, "doan trifle wif Prov'dence. Because a man wars ten-cent grease 'n' gits his july on de Bowery, hit's no sign dat he kin buck agin cash in a jacker 'n' git a boodle from fo' eights. Yo's now in yo' shirt sleeves 'n' low sperrets, bud de speeyunce am wallyble. I'se willin' ter stan' a beer an' sassenger, 'n' shake 'n' call it squar'. De club 'll now 'journ."

THE BUMBLEBEAVER*

BY KENYON COX

A cheerful and industrious beast,
  He's always humming as he goes
To make mud-houses with his tail
  Or gather honey with his nose.

Although he flits from flower to flower
  He's not at all a gay deceiver.
We might take lessons by the hour
  From busy, buzzy Bumblebeaver.

* From "Mixed Beasts," by Kenyon Cox. Copyright 1904, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

AFTER THE FUNERAL

BY JAMES M. BAILEY

It was just after the funeral. The bereaved and subdued widow, enveloped in millinery gloom, was seated in the sitting-room with a few sympathizing friends. There was that constrained look so peculiar to the occasion observable on every countenance. The widow sighed.

"How do you feel, my dear?" said her sister.

"Oh! I don't know," said the poor woman, with difficulty restraining her tears. "But I hope everything passed off well."

"Indeed it did," said all the ladies.

"It was as large and respectable a funeral as I have seen this winter," said the sister, looking around upon the others.

"Yes, it was," said the lady from next door. "I was saying to Mrs. Slocum, only ten minutes ago, that the attendance couldn't have been better—the bad going considered."

"Did you see the Taylors?" asked the widow faintly, looking at her sister. "They go so rarely to funerals that I was surprised to see them here."

"Oh, yes! the Taylors were all here," said the sympathizing sister. "As you say, they go but a little: they are *so* exclusive!"

"I thought I saw the Curtises also," suggested the bereaved woman droopingly.

"Oh, yes!" chimed in several. "They came in their

own carriage, too," said the sister, animatedly. "And then there were the Randalls and the Van Rensselaers. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had her cousin from the city with her; and Mrs. Randall wore a very black heavy silk, which I am sure was quite new. Did you see Colonel Haywood and his daughters, love?"

"I thought I saw them; but I wasn't sure. They were here, then, were they?"

"Yes, indeed!" said they all again; and the lady who lived across the way observed:

"The Colonel was very sociable, and inquired most kindly about you, and the sickness of your husband."

The widow smiled faintly. She was gratified by the interest shown by the Colonel.

The friends now rose to go, each bidding her good-by, and expressing the hope that she would be calm. Her sister bowed them out. When she returned, she said:

"You can see, my love, what the neighbors think of it. I wouldn't have had anything unfortunate to happen for a good deal. But nothing did. The arrangements couldn't have been better."

"I think some of the people in the neighborhood must have been surprised to see so many of the uptown people here," suggested the afflicted woman, trying to look hopeful.

"You may be quite sure of that," asserted the sister. "I could see that plain enough by their looks."

"Well, I am glad there is no occasion for talk," said the widow, smoothing the skirt of her dress.

And after that the boys took the chairs home, and the house was put in order.

CASEY AT THE BAT

BY ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day:
The score stood four to six with just an inning left to play;
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest
With that hope that springs eternal within the human breast;
For they thought if only Casey could get one whack, at that
They'd put up even money, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and so likewise did Blake,
But the former was a pudding, and the latter was a fake;
So on that stricken multitude a death-like silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despisèd Blaikie tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blaikie safe on second and Flynn a-hugging third!

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled in the dell,
It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then, while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped:
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore;

"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one in the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it; and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched with hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

THE MARTYRDOM OF MR. STEVENS*

BY HERBERT QUICK

Pietro: Th' offense, it seemeth me,
Is one that by mercy's extremest stretch
Might be o'erpassed.

Cosimo: Never, Pietro, never!
The Brotherhood's honor untouchable
Is touch'd thereby. We build our labyrinth
Of sacred words and potent spells, and all
The deep-involved horrors of our craft—
Its entrance hedg'd about with dreadful oaths,
And every step in thridding it made dank
By dripping terror and out-seeping awe,
Shall it be said that e'en Ludovico
May break our faith and live? Never, say I!
—*Vision of Cosimo.*

The Bellevale lodge of the Ancient Order of Christian Martyrs held its meetings in the upper story of a tall building. Mr. Alvord called for Amidon at eight, and took him up, all his boldness in the world of business replaced by wariness in the atmosphere of mystery. As he and his companion went into an anteroom and were given broad collars from which were suspended metal badges called "jewels," he felt a good deal like a spy. They walked into the lodge-room where twenty-five or thirty men with similar "jewels" sat smoking and chatting.

*From *Double Trouble.* It should be explained that Mr. Amidon is suffering from dual consciousness and in his other state is known as Eugene Brassfield. As the supposed Brassfield he has gone, while in his Amidon state of consciousness, to a meeting of the lodge to which as Brassfield he belongs.

All seemed to know him, but (much to his relief) before he could be included in the conversation, the gavel fell; certain ones with more elaborate "jewels" and more ornate collars than the rest took higher-backed and more highly upholstered chairs at the four sides of the room, another stood at the door; and still another, in complete uniform, with sword and belt, began hustling the members to seats.

"The Deacon Militant," said the wielder of the gavel, "will report if all present are known and tested members of our Dread and Mystic Conclave."

"All, Most Sovereign Pontiff," responded the Deacon Militant, who proved to be the man in the uniform, "save certain strangers who appear within the confines of our sacred basilica."

"Let them be tested," commanded the Sovereign Pontiff, "and, if brethren, welcomed; if spies, executed!"

Amidon started, and looked about for aid or avenue of escape. Seeing none, he warily watched the Deacon Militant. That officer, walking in the military fashion which, as patristic literature teaches, was adopted by the early Christians, and turning square corners, as was the habit of St. Paul and the Apostles, received whispered passwords from the two or three strangers, and, with a military salute, announced that all present had been put to the test and welcomed. Then, for the first time remembering that he was not among the strangers, so far as known to the lodge, Amidon breathed freely, and rather regretted the absence of executions.

"Bring forth the Mystic Symbols of the Order!" was the next command. The Mystic Symbols were placed on a stand in the middle of the room, and turned out to be a gilt fish about the size of a four-pound bass, a jar of human bones, and a rolled-up scroll said to contain the

Gospels. The fish, as explained by the Deacon Militant, typified a great many things connected with early Christianity, and served always as a reminder of the password of the order. The relics in the jar were the bones of martyrs. The scroll was the Book of the Law. Amidon was becoming impressed: the solemn and ornate ritual and the dreadful symbols sent shivers down his inexperienced and unfraternal spine. Breaking in with uninitiated eyes, as he had done, now seemed more and more a crime.

There was an "Opening Ode," which was so badly sung as to mitigate the awe; and an "order of business" solemnly gone through. Under the head "Good of the Order" the visiting brethren spoke as if it were a class-meeting and they giving "testimony," one of them very volubly reminding the assembly of the great principles of the order, and the mighty work it had already accomplished in ameliorating the condition of a lost and wandering world. Amidon felt that he must have been very blind in failing to note this work until it was thus forced on his notice; but he made a mental apology.

"By the way, Brassfield," said Mr. Slater during a recess preceding the initiation of candidates, "you want to give Stevens the best you've got in the Catacombs scene. Will you make it just straight ritual, or throw in some of those specialities of yours?"

"Stevens! Catacombs!" gasped Amidon, "specialties! I—"

"I wish you could have been here when I was put through," went on Mr. Slater. "I don't see how any one but a professional actor, or a person with your dramatic gifts, can do that part at all—it's so sort of ripping and—and intense, you know. I look forward to your rendition of it with a good deal of pleasurable anticipation."

"You don't expect me to do it, do you?" asked Amidon.

"Why, who else?" was the counter-question. "We can't be expected to play on the bench the best man in Pennsylvania in that part, can we?"

"Come, Brassfield," said the Sovereign Pontiff, "get on your regalia for the Catacombs. We are about to begin."

"Oh, say, now!" said Amidon, trying to be off-hand about it, "you must get somebody else."

"What's that! Some one else? Very likely we shall! Very likely!" thus the Sovereign Pontiff with fine scorn. "Come, the regalia, and no nonsense!"

"I—I may be called out at any moment," urged Amidon, amidst an outcry that seemed to indicate a breach with the Martyrs then and there. "There are reasons why—"

Edgington took him aside. "Is there any truth in this story," said he, "that you have had some trouble with Stevens, and discharged him?"

"Oh, that Stevens!" gasped Amidon, as if the whole discussion had hinged on picking out the right one among an army of Stevenses. "Yes, it's true, and I can't help confer this—"

Edgington whispered to the Sovereign Pontiff; and the announcement was made that in the Catacombs scene Brother Brassfield would be excused and Brother Bulliwinkle substituted.

"I know I never, in any plane of consciousness, saw any of this, or knew any of these things," thought Florian. "It is incredible!"

Conviction, however, was forced on him by the fact that he was now made to don a black domino and mask, and to march, carrying a tin-headed spear, with a file of similar figures to examine the candidate, who turned out to be the discharged Stevens, sitting in an anteroom,

foolish and apprehensive, and looking withal much as he he had done in the counting-room. He was now asked by the leader of the file, in a sepulchral tone, several formal questions, among others whether he believed in a Supreme Being. Stevens gulped, and said "Yes." He was then asked if he was prepared to endure any ordeal to which he might be subjected, and warned unless he possessed nerves of steel, he had better turn back—for which measure there was yet time. Stevens, in a faint voice, indicated that he was ready for the worst, and desired to go on. Then all (except Amidon) in awesome accents intoned, "Be brave and obedient, and all may yet be well!" and they passed back into the lodge-room. Amidon was now thoroughly impressed, and wondered whether Stevens would be able to endure the terrible trials hinted at.

Clad in a white robe, "typifying innocence," and marching to minor music played upon a piano, Stevens was escorted several times around the darkened room, stopping from time to time at the station of some officer, to receive highly improving lectures. Every time he was asked if he were willing to do anything, or believed anything, he said "Yes." Finally, with the Scroll of the Law in one hand, and with the other resting on the Bones of Martyrs, surrounded by the brethren, whose drawn swords and leveled spears threatened death, he repeated an obligation which bound him not to do a great many things, and to keep the secrets of the order. To Amidon it seemed really awful—albeit somewhat florid in style; and when Alvord nudged him at one passage in the obligation, he resented it as an irreverence. Then he noted that it was a pledge to maintain the sanctity of the family circle of brother Martyrs, and Alvord's reference of the night before to the obligation as affecting his association

with the "strawberry blonde" took on new and fearful meaning.

Stevens seemed to be vibrating between fright and a tendency to laugh, as the voice of some well-known fellow citizen rumbled out from behind a deadly weapon. He was marched out, to the same minor music, and the first act was ended.

The really esoteric part of it, Amidon felt, was to come, as he could see no reason for making a secret of these very solemn and edifying matters. Stevens felt very much the same way about it, and was full of expectancy when informed that the next degree would test his obedience. He highly resolved to obey to the letter.

The next act disclosed Stevens hoodwinked, and the room light. He was informed that he was in the Catacombs, familiar to the early Christians, and must make his way alone and in darkness, following the Clue of Faith which was placed in his hands. This Clue was a white cord similar to the sort used by masons (in the building-trades). He groped his way along by it to the station of the next officer, who warned him of the deadly consequences of disobedience. Thence he made his way onward, holding to the Clue of Faith—until he touched a trigger of some sort, which let down upon him an avalanche of tinware and such light and noisy articles, which frightened him so that he started to run, and was dexteriously tripped by the Deacon Militant and a spearman, and caught in a net held by two others. A titter ran about the room.

"Obey," thundered the Vice-Pontiff, "and all will be well!"

Stevens resumed the Clue. At the station of the next officer to whom it brought him, the nature of faith was explained to him, and he was given the password, "Ich-

thus," whispered so that all in that part of the room could hear the interdicted syllables. But he was adjured never, never to utter it, unless to the Guardian of the Portal on entering the lodge, to the Deacon Militant on the opening thereof, or to a member, when he, Stevens, should become Sovereign Pontiff. Then he was faced toward the Vice-Pontiff, and told to answer loudly and distinctly the questions asked him.

"What is the lesson inculcated in this Degree?" asked the Vice-Pontiff from the other end of the room.

"Obedience!" shouted Stevens in reply.

"What is the password of this Degree?"

"Ichthus!" responded Stevens.

A roll of stage-thunder sounded deafeningly over his head. The piano was swept by a storm of bass passion; and deep cries of "Treason! Treason!" echoed from every side. Poor Stevens tottered, and fell into a chair placed by the Deacon Militant. He saw the enormity of the deed of shame he had committed. He had told the password!

"You have all heard this treason," said the Sovereign Pontiff, in the deepest of chest-tones—"a treason unknown in all the centuries of the past! What is the will of the conclave?"

"I would imprecate on the traitor's head," said a voice from one of the high-backed chairs, "the ancient doom of the Law!"

"Doom, doom!" said all in unison, holding the "oo" in a most blood-curdling way. "Pronounce doom!"

"One fate, and one alone," pronounced the Sovereign Pontiff, "can be yours. Brethren, let him forthwith be encased in the Chest of the Clanking Chains, and hurled from the Tarpeian Rock, to be dashed in fragments at its stony base!"

Amidon's horror was modified by the evidences of repressed glee with which this sentence was received. Yet he felt a good deal of concern as they brought out a great chest, threw the struggling Stevens into it, slammed down the ponderous lid and locked it. Stevens kicked at the lid, but said nothing. The members leaped with joy. A great chain was brought and wrapped clankingly about the chest.

"Let me out," now yelled the Christian Martyr. "Let me out, damn you!"

"Doom, do-o-o-oom!" roared the voices; and said the Sovereign Pontiff in impressive tones, "Proceed with the execution!"

Now the chest was slung up to a hook in the ceiling, and gradually drawn back by a pulley until it was far above the heads of the men, the chains meanwhile clanking continually against the receptacle, from which came forth a stream of smothered profanity.

"Hurl him down to the traitor's death!" shouted the Sovereign Pontiff. The chest was loosed, and swung like a pendulum lengthwise of the room, down almost to the floor and up nearly to the ceiling. The profanity now turned into a yell of terror. The Martyrs slapped one another's backs and grew blue in the face with laughter. At a signal, a light box was placed where the chest would crush it (which it did with a sound like a small railway collision); the chest was stopped and the lid raised.

"Let the body receive Christian burial," said the Sovereign Pontiff. "Our vengeance ceases with death."

This truly Christian sentiment was received with universal approval. Death seemed to all a good place at which to stop.

"Brethren," said the Deacon Militant, as he struggled with the resurgent Stevens, "there seems some life here! Methinks the heart beats, and—"

The remainder of the passage from the ritual was lost to Amidon by reason of the fact that Stevens had placed one foot against the Deacon's stomach and hurled that august officer violently to the floor.

"Let every test of life be applied," said the Sovereign Pontiff. "Perchance some higher will than ours decrees his preservation. Take the body hence for a time; if possible, restore him to life, and we will consider his fate."

The recess which followed was clearly necessary to afford an opportunity for the calming of the risibilities of the Martyrs. The stage, too, had to be reset. Amidon's ethnological studies had not equaled his reading in *belles-lettres,* and he was unable to see the deep significance of these rites from an historical standpoint, and that here was a survival of those orgies to which our painted and skin-clad ancestors devoted themselves in spasms of religious frenzy, gazed at by the cave-bear and the mammoth. The uninstructed Amidon regarded them as inconceivable horse-play. While thus he mused, Stevens, who was still hoodwinked and being greatly belectured on the virtue of Faith and the duty of Obedience, reëntered on his ordeal.

He was now informed by the officer at the other end of the room that every man must ascend into the Mountains of Temptation and be tested, before he could be pronounced fit for companionship with Martyrs. Therefore, a weary climb heavenward was before him, and a great trial of his fidelity. On his patience, daring and fortitude depended all his future in the Order. He was marched to a ladder and bidden to ascend.

"I," said the Deacon Militant, "upon this companion stair will accompany you."

But there was no other ladder and the Deacon Militant had to stand upon a chair.

Up the ladder labored Stevens, but, though he climbed manfully, he remained less than a foot above the floor. The ladder went down like a treadmill, as Stevens climbed —it was an endless ladder rolled down on Stevens' side and up on the other. The Deacon Militant, from his perch on the chair, encouraged Stevens to climb faster so as not to be outstripped. With labored breath and straining muscles he climbed, the Martyrs rolling on the floor in merriment all the more violent because silent. Amidon himself laughed to see this strenuous climb, so strikingly like human endeavor, which puts the climber out of breath, and raises him not a whit—except in temperature. At the end of perhaps five minutes, when Stevens might well have believed himself a hundred feet above the roof, he had achieved a dizzy height of perhaps six feet, on the summit of a stage-property mountain, where he stood beside the Deacon Militant, his view of the surrounding plain cut off by papier-mâché clouds, and facing a foul fiend, to whom the Deacon Militant confided that here was a candidate to be tested and qualified. Whereupon the foul fiend remarked "Ha, ha!" and bade them bind him to the Plutonian Thunderbolt and hurl him down to the nether world. The thunderbolt was a sort of toboggan on rollers, for which there was a slide running down presumably to the nether world, above mentioned.

The hoodwink was removed, and Stevens looked about him, treading warily, like one on the top of a tower; the great height of the mountain made him giddy. Obediently he lay face downward on the thunderbolt, and yielded up his wrists and ankles to fastenings provided for them.

"They're not going to lower him with those cords, are they?"

It was a stage-whisper from the darkness which spake thus.

"Oh, I guess it's safe enough!" said another, in the same sort of agitated whisper.

"Safe!" was the reply. "I tell you, it's sure to break! Some one stop 'em—"

To the heart of the martyred Stevens these words struck panic. But as he opened his mouth to protest, the catastrophe occurred. There was a snap, and the toboggan shot downward. Bound as he was, the victim could see below him a brick wall right across the path of his descent. He was helpless to move; it was useless to cry out. For all that, as he felt in imagination the crushing shock of his head driven like a battering-ram against this wall, he uttered a roar such as from Achilles might have roused armed nations to battle. And even as he did so, his head touched the wall, there was a crash, and Stevens lay safe on a mattress after his ten-foot slide, surrounded by fragments of red-and-white paper which had lately been a wall. He was pale and agitated, and generally done for; but tremendously relieved when he had assured himself of the integrity of his cranium. This he did by repeatedly feeling of his head, and looking at his fingers for sanguinary results. As Amidon looked at him, he repented of what he had done to this thoroughly maltreated fellow man. After the Catacombs scene, which was supposed to be impressive, and some more of the "secret" work, everybody crowded about Stevens, now invested with the collar and "jewel" of Martyrhood, and laughed, and congratulated him as on some great achievement, while he looked half-pleased and holf-bored. Amidon, with the rest, greeted him, and told him that after his vacation was over, he hoped to see him back at the office.

"That was a fine exemplification of the principles of the Order," said Alvord as they went home.

"What was?" said Amidon.

"Hiring old Stevens back," answered Alvord. "You've got to live your principles, or they don't amount to much."

"Suppose some fellow should get into a lodge," asked Amidon, "who had never been initiated?"

"Well," said Alvord, "there isn't much chance of that. I shouldn't dare to say. You can't tell what the fellows would do when such sacred things were profaned, you know. You couldn't tell what they might do!"

THE WILD BOARDER

BY KENYON COX

His figure's not noted for grace;
You may not much care for his face;
  But a twenty-yard dash,
  When he hears the word "hash,"
He can take at a wonderful pace.

* From "Mixed Beasts," by Kenyon Cox. Copyright 1904, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

DE GRADUAL COMMENCE

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

Oui, Oui, M'sieu, I'm mos' happee,
  My ches' wid proud expan',
I feel de bes' I evere feel,
  An' over all dis lan'
Dere's none set op so moch as me;
  You'll know w'en I am say
My leddle daughter Madeline
  Is gradual to-day.

She is de ver' mos' smartes' gairl
  Dat I am evere know,
I'm fin' dis out, de teacher, he
  Is tol' me dat is so;
She is so smart dat she say t'ings
  I am no understan',
She is know more dan any one
  Dat leeve on ol' Ste. Anne.

De Gradual Commence is hol'
  Down at de gr'ad beeg hall,
W'ere plaintee peopl' can gat seat
  For dem to see it all.
De School Board wid dere pres*ident,*
  Dey sit opon front row,
Dey look so stiff an' dignify,
  For w'at I am not know.

De classe dat mak' de "gradual"
Dey're on de stage, you see,
In semi-cirque dat face de peop',
Some scare as dey can be;
Den wan of dem dey all mak' spe'k,
Affer de nodder's t'roo,
Dis tak' dem 'bout t'ree hour an' half
De hull t'ing for to do.

Ma Madeline she is all feex op,
Mos' beautiful to see,
In nice w'ite drass, my wife he buy
Overe to Kankakee.
An' when she rise to mak' de spe'k
How smart she look on face,
Dey all expec' somet'ing dey hear,
Dere's hush fall on de place.

She tell us how to mak' de leeve,
How raise beeg familee;
She tell it all so smood an' plain
Dat you can't help but see;
An' how she learn her all of dat
Ees more dan I can say,
But she is know it, for she talk
In smartes' kind of way.

W'en all is t'roo de pres*ident*
De sheepskin he geeve 'way;
Dey're all nice print opon dem,
An' dis is w'at dey say:
"To dem dat is concern' wid dese
Pres*ents* you onderstan'
De h'owner dese; is gradual
At High School on Ste. Anne."

An' now dat she is gradual
  She ees know all about
De world an' how to mak' it run
  From inside to de out;
For dis is one de primere t'ings
  W'at she is learn, you see,
Dat long beeg word I can pronounce,
  It's call philosophee.

An' you can' blame me if I am
  Ver' proud an' puff op so,
To hav' a daughter like dis wan
  Dat's everyt'ing she know.
No wonder dat I gat beeg head,
  My hat's too small, dey say—
Ma leddle daughter Madeline
  Is gradual to-day.

ABOU BEN BUTLER

BY JOHN PAUL

Abou, Ben Butler (may his tribe be less!)
Awoke one night from a deep bottledness,
And saw, by the rich radiance of the moon,
Which shone and shimmered like a silver spoon,
A stranger writing on a golden slate
(Exceeding store had Ben of spoons and plate),
And to the stranger in his tent he said:
"Your little game?" The stranger turned his head,
And, with a look made all of innocence,
Replied: "I write the name of Presidents."
"And is mine one?" "Not if this court doth know
Itself," replied the stranger. Ben said, "Oh!"
And "Ah!" but spoke again: "Just name your price
To write me up as one that may be Vice."

The stranger up and vanished. The next night
He came again, and showed a wondrous sight
Of names that haply yet might fill the chair—
But, lo! the name of Butler was not there!

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

When legislators keep the law,
  When banks dispense with bolts and locks,—
When berries—whortle, rasp, and straw—
  Grow bigger *downwards* through the box,—

When he that selleth house or land
  Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,—
When haberdashers choose the stand
  Whose window hath the broadest light,—

When preachers tell us all they think,
  And party leaders all they mean,—
When what we pay for, that we drink,
  From real grape and coffee-bean,—

When lawyers take what they would give,
  And doctors give what they would take,—
When city fathers eat to live,
  Save when they fast for conscience' sake,—

When one that hath a horse on sale
  Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
  That holds the iron on the hoof,—

When in the usual place for rips
  Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
  Where first umbrellas need repair,—

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
  The power of suction to resist,
And claret-bottles harbor not
  Such dimples as would hold your fist,—

When publishers no longer steal,
  And pay for what they stole before,—
When the first locomotive's wheel
  Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore;—

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
  And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
  Then order your ascension robe!

IT PAYS TO BE HAPPY*

BY TOM MASSON

She is so gay, so very gay,
And not by fits and starts,
But ever, through each livelong day
She's sunshine to all hearts.

A tonic is her merry laugh!
So wondrous is her power
That listening grief would stop and chaff
With her from hour to hour.

Disease before that cheery smile
Grows dim, begins to fade.
A Christian scientist, meanwhile,
Is this delightful maid.

And who would not throw off dull care
And be like unto her,
When happiness brings, as her share,
One hundred dollars per ——?

* Lippincott's Magazine.

JAMES AND REGINALD

BY EUGENE FIELD

Once upon a Time there was a Bad boy whose Name was Reginald and there was a Good boy whose Name was James. Reginald would go Fishing when his Mamma told him Not to, and he Cut off the Cat's Tail with the Bread Knife one Day, and then told Mamma the Baby had Driven it in with the Rolling Pin, which was a Lie. James was always Obedient, and when his Mamma told him not to Help an old Blind Man across the street or Go into a Dark Room where the Boogies were, he always Did What She said. That is why they Called him Good James. Well, by and by, along Came Christmas. Mamma said, You have been so Bad, my son Reginald, you will not Get any Presents from Santa Claus this Year; but you, my son James, will get Oodles of Presents, because you have Been Good. Will you Believe it, Children, that Bad boy Reginald said he didn't Care a Darn and he Kicked three Feet of Veneering off the Piano just for Meanness. Poor James was so sorry for Reginald that he cried for Half an Hour after he Went to Bed that Night. Reginald lay wide Awake until he saw James was Asleep and then he Said if these people think they can Fool me, they are Mistaken. Just then Santa Claus came down the Chimney. He had Lots of Pretty Toys in a Sack on his Back. Reginald shut his Eyes and Pretended to be Asleep. Then Santa Claus Said, Reginald is Bad and I will not Put any nice Things in his Stocking. But

as for you, James, I will Fill your Stocking Plum full of Toys, because You are Good. So Santa Claus went to Work and Put, Oh! heaps and Heaps of Goodies in James' stocking, but not a Sign of a Thing in Reginald's stocking. And then he Laughed to himself and Said I guess Reginald will be Sorry to-morrow because he Was so Bad. As he said this he Crawled up the chimney and rode off in his Sleigh. Now you can Bet your Boots Reginald was no Spring Chicken. He just Got right Straight out of Bed and changed all those Toys and Truck from James' stocking into his own. Santa Claus will Have to Sit up all Night, said He, when he Expects to get away with my Baggage. The next morning James got out of Bed and when He had Said his Prayers he Limped over to his Stocking, licking his chops and Carrying his Head as High as a Bull going through a Brush Fence. But when he found there was Nothing in his stocking and that Reginald's Stocking was as Full as Papa Is when he comes home Late from the Office, he Sat down on the Floor and began to Wonder why on Earth he had Been such a Good boy. Reginald spent a Happy Christmas and James was very Miserable. After all, Children, it Pays to be Bad, so Long as you Combine Intellect with Crime.

BANTY TIM

REMARKS OF SERGEANT TILMON JOY TO THE WHITE MAN'S COMMITTEE OF SPUNKY POINT, ILLINOIS

BY JOHN HAY

I reckon I git your drift, gents,—
  You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;
This is a white man's country;
  You're Dimocrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
  The times bein' all out o' j'int,
The nigger has got to mosey
  From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute:
  I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
  For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
  To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
  Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,
  In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
  Ef Tim shill go or stay.
And furder than that I give notice,
  Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
  Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated I stayed behind,
Fur reasons sufficient to me,—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And br'iled and blistered and burned!
How the Rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The Rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees;
But he staggered up, and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim:
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

EVENING

By A Tailor

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meager ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with;—but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose,—it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me,—O, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom;—I can feel
With all around me;—I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle,—and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

THE OLD SETTLER

His Reasons for Thinking there is Natural Gas in Deep Rock Gulley

BY ED. MOTT

"I see by the papers, Squire," said the Old Settler, "that they're a-finding signs o' coal ile an' nat'ral gas like sixty here an' thar in deestric's not so terrible fur from here, an' th't konsekently land they usety beg folks to come an' take offen their hands at any price at all is wuth a dollar now, jist for a peep over the stun wall at it. The minute a feller finds signs o' ile or nat'ral gas on his plantation he needn't lug home his supplies in a quart jug no more, but kin roll 'em in by the bar'l, fer signs o' them kind is wuth more an inch th'n a sartin-per-sure grass an' 'tater farm is wuth an acre."

"Guess yer huggin' the truth pooty clus fer wunst, Major," replied the Squire, "but th' hain't none o' them signs ez likely to strike anywhar in our bailiwick ez lightnin' is to kill a crow roostin' on the North Pole. Thuz one thing I've alluz wanted to see," continued the Squire, "but natur' has ben agin me an' I hain't never seen it, an' that thing is the h'istin' of a balloon. Th' can't be no balloons h'isted nowhar, I'm told, 'nless thuz gas to h'ist it with. I s'pose if we'd ha' had gas here, a good many fellers with balloons 'd ha' kim 'round this way an' showed us a balloon raisin' ev'ry now an' then. Them must be lucky deestric's that's got gas, an' I'd like to hev somebody strike it 'round here some'rs, jist fer the sake o' hav-

in' the chance to see a balloon h'istin' 'fore I turn my toes up. But that's 'bout ez liable to happen ez it is fer to go out an' find a silver dollar rollin' up hill an' my name gouged in it."

"Don't ye be so consarned sure o' that, Squire," said the Old Settler mysteriously, and with a knowing shake of his head. "I've been a-thinkin' a leetle sence readin' 'bout them signs o' gas, b'gosh! I hain't been only thinkin', but I've been a-recollectin', an' the chances is th't me an' you'll see wonders yet afore we paddle over Jurdan. I'm a-gointer tell ye fer w'y, but I hadn't orter, Squire, an' if it wa'n't fer makin' ye 'shamed o' yerself, an' showin' th't truth squashed in the mud is bound to git up agin if ye give her time, I wouldn't do it. Ye mowt remember th't jist ten years ago this month I kim in from a leetle b'ar hunt. I didn't bring in no b'ar, but I fotched back an up-an'-up account o' how I had shot one, on' how th' were sumpin' fearful an' queer an' amazin' in the p'formances o' that b'ar arter bein' shot. Mebby ye 'member me a-tellin' ye that story, Squire, an' you a-tellin' me right in my teeth th't ye know'd th't some o' yer friends had took to lyin', but th't ye didn't think any of 'em had it so bad ez that. But I hain't a-holdin' no gredge, an' now I'll tell ye sumpin' that'll s'prise ye.

"Ez I tol' ye at the time, Squire, I got the tip ten year ago this month, th't unless somebody went up to Steve Groner's hill place an' poured a pound or two o' lead inter a big b'ar th't had squatted on tha' farm, th't Steve wouldn't hev no live-stock left to pervide pork an' beef fer his winterin' over, even if he managed to keep hisself an' fam'ly theirselfs from linin' the b'ar's innards. I shouldered my gun an' went up to Steve's to hev some fun with bruin, an' to save Steve's stock, an' resky him an' his folks from the rampagin' b'ar.

" 'He's a rip-snorter,' Steve says to me, w'en I got thar. 'He don't think nuthin' o' luggin' off a cow,' he says, 'an' ye don't wanter hev yer weather eye shet w'en you an' him comes together,' he says.

" 'B'ars,' I says to Steve, 'b'ars is nuts fer me, an' the bigger an' sassier they be,' I says, 'the more I inj'y 'em,' I says, an' with that I clim' inter the woods to show bruin th't th' wa'n't room enough here below fer me an' him both. Tain't necessary fer me to tell o' the half-dozen or more lively skrimmages me an' that b'ar had ez we follered an' chased one another round an' round them woods —how he'd hide ahind some big tree or stumps, an' ez I went by, climb on to me with all four o' his feet an' yank an' bite an' claw an' dig meat an' clothes offen me till I slung him off an' made him skin away to save his bacon; an' how I'd lay the same way fer him, an' w'en he come sneakin' 'long arter me agin, pitch arter him like a mad painter, an' swat an' pound an' choke an' rassel him till his tongue hung out, till I were sorry for him, an' let him git away inter the brush agin to recooperate fer the next round. 'Tain't wuth w'ile fer me to say anything 'bout them little skrimmages 'cept the last un, an' that un wa'n't a skrimmage but sumpin' that'd 'a' skeert some folks dead in their tracks.

"Arter havin' a half-dozen or so o' rassels with this big b'ar, jist fer fun, I made up my mind, ez 'twere gettin' late, an' ez Steve Groner's folks was mebby feelin' anxious to hear which was gointer run the farm, them or the b'ar, th't the next heat with bruin would be for keeps. I guess the ol' feller had made up his mind the same way, fer w'en I run agin him the las' time, he were riz up on his hind legs right on the edge o' Deep Rock Gulley, and were waitin' fer me with his jaws wide open. I unslung my gun, an' takin' aim at one o' the b'ar's forepaws,

thought I'd wing him an' make him come away from the edge o' the gulley 'fore I tackled him. The ball hit the paw, an' the b'ar throw'd 'em both up. But he throw'd 'em up too fur, an' he fell over back'rd, an' went head foremost inter the gulley. Deep Rock Gulley ain't an inch less'n fifty foot from top to bottom, an' the walls is ez steep ez the side of a house. I went up to the edge an' looked over. Ther' were the b'ar layin' on his face at the bottom, whar them queer cracks is in the ground, an' he were a-howlin' like a hurricane and kickin' like a mule. Ther' he laid, and he wa'n't able to rise up. Th' wa'n't no way o' gettin' down to him 'cept by tumblin' down ez he had, an' if ever anybody were poppin' mad I were, ez I see my meat a-layin' at the bottom o' that gulley, an' the crows a-getherin' to hev a picnic with it. The more I kept my eyes on that b'ar the madder I got, an' I were jist about to roll and tumble an' slide down the side o' that gulley ruther than go back home an' say th't I'd let the crows steal a b'ar away from me, w'en I see a funny change comin' over the b'ar. He didn't howl so much, and his kicks wa'n't so vicious. Then his hind parts began to lift themse'fs up offen the ground in a cur'ous sort o' way, and swung an' bobbed in the air. They kep' raisin' higher an' higher, till the b'ar were act'ally standin' on his head, an' swayin' to and fro ez if a wind were blowin' him an' he couldn't help it. The sight was so oncommon out o' the reg'lar way b'ars has o' actin' that it seemed skeery, an' I felt ez if I'd ruther be home diggin' my 'taters. But I kep' on gazin' at the b'ar a-circusin' at the bottom o' the gulley, an 't wa'n't long 'fore the hull big carcase begun to raise right up offen the ground an' come a-floatin' up outen the gulley, fer all the world ez if 't wa'n't more'n a feather. The b'ar come up-'ards tail foremost, an' I noticed th't he looked consid'able

puffed out like, makin' him seem lik' a bar'l sailin' in the air. Ez the b'ar kim a-floatin' out o' the dep's I could feel my eyes begin to bulge, an' my knees to shake like a jumpin' jack's. But I couldn't move no more'n a stun wall kin, an' thar I stood on the edge o' the gulley, starin' at the b'ar ez it sailed on up to'rd me. The b'ar were making a desper't effort to git itself back to its nat'ral p'sition on all fours, but th' wa'n't no use, an' up he sailed, tail foremost, an' lookin' ez if he were gointer bust the next minute, he were swelled out so. Ez the b'ar bobbed up and passed by me I could ha' reached out an' grabbed him by the paw, an' I think he wanted me to, the way he acted, but I couldn't ha' made a move to stop him, not if he'd ha' ben my gran'mother. The b'ar sailed on above me, an' th' were a look in his eyes th't I won't never fergit. It was a skeert look, an' a look that seemed to say th't it were all my fault, an' th't I'd be sorry fer it some time. The b'ar squirmed an' struggled agin comin' to setch an' onheerdon end, but up'ard he went, tail foremost, to'ard the clouds.

"I stood thar par'lyzed w'ile the b'ar went up'ard. The crows that had been settlin' round in the trees, 'spectin' to hev a bully meal, went to flyin' an' scootin' around the onfortnit b'ar, an' yelled till I were durn nigh deef. It wa'n't until the b'ar had floated up nigh onto a hundred yards in the air, an' begun to look like a flyin' cub, that my senses kim back to me. Quick ez a flash I rammed a load inter my rifle, wrappin' the ball with a big piece o' dry linen, not havin' time to tear it to the right size. Then I took aim an' let her go. Fast ez the ball went, I could see that the linen round it had been sot on fire by the powder. The ball overtook the b'ar and bored a hole in his side. Then the funniest thing of all happened. A streak o' fire a yard long shot out o' the b'ar's side where

the bullet had gone in, an' ez long ez that poor bewitched b'ar were in sight—fer o' course I thort at the time th't the b'ar were bewitched—I could see that streak o' fire sailin' along in the sky till it went out at last like a shootin' star. I never knowed w'at become o' the b'ar, an' the hull thing were a startlin' myst'ry to me, but I kim home, Squire, an' tol' ye the story, jest ez I've tol' ye now, an' ye were so durn polite th't ye said I were a liar. But sence, I've been a-thinkin' an' recollectin'. Squire, I don't hold no gredge. The myst'ry's plain ez day, now. We don't want no better signs o' gas th'n th't, do we, Squire?"

"Than what?" said the Squire.

"Than what!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Than that b'ar, o' course! That's w'at ailed him. It's plain enough th't thuz nat'ral gas on the Groner place, an' th't it leaks outen the ground in Deep Rock Gulley. W'en that b'ar tumbled to the bottom that day, he fell on his face. He were hurt so th't he couldn't get up. O' course the gas didn't shut itself off, but kep' on a-leakin' an' shot up inter the b'ar's mouth and down his throat. The onfortnit b'ar couldn't help hisself, an' bimby he were filled with gas like a balloon, till he had to float, an' away he sailed, up an' up an' up. W'en I fired at the b'ar, ez he was floatin' to'ard the clouds, the linen on the bullet carried fire with it, an' w'en the bullet tapped the b'ar's side the burnin' linen sot it on fire, showin' th't th' can't be no doubt 'bout it bein' gas th't the b'ar swallered in Deep Rock Gulley. So ye see, Squire, I wa'n't no liar, an' the chances is all in favor o' your seein' a balloon h'isted from gas right in yer own bailiwick afore ye turn up yer toes."

The Squire gazed at the Old Settler in silent amazement for a minute or more. Then he threw up his hands and said:

"Wal—I'll—be—durned!"

VERRE DEFINITE

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

It' verre long, long tam', ma frien',
I'm leeve on Bourbonnais,
I'm keep de gen'rale merchandise,
I'm prom'nent man, dey say;
I'm sell mos' every t'ing dere ees,
From sulky plow to sock,
I don' care w'at you ask me for,
You'll fin' it in my stock.

Las' w'ek dere was de *petite fille*
Of ma frien', Gosse, he com'
Into to ma shop to get stock*ing*,
She want to buy her som';
She was herself not verre ol',
Near twelve year, I suppose;
She com' to me an' say, "M'sieu,
I wan' to buy som' hose."

I always mak' de custom rule,
No matter who it ees,
To be polite an' eloquent
In transack of ma beez;
I say to her, "For who you wan'
Dese stockings to be wear?"
She say she need wan pair herself,
Also for small bruddére.

VERRE DEFINITE

She say her bruddére's eight years ol'
  An' coming almos' nine,
An' I am twelve, mos' near t'irteen,
  Dat size will do for mine:
An' modder she will tak' beeg pair,
  She weigh 'bout half a ton,
She wan' de size of forty year
  Go*ing* on forty-one.

THE TALKING HORSE

BY JOHN T. McINTYRE

Upon a fence across the way was posted a "twenty-four sheet block stand," and along the top, in big red letters, it read:

"H. Wellington Sheldon Presents"

Then followed the names of a half dozen famous operatic stars.

Bat Scranton sat regarding it silently for a long time; but after he had placed himself behind his third big cigar he joined in the talk.

"In fifteen years dubbing about this great and glorious," said he, "I never run across a smoother piece of goods than old Cap. Sheldon. To see him, now, in his plug hat, frock coat and white English whiskers, you'd spot him as the main squeeze in a prosperous bank. He's doing the Frohman stunt, too," and Bat nodded toward the poster, "and he handles it with exceeding grace. When I see him after the curtain falls upon a bunch of Verdi or Wagner stuff, come out and bow his thanks to a house full of the town's swellest, and throw out a little spiel with an aristocratic accent, I always think of the time when I first met him.

"Were any of you ever in Langtry, Ohio? Well, never take a chance on it if there is anywhere else to go. It's a tank town with a community of seven hundred of the

tightest wads that ever sunk a dollar into the toe of a sock. There was a fair going on in the place, and I blew in there one September day; my turn just then was taking orders for crayon portraits of rural gentlemen with horny hands and plenty of chin fringe. I figure it out that about sixty per cent. of the parlors in the middle west are adorned with one or more of these works of art, but Langtry, Ohio, would not listen to the proposition for a moment; as soon as they discovered that I wasn't giving the stuff away they sort of lost interest in me and mine; so I began to study the time-table and kick off the preliminary dust of the burg, preparatory to seeking a new base of operations.

"As I made my way to the station I caught my first glimpse of Cap. Sheldon. He had a satchel hanging from around his neck and was winsomely wrapping ten dollar notes up with small cylinders of soap and offering to sell them at one dollar a throw.

" 'How are they going,' says I.

" 'Not at all,' says he. 'There's nothing to it that I can see. The breed and seed of Solomon himself must have camped down in this section; they are the wisest lot I ever saw herd together. Instead of chewing straws and leaning over fences after the customary and natural manner of ruminates, they pike around with a calm, cold-blooded sagacity that is truly awesome. It's me to pull out as soon as I can draw expenses.'

"The next time Cap. dawned upon my vision was a year afterward, down in Georgia. He was doing the ballyho oration in front of a side wall circus in a mellifluous style that was just dragging the tar heels up to the entrance.

" 'It's a little better than the Ohio gag,' says he, 'but I've seen better, at that. I had a good paying faro outfit in Cincinnati since I met you, but the police got sore be-

cause I wouldn't cut the takings in what they considered the right place, so they closed me up.'

"During the next five years I met Cap. in every section of the country, and handling various propositions. In San Francisco I caught him in the act of selling toy balloons on a street corner; in Chicago he was disposing of old line life insurance with considerable effect; at a county fair, somewhere in Iowa, I ran across him as he gracefully manipulated the shells.

"But Cap. did not break permanently into the show business until he coupled up with the McClintock in Milwaukee. Mac was an Irish Presbyterian, and was proud of it; he came out of the Black North and was the most acute harp, mentally, that I had ever had anything to do with. The Chosen People are not noted for commercial density; but a Jew could enter Mac's presence attired in the height of fashion and leave it with only his shoe strings and a hazy recollection as to how the thing was done.

"Now, when a team like Cap. and Mac took to pulling together, there just naturally had to be something doing. They began with a small show under canvas, and their main card was a twenty-foot boa-constrictor, which they billed as 'Mighty Mardo.' Then they had a boy with three legs, one of which they neglected to state was made of wood; also a blushing damsel with excess embonpoint to the extent of four hundred pounds. With this outfit they campaigned for one season; in the fall they bought a museum in St. Louis and settled themselves as impresarios.

"Now, in my numerous meetings with Cap. I had never thought to ask his name, so when I saw an 'ad' in the *Clipper* stating that Sheldon & McClintock was in need of a good full-toned lecturer that doubled in brass, I just

sat me down in my ignorance and dropped them a line. They sent me a ticket to where I was sidetracked up in Michigan, and I hurried down.

" 'Oh, it's you, is it?' says Cap., as I piked into the ten by twelve office and announced myself. 'Well, I've heard you throw a spiel and think you'll do. But I didn't know that you played brass. What's your instrument?'

"Now, I had a faint sentiment from the beginning that this clause in their bill of requirements would get me into trouble, for I knew no more about band music than a he goat knows about the book of common prayer.

" 'I do the cymbals,' says I.

" 'What!' snorts Cap., rearing up; 'I thought you wrote that you played brass?'

" 'Well,' says I, 'ain't cymbals brass?'

"It must have been my cold nerve that won Cap.'s regard, for he placed me as 'curio hall' lecturer and advertising man at twenty a week.

"The museum of Sheldon & McClintock proved to be a great notch. More fake freaks were thought out, worked up and exhibited during the course of that winter season than I would care to count. Then there was a small theater attached in which they put on very bad specialties and where painful-voiced young men and women warbled sentimental ballads about their childhood homes and stuff of that character. These got about ten dollars a week and had to do about thirty turns a day; they lived in their make-up and got so accustomed to grease paint before the end of their engagements that they felt only half dressed without it.

"The trick made money, and in about a year McClintock cut loose and went into a patent promoting scheme.

"Shortly afterward the first 'continuous house' was opened in St. Louis, and the novelty of the thing was a

body blow to Cap. He made a good fight, but lost money every day; and at last he imparted to me in confidence that if business did not improve he could see himself getting out the shells and limbering up on them preparatory to going out and facing the world once more.

"'The bank will stand for three hundred thousand dollars' worth more of my checks,' says he, 'and after they're used up I'm done.'

"He began to cut down expenses with the reckless energy of a man who saw the poor-house looming ahead for him; the results was that his bad shows grew worse, and the attendance wasn't enough to dust off the seats. The biggest item of expense about the place was 'Mighty Mardo,' the boa-constrictor; his diet was live rabbits, and a twenty-foot snake with a body as thick as a four-inch pipe can dispose of good and plenty of them when he takes the notion. Cap. began to feed him live rats, and the mighty one soon began to show the effects of it.

"'He'll die on you,' says I to Cap. one day.

"'Let him,' says he; 'the rabbits stay cut out.'

"One day a fellow came along with a high-schooled horse that he wanted to sell. He had more use for ready money just then than he had for the nag, so he offered to put it in cheap. But Cap. waved him away.

"'I'll need the money to buy meals with before long,' says he to the fellow, 'so tempt me not to my going hungry.'

"This little incident seemed to make the old man feel bad; he locked himself up in the office for four hours or so communing with his inner self; but when he came out he was looking bright and gay.

"'Say,' says he, 'I've changed my mind and just bought that horse.'

"'I didn't see the man come back,' says I.

"'I made the deal over the 'phone,' says Cap. Then he pushes a thick wad of penciled stuff at me. 'Here's some truck I want you to take over to the printing house,' he goes on. 'When it's out and up the brute will be well known.'

"I takes a look over the copy, and my hat was lifted two inches straight off my head. The first one read something like this:

ADMIRAL

THE TALKING HORSE

TALKS LIKE A HUMAN BEING
VOCAL ORGANS DEVELOPED LIKE THOSE OF
A MAN
HEAR HIM SING THE BASS SOLO
"DOWN IN THE DEPTHS"

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

TO ANY ONE PROVING THESE CLAIMS
FAKE IN THE SLIGHTEST DEGREE

"'Reads good, don't it?' asks Cap., sort of beaming through his nose-pinzes. 'But give a look at the others.'

"The next one was as bad as the first:

ADMIRAL!!!

THE HORSE WHO RECITES
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
IN A DEEP BASS VOICE
AND WITH PERFECT ENUNCIATION

"'I didn't hear the fellow say the skate could do that kind of stuff,' says I, just a bit dazed, after looking over a lot more of it.

"'He only handed it to me as a sort of last card,' says Cap., 'and that's what made me change my mind about buying him. Get five thousand twelve sheets in yellow and red; ten thousand three sheets; fifteen thousand block one sheets with cut of the horse. And you can place an order for as many black and white dodgers as they can turn out between this and the end of the week. It's a big card and we're going into it up to our eyebrows.'

"If I had had time to consider anything but hustling, I might have thought the thing was a fake. But it was the old man's game and I left him to do the worrying. I threw rush orders into the printers and soon had the presses banging away on the stuff desired.

"Next day Cap. started a four-inch double-column notice in every paper in town. I hired an army of distributers and began to put out the dodgers as they came hot off the bat; then I got a couple of Guinea bands, put them in open wagons, done up with painted muslin announcements, and sent them forth to tear off the melody and otherwise delight the eye and ear of the town. As the big stuff came off the press it was slapped up on every blank wall and fence in the city that wasn't under guard; and when the job was finished, St. Louis fairly glared with it. If there was a person who hadn't heard of the Talking Horse by the end of the week, they must have been deaf, dead or in jail.

"The nag was to make his first appearance on Monday, and the last sheet of paper had been put up and the last hand bill disposed of by Saturday afternoon.

"'How does she look?' says Cap. to me when I came in.

" 'Great,' says I. 'If they ain't tearing the place down to get in on Monday, why my bump of prophecy has a dent in it.'

" 'Let 'em come, says Cap., looking very much tickled. 'We need the money and we ain't turning nobody away. The horse has reached town and will be brought around to-morrow morning; so you make it a point to be on hand to let it and the handler in.'

"I was around bright and early on Sunday morning, and along comes the horse. He was got up in the swellest horse stuff I ever saw—beaded blankets of plush and silk, with his name embroidered on them, and all that kind of goods. The handler was a husky with one lamp and a bad one at that.

" 'Where do I put him?' says he.

" 'On the top floor,' says I. 'We've got planks on the stairs and a rigging fixed to haul him up by.'

"When we got him safely landed and the glad coverings off, I looked him over.

" 'His intellect must sort of tell on him, don't it?' asks I.

" 'Why, he is some under weight,' says the fellow in charge.

" 'He don't look over-bright to me,' I goes on.

" 'He never does on Sundays,' the husky comes back. 'It's sort of an off day with him.'

"Then I went out to lunch and stayed about two hours; when I got back I found a gang of cops and things buzzing all over the place. Cap. was in the office, his plug hat on the back of his head and a cigar in his mouth.

" 'What's the trouble?' says I.

" 'Had a hell of a time around here,' says he. 'I was called up on the 'phone and got down as soon as I could. Just take an observation of that fellow over there.'

"The fellow referred to was the handler of the Talking Horse. His left arm was done up in splints and bandaged from finger-tips to shoulder, and he had a clump of reporters around him about six feet thick.

" 'What hit him?' asks I.

" 'About everything on the top floor,' says Cap., solemnly. 'The Talking Horse is dead. Mighty Mardo broke out of his showcase about an hour ago, took a couple of half hitches around the Admiral and crushed him to death.'

" 'Go 'way!' says I.

" 'Sure thing,' says Cap. 'Come up stairs and have a look.'

"We went up and did so. The place was a wreck; the horse was the deadest I ever saw and the constrictor was still twined about him.

" 'Why, the snake's passed out, too,' says I.

"Cap. folds his hands meekly across his breast in a resigned sort of way.

" 'Yes,' says he; 'he, too, was killed in the dreadful struggle. He must have went straight for the Admiral as soon as he got loose. The handler was down in the office, alone, when the uproar started; he came jumping upstairs six steps to the jump and when he sees Mardo putting in that bunch of body holds on his intelligent charge, why, he took a hand. The result was a dead snake for me and a crippled wing for him. When I got here, Doc. Forbes was tying him up,' Cap. goes on rather sorrowful like; 'and when I sees what's happened, I know that I'm a ruined man. So I 'phones for the police and reporters to come down and view my finish.'

"From the way he talked I expected to see him carted home before the hour was up; but he wasn't. As soon as the newspaper fellows cleared out with all the facts

of the case in their note-books, Cap. sends for a fellow and puts him right to work fixing up the horse and snake so's they'll keep, and then lays them out.

"Next morning the newspapers slopped over with scare headlines telling of the battle. According to their way of looking at it, the struggles in the arena of old Rome were scared to death in comparison, and modern times did not come anywhere near showing a parallel of the combat between the terrible constrictor and the horse with the human voice. The result of this was that when the time came to open the doors at noon we had to have a squad of police to keep the mob from blocking traffic for squares around. Cap. had changed and doubled the size of his ads. over night.

The horse was done up in a big black coffin covered with flowers; and the lid with his name, age and wonderful accomplishment engraved upon a plate stood beside him. The remains of Mighty Mardo, stuffed with baled hay and excelsior, were embracing the dead Admiral with monster coils; and the crowds came, gazed, and marveled; then they went forth to tell their friends that they might come and do likewise.

"For weeks the coin came into the box like a spring freshet in the hill country, and Cap. must have kept the bank working after hours; at any rate, he sat around and smoked with a smile so angelic, that, to look at him, one wondered how he could wear it and not drift away into the ethereal blue. It was a good month before the thing lost its pulling power, and when it stopped Cap. had planted the stake that boosted him into the company he now keeps and set him to handling voices that cost thousands of simoleons an hour.

"When all was over, I found time to take the husky

with the damaged fin out and throw a few drinks into him. Then he told me the whole story.

"'The old man didn't think you could do the thing justice if you were wise,' says he, 'so he kept you out. This ain't the horse the fellow offered to sell him, at all. He bought it at a bazar for ten dollars, the day before I brought it around. When you went out for lunch Cap. he comes in. We done for the plug in a minute, and as Mighty Marda was all but gone, on account of his rat diet, we finished him, too. Then we wrecked the place up some, took a couple of turns about the horse with Mardo, called in Doc. Forbes, who stood in, to fix up the fictitious fracture, and then rung in the show.'

"Yes," observed Bat, thoughtfully, after a pause, "I've made up my mind that H. Wellington Sheldon is a wise plug."

THE OWL-CRITIC

BY JAMES T. FIELDS

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the
shop,
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The "Daily," the "Herald," the "Post," little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mr. Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck
is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And can not be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
And other night-fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true;
An owl can not roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mr. Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,

And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault *this* time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

THE MOSQUITO

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Fair insect! that, with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears, fall many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,
Full angrily, men listen to thy plaint;
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint.
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honor of so proud a birth:
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean-nymph that nursed thy infancy.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
And when at length thy gauzy wings grew strong,
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,
Rose in the sky and bore thee soft along;
The south wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,
And danced and shone beneath the billowy bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence
Came the deep murmur of its throng of men,
And as its grateful odors met thy sense,
They seemed the perfumes of thy native fen.
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length thy pinion fluttered in Broadway,—
Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist;
And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

Sure these were sights to tempt an anchorite!
What! do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailest when I talk of beauty's light,
As if it brought the memory of pain.
Thou art a wayward being—well, come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in mine ear.

What say'st thou, slanderer! rouge makes thee sick?
And China Bloom at best is sorry food?
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?
Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime;
But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at,—not to touch;
To worship, not approach, that radiant white;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.
Thou shouldst have gazed at distance, and admired,—
Murmured thy admiration and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.
Look round: the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet.
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

"TIDDLE-IDDLE-IDDLE-IDDLE-BUM! BUM!"

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

When our town band gets on the square
On concert night you'll find me there.
I'm right beside Elijah Plumb,
Who plays th' cymbals an' bass drum;
An' next to him is Henry Dunn,
Who taps the little tenor one.
I like to hear our town band play,
But, best it does, I want to say,
Is when they tell a tune's to come
With
"Tiddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-
Bum-Bum!"

O' course, there's some that likes the tunes
Like *Lily Dale* an' *Ragtime Coons;*
Some likes a solo or duet
By Charley Green—B-flat cornet—
An' Ernest Brown—th' trombone man.
(An' they can play, er no one can);
But it's the best when Henry Dunn
Lets them there sticks just cut an' run,
An' 'Lijah says to let her hum
With
"Tiddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-
Bum-Bum!"

I don't know why, ner what's the use
O' havin' that to interduce
A tune—but I know, as fer me
I'd ten times over ruther see
Elijah Plumb chaw with his chin,
A-gettin' ready to begin,
While Henry plays that roll o' his
An' makes them drumsticks fairly sizz,
Announcin' music, on th' drum,
With
"Tiddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-
Bum-Bum!"

MY FIRST CIGAR

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

'Twas just behind the woodshed,
One glorious summer day,
Far o'er the hills the sinking sun
Pursued his westward way;
And in my safe seclusion
Removed from all the jar
And din of earth's confusion
I smoked my first cigar.

It was my first cigar!
It was the worst cigar!
Raw, green and dank, hide-bound and rank
It was my first cigar!

Ah, bright the boyish fancies
Wrapped in the smoke-wreaths blue;
My eyes grew dim, my head was light,
The woodshed round me flew!
Dark night closed in around me—
Black night, without a star—
Grim death methought had found me
And spoiled my first cigar.

It was my first cigar!
A six-for-five cigar!
No viler torch the air could scorch—
It was my first cigar!

All pallid was my beaded brow,
The reeling night was late,
My startled mother cried in fear,
"My child, what have you ate?"
I heard my father's smothered laugh,
It seemed so strange and far,
I knew he knew I knew he knew
I'd smoked my first cigar!

It was my first cigar!
A give-away cigar!
I could not die—I knew not why—
It was my first cigar!

Since then I've stood in reckless ways,
I've dared what men can dare,
I've mocked at danger, walked with death,
I've laughed at pain and care.
I do not dread what may befall
'Neath my malignant star,
No frowning fate again can make
Me smoke my first cigar.

I've smoked my first cigar!
My first and worst cigar!
Fate has no terrors for the man
Who's smoked his first cigar!

SHONNY SCHWARTZ

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS

Haf you seen mine leedle Shonny,—
Shonny Schwartz,—
Mit his hair so soft und yellow,
Und his face so blump und mellow;
Sooch a funny leedle fellow,—
Shonny Schwartz?

Efry mornings dot young Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Rises mit der preak off day,
Und does his chores oup righdt avay;
For he gan vork so vell as blay,—
Shonny Schwartz.

Mine Katrina says to Shonny,
"Shonny Schwartz,
Helb your barents all you gan,
For dis life vas bud a shban:
Py und py you'll been a man,
Shonny Schwartz."

How I lofes to see dot Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Vhen he schgampers off to schgool,
Vhere he alvays minds der rule!
For he vas nopody's fool,—
Shonny Schwartz.

How I vish dot leedle Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Could remain von leedle poy,
Alvays full off life und shoy,
Und dot Time vould not annoy
Shonny Schwartz!

Nefer mindt, mine leedle Shonny,—
Shonny Schwartz;
Efry day prings someding new:
Alvays keep der righdt in view,
Und baddle, den, your own canoe,
Shonny Schwartz.

Keep her in der channel, Shonny,—
Shonny Schwartz:
Life's voyich vill pe quickly o'er;
Und den ubon dot bedder shore
Ve'll meet again, to bart no more,
Shonny Schwartz.

A BULLY BOAT AND A BRAG CAPTAIN

A Story of Steamboat Life on the Mississippi

BY SOL SMITH

Does any one remember the *Caravan?* She was what would now be considered a slow boat—*then* (1827) she was regularly advertised as the "fast running," etc. Her regular trips from New Orleans to Natchez were usually made in from six to eight days; a trip made by her in five days was considered remarkable. A voyage from New Orleans to Vicksburg and back, including stoppages, generally entitled the officers and crew to a month's wages. Whether the *Caravan* ever achieved the feat of a voyage to the Falls (Louisville) I have never learned; if she did, she must have "had a *time* of it!"

It was my fate to take passage in this boat. The Captain was a good-natured, easy-going man, careful of the comfort of his passengers, and exceedingly fond of the *game of brag.* We had been out a little more than five days, and we were in hopes of seeing the bluffs of Natchez on the next day. Our wood was getting low, and night coming on. The pilot on duty *above* (the other pilot held three aces at the time, and was just calling out the Captain, who "went it strong" on three kings) sent down word that the mate had reported the stock of wood reduced to half a cord. The worthy Captain excused himself to the pilot whose watch was *below* and the two passengers who made up the party, and hurried to the deck,

where he soon discovered by the landmarks that we were about half a mile from a woodyard, which he said was situated "right round yonder point." "But," muttered the Captain, "I don't much like to take wood of the yellow-faced old scoundrel who owns it—he always charges a quarter of a dollar more than any one else; however, there's no other chance." The boat was pushed to her utmost, and in a little less than an hour, when our fuel was about giving out, we made the point, and our cables were out and fastened to trees alongside of a good-sized wood pile.

"Hallo, Colonel! How d'ye sell your wood *this* time?"

A yellow-faced old gentleman, with a two weeks' beard, strings over his shoulders holding up to his armpits a pair of copperas-colored linsey-woolsey pants, the legs of which reached a very little below the knee; shoes without stockings; a faded, broad-brimmed hat, which had once been black, and a pipe in his mouth—casting a glance at the empty guards of our boat and uttering a grunt as he rose from fastening our "spring line," answered:

"Why, Capting, we must charge you *three and a quarter* THIS *time.*"

"The d—l!" replied the Captain—(captains did swear a little in those days); "what's the odd *quarter* for, I should like to know? You only charged me *three* as I went down."

"Why, Capting," drawled out the wood merchant, with a sort of leer on his yellow countenance, which clearly indicated that his wood was as good as sold, "wood's riz since you went down two weeks ago; besides, you are awar that you very seldom stop going *down*—when you're going *up* you're sometimes obleeged to give me a call, becaze the current's aginst you, and there's no other

woodyard for nine miles ahead; and if you happen to be nearly out of fooel, why—"

"Well, well," interrupted the Captain, "we'll take a few cords, under the circumstances," and he returned to his game of brag.

In about half an hour we felt the *Caravan* commence paddling again. Supper was over, and I retired to my upper berth, situated alongside and overlooking the brag-table, where the Captain was deeply engaged, having now the *other* pilot as his principal opponent. We jogged on quietly—and seemed to be going at a good rate.

"How does that wood burn?" inquired the Captain of the mate, who was looking on at the game.

"'Tisn't of much account, I reckon," answered the mate; "it's cottonwood, and most of it green at that."

"Well, Thompson—(Three aces again, stranger—I'll take that X and the small change, if you please. It's your deal)—Thompson, I say, we'd better take three or four cords at the next woodyard—it can't be more than six miles from here—(Two aces and a bragger, with the age! Hand over those V's)."

The game went on, and the paddles kept moving. At eleven o'clock it was reported to the Captain that we were nearing the woodyard, the light being distinctly seen by the pilot on duty.

"Head her in shore, then, and take in six cords if it's good—see to it, Thompson; I can't very well leave the game now—it's getting right warm! This pilot's beating us all to smash."

The wooding completed, we paddled on again. The Captain seemed somewhat vexed when the mate informed him that the price was the same as at the last woodyard—*three and a quarter;* but soon again became interested in the game.

From my upper berth (there were no staterooms *then*) I could observe the movements of the players. All the contention appeared to be between the Captain and the pilots (the latter personages took it turn and turn about, steering and playing brag), *one* of them almost invariably winning, while the two passengers merely went through the ceremony of dealing, cutting, and paying up their "anties." They were anxious to *learn the game*—and they *did* learn it! Once in a while, indeed, seeing they had two aces and a bragger, they would venture a bet of five or ten dollars, but they were always compelled to back out before the tremendous bragging of the Captain or pilot—or if they did venture to "call out" on "two bullits and a bragger," they had the mortification to find one of the officers had the same kind of a hand, and were *more venerable!* Still, with all these disadvantages, they continued playing—they wanted to learn the game.

At two o'clock the Captain asked the mate how we were getting on.

"Oh, pretty glibly, sir," replied the mate; "we can scarcely tell what headway we *are* making, for we are obliged to keep the middle of the river, and there is the shadow of a fog rising. This wood seems rather better than that we took in at Yellow-Face's, but we're nearly out again, and must be looking out for more. I saw a light just ahead on the right—shall we hail?"

"Yes, yes," replied the Captain; "ring the bell and ask 'em what's the price of wood up here. (I've got you again; here's double kings.)"

I heard the bell and the pilot's hail, "What's *your* price for wood?"

A youthful voice on the shore answered, "Three *and* a quarter!"

"D—nèt!" ejaculated the Captain, who had just lost

the price of two cords to the pilot—the strangers suffering *some* at the same time—"three and a quarter again! Are we *never* to get to a cheaper country? (Deal, sir, if you please; better luck next time.)"

The other pilot's voice was again heard on deck:

"How much *have* you?"

"Only about ten cords, sir," was the reply of the youthful salesman.

The Captain here told Thompson to take six cords, which would last till daylight—and again turned his attention to the game.

The pilots here changed places. *When did they sleep?*

Wood taken in, the *Caravan* again took her place in the middle of the stream, paddling on as usual.

Day at length dawned. The brag-party broke up and settlements were being made, during which operation the Captain's bragging propensities were exercised in cracking up the speed of his boat, which, by his reckoning, must have made at least sixty miles, and *would* have made many more if he could have procured good wood. It appears the two passengers, in their first lesson, had incidentally lost one hundred and twenty dollars. The Captain, as he rose to see about taking in some *good* wood, which he felt sure of obtaining now that he had got above the level country, winked at his opponent, the pilot, with whom he had been on very bad terms during the progress of the game, and said, in an undertone, "Forty apiece for you and I and James (the other pilot) is not bad for one night."

I had risen and went out with the Captain, to enjoy a view of the bluffs. There was just fog enough to prevent the vision taking in more than sixty yards—so I was disappointed in *my* expectation. We were nearing the shore,

for the purpose of looking for wood, the banks being invisible from the middle of the river.

"There it is!" exclaimed the Captain; "stop her!" Ding—ding—ding! went the big bell, and the Captain hailed:

"Hallo! the woodyard!"

"Hallo yourself!" answered a squeaking female voice, which came from a woman with a petticoat over her shoulders in place of a shawl.

"What's the price of wood?"

"I think you ought to know the price by this time," answered the old lady in the petticoat; "it's three and a qua-a-rter! and now you know it."

"Three and the d—l!" broke in the Captain. "What, have you raised on *your* wood, too? I'll give you *three,* and not a cent more."

"Well," replied the petticoat, "here comes the old man —*he'll* talk to you."

And, sure enough, out crept from the cottage the veritable faded hat, copperas-colored pants, yellow countenance and two weeks' beard we had seen the night before, and the same voice we had heard regulating the price of cottonwood squeaked out the following sentence, accompanied by the same leer of the same yellow countenance:

"Why, darn it all, Capting, there is but three or four cords left, and *since it's you,* I don't care if I *do* let you have it for *three—as you're a good customer!"*

After a quick glance at the landmarks around, the Captain bolted, and turned in to take some rest.

The fact became apparent—the reader will probably have discovered it some time since—that *we had been wooding all night at the same woodyard!*

WHEN THE ALLEGASH DRIVE GOES THROUGH

BY HOLMAN F. DAY

We 're spurred with the spikes in our soles;
There is water a-swash in our boots;
Our hands are hard-calloused by peavies and poles,
And we 're drenched with the spume of the chutes;
We gather our herds at the head,
Where the axes have toppled them loose,
And down from the hills where the rivers are fed
We harry the hemlock and spruce.

We hurroop them with the peavies from their sullen beds of snow;
With the pickpole for a goadstick, down the brimming streams we go;
They are hitching, they are halting, and they lurk and hide and dodge,
They sneak for skulking eddies, they bunt the bank and lodge;
And we almost can imagine that they hear the yell of saws
And the grunting of the grinders of the paper-mills, because
They loiter in the shallows and they cob-pile at the falls,
And they buck like ugly cattle where the broad dead-water crawls;
But we wallow in and welt 'em, with the water to our waist,

For the driving pitch is dropping and the drouth is gasping "Haste"!
Here a dam and there a jam, that is grabbed by grinning rocks,
Gnawed by the teeth of the ravening ledge that slavers at our flocks;
Twenty a month for daring Death—for fighting from dawn to dark—
Twenty and grub and a place to sleep in God's great public park;
We roofless go, with the cook's bateau to follow our hungry crew—
A billion of spruce and hell turned loose when the Allegash drive goes through.

My lad with the spurs at his heel
Has a cattle-ranch bronco to bust;
A thousand of Texans to wheedle and wheel
To market through smother and dust;
But I with the peavy and pole
Am driving the herds of the pine,
Grant to my brother what suits his soul,
But no bellowing brutes in mine.

He would wince to wade and wallow—and I hate a horse or steer!
But we stand the kings of herders—he for There and I for Here;
Though he rides with Death behind him when he rounds the wild stampede,
I will chop the jamming king-log and I 'll match him deed for deed;
And for me the greenwood savor, and the lash across my face

Of the spitting spume that belches from the back-wash of the race;
The glory of the tumult where the tumbling torrent rolls,
With half a hundred drivers riding through with lunging poles;
Here's huzza for reckless chances! Here's hurrah for those who ride
Through the jaws of boiling sluices, yeasty white from side to side!
Our brawny fists are calloused, and we're mostly holes and hair,
But if grit were golden bullion we'd have coin to spend and spare!

Here some rips and there the lips of a whirlpool's bellowing mouth,
Death we clinch and Time we fight, for behind us gasps the Drouth;
Twenty a month, bateau for a home, and only a peep at town,
For our money is gone in a brace of nights after the drive is down;
But with peavies and poles and care-free souls our ragged and roofless crew
Swarms gayly along with whoop and song when the Allegash drive goes through.

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